MEMORABLE WOMEN.

List of Illustrations.



MRS. THRALE AT STREATHAM PARK.

MEMORABLE WOMEN

The Story of their Lives.

BY

MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND,

AUTHOR OF "LYDIA: A WOMAN'S BOOK,"

ETC.,

". . . . . How to live
And how to die, forms the great lesson still."

P. J. BAILEY.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY BIRKET FOSTER.

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TO

TWO DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

JOSEPHINE SADLER & OCTAVIA LE VERT,

The Following Pages

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

However imperfectly this Work may have been performed, it has cost me some labour and trouble, not from the difficulty of finding materials, but of compressing them into what I wished to be a clear and readable shape.

In selecting lives for biographical condensation, I have not been guided by the admiration so commonly felt for those brilliant characters who have been remarkable for merely intellectual qualifications, and unprofitable or injudicious heroisms: I have endeavoured simply to set before the young women of the present day, examples of wives and mothers, who have done their duty under difficulties and temptations; and if in some cases genius has accompanied high moral endowments, we have

all the more reason to be gratified by the picture of combined excellence of heart and mind.

I hope I have abstained from drawing any set morals or formularised directions of action, from the lives herein represented, as the aim of a work of this kind ought to be to impress the reader with a general, rather than a special fondness for noble conduct, and to stir up generous and honourable impulses to active and continuous deeds in every sphere and condition of life, rather than to encourage a liking for individual and isolated instances of exceptional heroic adventure.

To those who think that I might have made a more attractive choice of subjects, I may answer,—perhaps so; for, in the words of old Thomas Fuller, "Let him know that undertakes to pick out the best ear amongst an acre of wheat, that he shall leave as good, if not better, behind him, than that which he chooseth."

C. C.

Blackheath,
December 1853.

MEMORABLE WOMEN.

RACHEL WRIOTHESLEY, LADY RUSSELL.

Earth's noblest thing a woman perfected!
. . . .
——————————,that spirit which
Scatters great hopes in the seed-field of man,
Like acorns among grain, to grow and be
A roof for freedom in all coming time!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LADY RACHEL WRIOTHESLEY, the second daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, earl of Southampton, and of his first wife, Rachel de Rouvigny, was born about the year 1636; and as we write the date, there seems to cluster round it a crowd of associations. Charles the First was still king in deed as well as in name, ruling with a heavy hand, and unpopular with the great mass of his people, although certain of the nobility

remained warmly attached to his person and his family. Lady Rachel's father,—commemorated long afterwards by Bishop Burnet as the "wise and virtuous Southampton,"—of noble birth and great wealth, had succeeded to his title when a mere boy, and must have enjoyed all the exclusive privileges of his exalted position. Had his been a common character, it would most likely have been narrowed and enervated by the very circumstances which developed his finer nature, and we should have found him an obstinate advocate of tyranny and a blind partisan of the King. On the contrary, he was among the first to lament the measures of Charles, and to rebuke those proceedings of Strafford which ultimately led him to the scaffold. But when he saw all reverence for the constituted authorities fast declining, and the prosecution of Strafford exceed what he considered the limits of justice, Lord Southampton opposed the Parliament most vigorously. Perhaps there was a tenderness in his nature, which induced him to serve the weaker of two conflicting parties; while, undoubtedly, his clear judgment and strong sense inclined him to moderate views, and prevented him from becoming a violent partisan on either side. Nevertheless, he was with the King at Edge Hill and at Oxford, but took all opportunities of striving for and advocating peace; for, as Clarendon quaintly says, "no man had more melancholy apprehensions of the issue of the war."

Afterwards, when these apprehensions took visible shape, and the King was imprisoned, Lord Southampton made the most strenuous exertions for his deliverance; and finally, after the execution of Charles, he was one of the four faithful servants who asked and obtained permission to pay the last duty to his remains, though without any regal ceremonial. So much respected was this nobleman, even by the opposite party, that Cromwell endeavoured, on many occasions, to court his friendship; but every advance was repulsed, and very soon after the King's death the Earl of Southampton withdrew entirely from public life, and retired to his country house at Tichfield in Hampshire.

This circumstance is worthy of note in connexion with the life of his illustrious daughter, because, when his retirement commenced, Lady Rachel was precisely of the age when lasting impressions are likely to be made; and it is impossible to overrate the influence which the intimate companionship of such a father must have exercised on her young mind. There is every reason to suppose that, from the age of twelve to seventeen, she had the advantage of almost daily intercourse with him, and that he directed, if he did not personally assist in, her education.

Her mother had died in Lady Rachel's infancy, leaving two daughters, herself and her elder sister the Lady Elizabeth; subsequently, their father had married for his second wife a daughter of Sir Francis

Leigh, afterwards created Earl of Chichester; but of this lady he was likewise bereaved after she had become the mother of four daughters. Only one of these half-sisters of Lady Rachel appears to have arrived at maturity, or at any rate to have survived her father; but of her we have frequent mention in the future records of the family. Later in life Lord Southampton married again, but had no more children.

Subsequent events will remind us of Lady Rachel's family relations, and especially of her relationship on her mother's side to the Rouvigny family, who were honourably known for their Huguenot principles through all the trials of persecution to which the French Protestants were so long exposed. Notwithstanding his religious opinions, the Marquis de Rouvigny, Lady Rachel's uncle, was ambassador from France to England in the reign of Charles the Second, and his son subsequently filled certain diplomatic offices.

It is pleasant to picture the early girlhood of Lady Rachel, when she shared the dignified retirement her father had chosen; yet the circumstance of the family living in strict seclusion is the very reason that we have such a meagre record of it during that period. Nevertheless, the customs of the age, and the character of Lord Southampton, enable us very fairly to conjecture the sort of life that they led. In those days noblemen of his rank and wealth were

accustomed to a degree of state about them, and to ceremonial observances from their dependants, which mimicked, when they did not vie with, the deference paid to royalty; and though under the Commonwealth any ostentatious display of rank would have been very injudicious in an opponent of the Government, we can fancy that, among his retainers at Tichfield, and in the circle of his immediate associates, a reflex of court manners and court usages was still maintained. We do not hear of any governesses to the young Ladies Wriothesley, but we find that Dr. Fitzwilliam was for many years domestic chaplain to Lord Southampton; and it was only in accordance with the custom of the time, if he added to his clerical duties some charge of the education of the youthful members of the family. From the correspondence between them, which has been preserved, it is quite clear, that as long as they both lived, Lady Rachel and Dr. Fitzwilliam remained on terms of the most affectionate friendship, even when they differed on political questions. At the time of her deepest affliction, she accepted his sympathy, and sought from him religious consolation; and in later years, we find her playing the part of a wise adviser and influential friend to him. In his letters, we always perceive a tone of great deference and respect, yet it is not chilly and formal, but as if the reverence were for herself fully as much as for her station, and was mingled with an almost paternal affection. One can see that

he appreciates her excellence, and knows her virtues with the knowledge that can only be acquired by long habits of intimacy.

There is every probability that Dr. Fitzwilliam was a more prejudiced partisan of the Stuarts than was Lord Southampton; for, faithful as the latter had been to the fallen sovereign, it is known that he had blamed Charles the First's arbitrary conduct, and at one time sympathised with the sufferings of the people under those oppressions which roused them at last to assert their rights and struggle for their liberties. It was only when he saw that a new power was arising, which he believed would prove a tyranny more terrible than the old one, that he took a decided part against the Parliament; but, had Lord Southampton lived only a little later, there can scarcely be a doubt that he would have been a leader on the popular side. In judging of the men of this period, we must always remember that the Great Rebellion was the first experiment of its sort worked out in modern Europe. The upper classes of society had been so long accustomed to consider the trading and working portion of the community as such inferior beings, as creatures in whose hands anything like equal rights or equal power with themselves would be preposterous, that we cannot wonder at their terrors when they found the turn affairs were taking. As printing, by the more general diffusion of knowledge, had led to the Reformation; so the Reformation, by

freeing men's minds from the more galling trammels of superstition, had opened to them broader views of patriotism, and more just ideas of laws and government, than had formerly been entertained. Thus, though the Plantagenets and early Tudors had been able to coerce an unlettered people by brute force or by the terror of a name, the Stuarts had had to contend with a nation arising out of the slough of ignorance, and henceforth—however the waves of faction might ebb and flow—to be truly governed only by moral power.

We can fancy that in her girlhood Lady Rachel may often have listened to the discourse of her father and his chaplain; and in the long leisure the residence at Tichfield must have afforded to the discussion of the same themes over and over again. Dr. Fitzwilliam, no doubt, advocating "non-resistance" and "passive obedience" to the authority of kings in the most extreme manner; Lord Southampton in a great measure agreeing, yet lamenting the harsh and unwise measures which had provoked a naturally loyal people to such fearful extremities.

It was in 1653, the year in which Cromwell dissolved the Long Parliament, that Lady Rachel Wriothesley, then seventeen years of age, was married to Lord Vaughan, the eldest son of the Earl of Carberry, her sister, Lady Elizabeth, having been previously united to Edward Noel, son of Viscount Campden. According to the custom of the period, these

matrimonial alliances were arranged by the parents of the young people, who, until they were settled in life, had usually very little liberty awarded them. The early years of their married life probably passed in an uneventful manner; but it is evident that the young Lady Vaughan inspired great affection and esteem among the members of her husband's family; and from some of the letters which remain, there seems to have been a loving contest often going on between them and her own sisters as to whom she should most often visit, and whom stay with the longest. Still there is such slight mention made of Lord Vaughan that we are constrained to believe he must have been at best a commonplace person; and that Lady Rachel, in her first marriage, did not experience that entire sympathy and complete happiness which her subsequent union with Lord Russell conferred.

In 1665 she became a mother, but her child lived only to be baptized; and in 1667 we find her a widow residing with her sister, Lady Elizabeth Noel, at Tichfield. Lord Southampton had recently died, and his daughter, by his second marriage, having inherited her mother's large fortune, Lady Elizabeth Noel and Lady Vaughan were co-heiresses to their father's property. To the former, as the elder, the family-seat of Tichfield passed, while Lady Vaughan became mistress of Stratton, also in Hampshire.

Great events had taken place within the last few years. Cromwell was dead—the Commonwealth at an

end, and Charles the Second restored to his father's throne. But though the Earl of Southampton had been Lord-Treasurer, and the loyalty of his family could not be questioned, it is worth observing that the name of Lady Vaughan does not appear among the *habituées* of the court. Doubtless on state occasions she paid her respects to the Queen, and kept up the observances of etiquette which belonged to her station; and she was evidently so well acquainted with many personages of the highest condition and character that, subsequently to the Restoration, she must have mixed a good deal in society. But her pure and noble nature must have revolted at the unblushing vice and shameless irreligion which sat in high places; and one can as easily imagine a dove nestling willingly among vultures as our peerless Lady Rachel moving, with smiles and flatteries, among the festivities of Charles the Second's court. It is curious to observe how unobtrusive virtue is; the memoirs of that time are crowded with accounts of extravagance, and pleasure-seeking, and foul corruption; while the most that we hear of noble, virtuous ladies, was that they lived much in the country or in retirement. Truly Whitehall and St. James's had no precincts for them; but we are not to believe in their existence the less because history is so silent. Had not England still retained among her nobility and gentry countless admirable matrons who shrank from the pollution of the times, and who devoted their leisure to inculcating just

principles in their children's minds, the nation must have sunk into a pit of infamy and degradation from which no merely human power could have rescued it. Superficial readers are too apt to think that among all the upper classes of society the ties of morality were dislocated in this reign; let them remember "Southampton's daughter" and her friends.

As a young, rich, childless, and nobly-connected widow, no doubt Lady Vaughan's hand was solicited by many suitors; but her choice was not made hastily, as there is a letter of her half-sister, Lady Percy's, in existence to prove that Mr. Russell was paying his addresses to her two years before she became his wife. They were married towards the latter end of 1669, when commenced a union that was to be terminated in the most tragic manner, but which for nearly fourteen years afforded, perhaps, as large a measure of felicity as ever fell to the lot of a wedded pair.

William Russell belonged to one of the oldest and noblest families in England, being the third son of William, earl of Bedford. The eldest son died in infancy, and the second one, Francis, being a confirmed invalid, never took any active part in life. Thus from an early period William must have been considered the ultimate heir to the earldom and future head of the family. His infirm brother, however, was, of course, called Lord Russell; and though the prefix of "honourable" is by courtesy attached to the names of the sons of noblemen beneath the degree of a marquis, the custom

appears not to have been universal in the seventeenth century, as we may judge by the letters addressed simply "Mr. William Russell." Lady Vaughan retained her own title until the death of the invalid brother, some years after their marriage, raised her husband to the title of Lord Russell, and then she was called Lady Russell. And as these are the names by which they are best known, and their memory most devoutly revered, it will be the simplest plan henceforth to adopt them.

William, Lord Russell, was born September 29, 1639; thus, at the time of their marriage, he must have been thirty, and his wife thirty-three years of age. He had enjoyed all the advantages of a liberal education and of travelling—a tour on the Continent being at that time considered the finish of a gentleman's education. At the Restoration he had been elected member of Parliament for Tavistock, but for many years had remained a silent and inactive representative. It seemed that extraordinary events were necessary to draw forth the energy of his character, and show the clearness of judgment and firmness of principle which were latent in him.

Their favourite and most permanent residence appears to have been Stratton—a place endeared to Lady Russell by the happiest recollections; but during the sittings of Parliament Lord Russell, and generally his wife also, removed to London. Sometimes he had occasion to visit his father at Woburn, but it is

surprising how seldom any exigence of business seems to have separated Lord Russell from his family, when we consider that in those days of tedious and difficult travelling it was quite a formidable undertaking to convey a lady or children a hundred miles. To those rare intervals at which they were parted for a few days or weeks, we owe those beautiful letters which must descend to posterity as illustrations of one of the truest and most noble of women. The more we dwell upon the character of Lady Russell, the more distinctly do we see that in no action of her life did she court popularity, or act as if the eye of the world were upon her. It is not likely that during their mutual lives any gaze but her husband's rested upon her letters; but we know how carefully he treasured them, and their preservation has tended to elucidate her character, and to complete with the most beautiful touches her mental portraiture.

She was blessed with three children. Two daughters, born respectively in 1674 and 1676, and a son in November 1680. Nothing seemed wanting to her contentment, and she was conscious of her happiness, expressing warm thanksgiving for the blessings by which she was surrounded, hoping for their continuance, yet trusting she might show patience and humility if called on to resign them. What a contrast to the perpetual wail of disappointment so often heard to rise from the discontented heart, even when good gifts seem to have been abundantly poured out!

The dear children are constantly mentioned in Lady Russell's letters; their health, their mental progress, their baby amusements, are described in that easy, natural manner which is the great charm of familiar letters. We find the little girl adding postscripts, and sending messages to papa, and sitting up to supper to celebrate his birthday; and out of all these little playful, homely details, one fact comes out very clearly, namely, that Lady Russell's plan of education must have been less formal and severe than that of a good many of her contemporaries. We can fancy her little daughters clinging round her neck, drawing her away to share in their play, or telling her of their childish joys and sorrows, far more readily than we can picture the cold, silent curtsey and the prim manner, about which one has heard so much.

Wealth, high station, "troops of friends," and the far richer blessings which are comprised in home affections and domestic happiness, must have crowned their lives for many years with great enjoyments, and served to gild the future with bright promises. Deeply as the noble pair were interested in the aspect of political affairs, they never could have felt even a prophetic shadow of the martyrdom that was to come.

Charles the Second has been called the "merry monarch," and truly he made mirth of everything which the wise and virtuous have agreed to reverence and hold sacred. Perhaps there never was a man more intensely selfish, more indifferent to the feelings

of others, and apparently more incapable of sympathising with them, than Charles the Second. Treacherous himself, he was, of course, suspicious of every one; and, as the false must be, he was wholly devoid of right pride and just ambition. Much too indolent to take any real pleasure in state affairs or the business of government, he yet clutched at every means which could render his authority despotic. Utterly devoid of principle, he had no sense of the duties which belonged to his station; and so that he could have commanded an army to keep down rebellion, and money to minister to his selfish, sensual indulgences, there can be little doubt that this bad king was equally indifferent to the morals, the prosperity, the happiness, or the glory of his people.

It would occupy a volume were we to describe the plots and counterplots of this reign. Charles and his brother, the Duke of York, always striving, by slow or unsuspected measures, to establish an absolute monarchy, and overthrow the power of the Commons. The Duke — as when he became James the Second he fearfully proved — was a bigoted Papist, and Charles, if he had any religion at all, was of the same faith. Both were perfectly aware that, in proportion as they limited the power of the Commons and abridged the liberties of the people, would be their chance of strengthening the Popish party — the party by whom despotism was tolerated, if not absolutely approved. There are documents still in existence to prove that

Charles entered into a treaty with Louis the Fourteenth of France, by which Louis was to assist him both with money and troops—Charles promising, on his part, openly to profess the Roman Catholic religion, and to take such a part in Continental wars as might conduce to the interests of France. Meanwhile he was beguiling his people with quite opposite assurances, and even signing an alliance with other powers to defend Flanders from French invasion. Who can read of such schemes as these without feelings of indignation, and without, in some measure, appreciating our debt of gratitude to those patriot ancestors who fought and died in the greatest cause for which men can suffer?—the greatest, for Truth can only arise out of freedom of discussion, and Christianity really prevail among a free people.

Bad men are commonly false even to each other, and the tools which Charles and his brother used, talked sufficiently of what was going on for it to get wind, and arouse the leading minds in the country. Lord Russell and other members of Parliament concerted together, so that they might oppose public discussion to secret intrigue, and by every constitutional means prevent the catastrophe which was impending. Of course they drew upon themselves the hatred of the King and the Duke; and when, a few years later, they made strenuous endeavours to pass the bill to exclude James from the succession, we may be pretty sure that this cruel bigot

made vows of revenge which he did not neglect to keep.

One of the charges brought against Lord Russell was, that he was in treasonable correspondence with France, certain interviews with M. de Rouvigny, son of the former ambassador, having been misrepresented to that effect. But when we call to mind that M. de Rouvigny was Lady Russell's cousin, their frequent intercourse is easily accounted for, especially as the families had always been on terms of affection and friendship; and the tried principles of the Huguenot Frenchman must have led him to sympathise very warmly with many of the sentiments of the liberal party. There is no treason in the question; but that Lord Russell should endeavour to discover the nefarious schemes of the court was both natural and justifiable. It should never be forgotten that those measures which so exasperated the King were strictly constitutional ones; but Charles dreaded the legitimate power of the Commons ten times more than all the plots which were either hatched or pretended during his reign.

Lord Russell evidently believed in the reality of the Popish plot, and acted accordingly; but it is not our purpose to enter into any details beyond those which are necessary to show that Lord Russell suffered in a noble cause, and died without the slightest stain attaching to his name.

Early in the summer of 1683, Josiah Keeling, a

vintner in poor circumstances, gave information of a plot that he said existed to raise an insurrection, and to assassinate the King and the Duke of York on their return from Newmarket, at a farm-house called Rye, from which name the conspiracy, supposed or real, is known in history as the Rye House Plot. Several persons were apprehended: among them two men, named Rumsey and West, who, to save themselves, made a confession, which Burnet says was merely a concerted story, arranged for such an emergency. Friends of Lord Russell apprised him of his danger; but though he might easily have fled, he refused to leave home, or to take any measures which might look like an acknowledgment of guilt. On the 26th of June, a messenger was sent to take him before the council, where he was examined in presence of the King. Charles professed not to suspect him of designs against his person, but said that he believed him guilty of conspiring against the Government. When the examination was over, Lord Russell was committed a close prisoner to the Tower, on an accusation of high treason, though his most vindictive enemies seem to have acquitted him of plotting to murder the King.

The precise details of the Rye House Plot, how far it really existed, and how much it was invented or exaggerated, can never now be known; but the truth most probably is, that disaffection to the Government was rife in all classes of society, and that men, when they met together, talked warmly and wildly of what

must be done to stem the torrent of oppression and corruption which was sweeping over the country.

There is evidence to show that Lord Russell, so far from exciting his companions to this sort of vain talking, usually checked it, and invariably advised only parliamentary agitation, by which the laws might be amended, to meet the exigence of the time. Lord Howard, on whose evidence he was chiefly convicted, was proved to have perjured himself in the most frightful manner; and the circumstance of Lord Russell being with some friends at a wine-merchant's house, tasting some wine which he wished to purchase, when certain of the so-called conspirators came there also, and entered into conversation before him, was made to appear as if the meeting were one pre-arranged for treasonable purposes; and this, although it was shown that Lord Russell had rebuked their language, and disapproved of their sentiments. Colonel Rumbold's dying words, some years afterwards, in which he positively denied that there ever was any plot to assassinate the King, and the solemn assurances of all trustworthy witnesses, are enough to convince us that the accusation was wholly unfounded, especially as the circumstantial evidence of the case supports this view; while the perjurers, Lord Howard, and Rumsey and West, who fabricated statements that brought Lord Russell to the scaffold, were men wholly unworthy of credit, and who were playing their desperate game to propitiate the royal brothers. Of

Lord Howard, the King himself had said, on a different occasion, that he was "so ill a man that he would not hang the worst dog he had upon his evidence." The simplest way of stating Lord Russell's case is to assert that he was an enlightened patriot, who desired for his country a limited monarchy and constitutional government; who, from the rank and wealth of his connexions, and from his place in Parliament, was a powerful opponent to the Roman Catholic party, and whom, therefore, it was necessary for that party to remove. English laws would have protected him had they been justly administered, for none had he broken; but witnesses were suborned, a jury packed, and judges intimidated, and by these means a cold-blooded murder was committed, under the show of a criminal trial and a legal execution. We all know the history of the Roman tyrant, who desired to cut down the "tallest poppies:" and the sacrifice of William Lord Russell was but a Stuart-rendering of the same story.

From the moment of his arrest, Lord Russell seems to have entertained little or no hope of an escape from the snare which had been spread for him; and the wife, who knew his inmost thoughts, and could track all their intricacies, must have felt the burthen of her own anguish increased tenfold by his forebodings. We have abundant evidence that there had always existed an entire confidence between them; there is even a letter extant, which, on some occasion, she wrote to her husband when the House was sitting, and

indorsed by him as received there, in which she warned and advised him about some political measure, though the language is vague, and the purpose so intentionally veiled that no modern reader can determine to what circumstance it refers. But to the biographer it is very precious, as proving how unreservedly Lady Russell had shared her husband's confidence, how completely in heart and mind they had been one,—as illustrating their happiness and showing how it was that, in the time of tribulation, she was able to be his best consoler and most active friend.

Lady Russell was not the woman helplessly to weep and wail, and still further afflict her husband by the exhibition of her own grief. No; she roused her faculties to their utmost powers, and spent the interval between the committal of Lord Russell and his trial in collecting evidence for his defence. She must, indeed, have been indefatigable. Perhaps she felt that when so many of his acquaintances were becoming lukewarm or false to him, there were few indeed on whom she could rely to work in his behalf as diligently and faithfully as herself. And yet he had friends who proved their devotion to him. Lord Cavendish offered to assist his escape, and take his place in the Tower; and the Duke of Monmouth, who was implicated in the supposed plot, and was hiding, offered to give himself up, and share the fate of his friend. But both these proposals were gratefully declined; Lord Russell, in reference to the latter, expressing himself to the

effect, that it would be no consolation to him for another to suffer with him. Lord Essex refused to leave his house, lest his absconding should give weight to the evidence against Lord Russell; and the result was, that he also was committed to the Tower, where, on the morning of Lord Russell's trial, either he committed suicide or was murdered. The death, in such a manner, of Lord Russell's intimate friend and presumed confidant, was a fatal blow to his interests; and though, for a long time, it was believed that Lord Essex died by his own hand, circumstances came to light which raised the suspicion that he had been murdered. It is certain that his servant, who gave evidence tending to prove the suicide, was pensioned by Government; and two children, unknown to each other, deposed that they saw a blood-stained razor thrown out of Lord Essex's chamber.

Two short letters of Lady Russell's to her husband, belonging to this eventful period, have been preserved. The first will, without comment, sufficiently show the nature of her employment:—

"I had, at coming home, an account that your trial, as to your appearing, is not till to-morrow. Others are tried this day, and your indictment presented, I suppose. I am going to your counsel, when you shall have a further account from——"

Observe,—not an unnecessary word; not an expression of love or anger towards any one, or a term of endearment to himself, like those which abounded in

happier times. Evidently there was a dread of its interception before her—and of some gaoler's pre-perusal.

The other letter was afterwards indorsed by the writer herself in these words—"To ask his leave to be at his trial," and refers to that incident which has crowned the name of Rachel Russell with an especial glory, and has been alike an inspiration for poetry and painting. It runs as follows:—

"Your friends believing I can do you some service at your trial, I am extreme willing to try; my resolution will hold out—pray let yours. But it may be the court will not let me; however, do you let me try. I think, however, to meet you at Richardson's, and then resolve: your brother Ned will be with me, and sister Marget."

On Friday, the 13th day of July, 1683, Lord Russell was placed at the bar of the Old Bailey, to be tried for high treason. The substance of the indictment being "for conspiring the death of the King, and consulting and agreeing to stir up insurrection, and to that end to seize the guards appointed for the preservation of the King's person." Lord Russell pleaded "Not Guilty," and demurred at the choice of the jury, beseeching that his trial might be delayed a few hours, so that he might examine the list of their names; but the King's counsel did not think the request reasonable, and would not delay the trial even till the afternoon. The clerk of the crown then told the prisoner that if



LADY RACHEL RUSSELL AT HER HUSBAND'S TRIAL.

he challenged any of the jurors, he must do so as they came to be sworn, and before they had sworn. Thus he had no time to make inquiries about them.

Evidently it had been preconcerted that the jury should consist of men likely to side with the crown; and, after much tedious parleying, in which all common justice was denied to the prisoner, Lord Russell asked if he might be allowed the use of pen, ink, and paper, and the use of papers that he had. This request being granted, he added,—

"May I have somebody to write, to help my memory?"

And the Attorney-General and the Lord Chief-Justice replied, "Yes; a servant—any of your servants shall assist you."

On which Lord Russell simply exclaimed, "My wife is here to do it!"

It is related, that as at these words Lady Russell rose up, calm and self-possessed, to assist her lord in this hour of his utmost distress, a thrill of anguish seemed to run through the assembly. Even the people whom a cold curiosity had drawn thither were melted at the sight; and the Lord Chief-Justice, Sir Francis Pemberton, himself remarked on "my 'lady" giving herself the "trouble." It is no wild conjecture to suppose that, in that crowded court, there must have been many who sympathised most deeply with the noble pair; who could not look upon the daughter of the "virtuous Southampton," in such a crisis, without

emotion; and, above all, many who were clear-visioned enough to recognise that Lord Russell, instead of being a criminal, was a patriot suffering for his country's sake.

The trial proceeded; but we need not tell how witnesses were forsworn, and a jury, predetermined in their verdict, found the prisoner guilty. Lady Russell was right; her "resolution" did hold out, and, with wonderful self-control, she was able to take notes of the accusations made, and to carry through her self-appointed task. One can fancy that the spectacle of her heroic tenderness, her fortitude, her constancy, must even, in that dreadful day, have afforded such comfort to her husband, that he was not wholly an object of pity; indeed, the consciousness of his integrity, the knowledge that they were persecuted in a righteous cause, and thus were emphatically in the hands of God, must have been the secret support of them both. Yet, with every stage of the trial, earthly hope seemed slipping away. The divines, Burnet and Tillotson, were called to speak of their intimate knowledge of the prisoner—his piety, his truthfulness, his moral worth; but all these arguments were considered not to the point, or were overruled. It is noticeable, too, that on this occasion the infamous Jeffreys, then Serjeant Jeffreys, delivered a speech against the prisoner, in which can be traced the same cold-blooded cruelty and atrocious sophistry of argument which, when he was a judge in the succeeding reign, rendered his abhorred

name the prophecy of torture and death, and the synonyme of the darkest crimes.

The young, the happy, the untried, must, indeed, have tender hearts and a large faculty of sympathy,—if they can realise the anguish of Lady Russell when her husband was declared guilty, and sentence of death pronounced; for it is only when we have suffered ourselves, that we learn to measure the depth and intensity of another's suffering. And yet even the effort to understand it is salutary; teaching, without the cost, like a real lesson of life. From the moment of his condemnation, we find her unceasing in her exertions to obtain a mitigation of his sentence. She drew up a petition, praying for six weeks' reprieve of the sentence, probably with the hope of collecting evidence to show how falsely he had been convicted; but though she threw herself at the King's feet, and in person besought thus much mercy from him, he refused her with cold words, and dry eyes, and unshaken resolve. Did he call to mind in that hour *his* father's violent death, and *her* father's unshaken fidelity; the headless corpse of the first Charles, reverently tended by the excellent Southampton; the tragedy, that winter's day, at Whitehall; the silent burial at Windsor? Did he remember Lord Southampton's lealty through the dark years of adversity, when Cromwell's overtures to him were rejected, and he lived in obscurity, rather than seem even for a moment to waver in his allegiance to the

royal family? Did he wholly forget Southampton's friendship and services to himself, and that he had been, in fact, the best and truest friend he ever had in his life? No; he did not forget, for oblivion of such things is not in the power of man. But it answered his purpose to slay Lord Russell, and therefore he had no pity for Southampton's daughter. The more we dive beneath the surface of history, the more false, and cruel, and remorseless, does the character of Charles the Second appear.

If money could have purchased Lord Russell's release, the Earl of Bedford would cheerfully have beggared himself to save his dear son's life. Large sums were offered to people about the court if they would procure a pardon; and as much as 50,000*l.*—some writers of the time say 100,000*l.*—was guaranteed to the Duchess of Portsmouth if she should successfully intercede in his favour. And all this had to be done in a week, for the trial took place on the 13th of July, and the execution was fixed for the 21st.

The Rouvignys bestirred themselves warmly; and it is said that at their entreaty Louis the Fourteenth wrote a letter in behalf of Lord Russell, which M. de Rouvigny was deputed to bring over; but, alas! those were not the days of electric telegraphs, and steam-boats, and railways; travelling was both tedious and uncertain: and when Charles was told that Lady Russell's cousin was coming over, he answered with a refined brutality,—

"I do not wish to prevent M. de Rouvigny from coming here, but my Lord Russell's head will be off before he arrives."

From the moment of his apprehension Lord Russell himself had despaired of his life being saved, but he could not resist the entreaties of friends, and, above all, the prayers of his devoted wife, that he would make every exertion in his power to procure a mitigation of his sentence. Conscious of his own innocence, it must have been a great humiliation to petition, as he did, both the King and the Duke of York; yet these petitions, though necessarily humble, are yet manly. He refuses in them to acknowledge any guilty designs against the persons of the royal brothers, though he laments having sometimes listened to discourse which was unlawful. If his life should be spared, he promises to live in perpetual exile, "and never to meddle any more in the affairs of England," except as the King "shall be pleased to command him."

All was in vain. They were resolved on his death, the Duke of York even more obstinately than the King. Indeed Charles said more than once, that he might have spared Lord Russell's life but for his brother.

Meanwhile the reverend Doctors Burnet and Tillotson were endeavouring to persuade Lord Russell to make a more ample confession, and to acknowledge that all resistance to sovereign authority was un-

lawful. But he answered that if doing so would save his life he could not tell a falsehood; he thought that there were cases of oppression in which resistance was a duty, and that if a nation waited for a total subversion of its freedom, it would be too late to resist. This combat of opinion with his respected friends must have been among the severest of his trials.

Never once did his noble-hearted wife unnerve Lord Russell by advocating unworthy concessions, or by yielding in his presence to her own anguish and despair. And before we carefully appreciate her self-control, we must understand that it was believed among his friends, that an abject confession of wrong-doing would save his life, especially were he to imitate Lord Howard, and turn accuser of others. We must appreciate, too, what it was, that for pure conscience sake she was thus willing to yield. Her chief of earthly happiness;—the dear companion of her life, whom fourteen years of close communion had but taught her to love and esteem the more devotedly, and to depend on the more entirely;—the father of her young children, whose noble conduct and character she had fondly believed would be their guide and pattern through many coming years, whose hand was to lead them, whose influence was to uphold them;—the husband and father in the prime and pride of life, with rank and wealth, and new spheres of usefulness opening before him, and richer

joys and fuller glory than all youth could afford beginning to descend upon him!

The anguish of their solemn separation was, indeed, one too deep for wordy utterance, for loud lamentation, for noisy sobs and tears. During that dreadful week Lady Russell made the most incredible exertions; absenting herself from her husband's beloved presence, both that he might have sufficient time to prepare certain documents which he left behind him, and that she might concert with his friends and act for him. Not only did she throw herself at the King's feet, as we have seen unavailingly, but she procured an interview with the Duchess of York, and presented a petition into her own hands,—that Duchess who, in little more than five years from this time, was to find herself the object of a people's hatred and suspicion, fleeing from England a discrowned queen and homeless exile!

All was unavailing. As day after day slipped away, Lady Russell felt that her husband's hours of mortal life were numbered; that her own woe was complete. The day before his execution he took leave of his children, but afterwards Lady Russell returned to him alone. When supper-time was near, he said to her, "Stay and sup with me; let us eat our last earthly food together;" and as they sat at table he talked cheerfully, especially of his two daughters, and of the state of his own mind at this close approach of death. Dr. Burnet was with

him constantly, and the simple pathos of his narrative would be weakened or marred by the alteration of a word :—

"At ten o'clock my lady left him. He kissed her four or five times, and she kept her sorrow so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance by their parting. After she was gone, he said, 'Now the bitterness of death is past,' and ran out into a long discourse about her—how great a blessing she had been to him, and said what a misery it would have been to him if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life; whereas, otherwise, what a week should I have passed if she had been crying on me to turn informer, and be a Lord Howard! Though he then repeated what he had often before said, that he knew of nothing whereby the peace of the nation was in danger; and that all that ever was, was either loose discourse, or, at most, embryos that never came to anything, so that there was nothing on foot to his knowledge. But he left that discourse, and returned to speak of my Lady. He said there was a signal providence of God in giving him such a wife, where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness to him; but her carriage in his extremity was beyond all. He said he was glad that she and his children were to lose nothing by his death; and it was great comfort to

him that he left his children in such a mother's hands; and that she had promised to take care of herself for their sakes, which I heard her do."

The greater part of this day, Friday the 20th, had been passed by Lord Russell in religious exercises; and after that last terrible parting, he retired to rest and slept for some hours. When his last morning dawned, his composure did not desert him. He dressed with his usual care, neither more nor less, offered up prayers to God several times, and took leave of some of his friends, especially of Burnet, who attended him to the scaffold, and of Lord Cavendish, who had wished by force to rescue him on the way to execution, after having in vain entreated him to attempt an escape.

It had been usual in cases of treason to erect the scaffold on Tower Hill; but it was decided that Lord Russell should be beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the government being of opinion that the dismal procession through the streets from Newgate to the appointed place would strike terror into the minds of disaffected citizens. But it had a very contrary effect. A few craven spirits might perhaps be intimidated; and certain of the crowd, who thronged to behold this judicial murder as they would to see a raree-show, were doubtless composed of characters too weak to have decided opinions on any great question; but the mass of the people either shed tears of sympathy and sorrow, or were possessed by a sullen,

brooding wrath against the royal brothers,—a wrath which, before the century was six years older, was to find loud utterance, and write itself in the legible characters of resolute deeds.

By a refinement of malignity, the Duke of York had wished that Lord Russell's execution should take place before his own house in Bloomsbury Square; but this plan, as we have seen, was overruled. Nevertheless, it is probable, that on his last journey he had a glimpse between the few houses which then intervened of the noble mansion where so many happy days had been spent. To those who know London well, it may be interesting to observe that Southampton House, his town residence, was situated on the north side of Bloomsbury Square, occupying the site of what is now Bedford Place; and as the mournful procession turned into Little Queen Street, Burnet relates that Lord Russell looked from the coach-window —he rode to execution in his own carriage—towards his own house, when a tear or two fell from his eyes. Yet his fortitude had not forsaken him; he remarked how often he had gone in that direction with great comfort, but now that he turned the other way with greater. We believe that, independently of his Christian resignation to the Divine will, Lord Russell was upheld by the conviction that his unrighteous death would prove, as it did prove, a greater means of promoting and securing English liberty than his life could have been.

It is believed that Lady Russell withdrew to Southampton House, and passed there the terrible hours which intervened between the parting scene and the fatal blow of the axe. Her home—her once so happy home—was the natural resort of its mistress that dreadful night; and now, after the lapse of more than a century and a half, the feeling heart must still thrill with keenest sympathy as it pictures her anguish,—a grief, beyond utterance,—a sorrow, not to be assuaged,—a bereavement, under which nothing less than the supporting spirit of religion could have sustained her.

During the first days of her widowhood she was roused to exertion by an attack on the memory of her Lord; it being asserted that the paper he delivered to the sheriffs on the scaffold, and which contained the calm expression of his political sentiments, and a firm denial of the offence with which he was charged, was not his own composition. On this Lady Russell addressed a letter to the King, which will be found entire in the published collection of her letters. In it she says,—

"'Tis a great addition to my sorrows to hear your majesty is prevailed upon to believe that the paper he delivered to the sheriffs at his death was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the solemnest manner to attest, that I often heard him discourse the chiefest matters contained in that paper, in the same expres-

sions he therein uses, as some of those few relations that were admitted to him can likewise aver."

And afterwards,—

"I do therefore humbly beg your majesty would be so charitable to believe, that he who in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not at the point of death do so disingenuous and false a thing, as to deliver for his own, what was not properly and expressly so. And if, after the loss in such a manner of the best husband in the world, I were capable of any consolation, your majesty only could afford it by having better thoughts of him."

And in the concluding paragraph she writes :—

"I hope I have writ nothing in this that will displease your majesty. If I have, I humbly beg of you to consider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief; and that you will pardon the daughter of a person who served your majesty's father in his greatest extremities, and one that is not conscious of having ever done anything to offend you before."

Bitter, indeed, must have been the task to write in these needful terms of deference and humility to the cruel King; but at no part of her life had Lady Russell shrunk from the performance of a duty, however irksome; and perhaps even there was a mournful consolation in exerting herself, though painfully, to uphold the honour of her dead husband.

The truth was, the court party were enraged at the effect produced on the public mind by the death of Lord Russell; and with a poor spite, not only traduced his memory, but opposed every mark of respect to his remains. Friends, however, at last obtained permission for an escutcheon to be put over the door of Lady Russell's house; and they appear to have exerted all their influence to induce the King to ratify the promise he had made not to confiscate Lord Russell's personal estate. For both which concessions she sends dutiful messages to the King.

Two months after the fatal catastrophe we find Lady Russell and her children at Woburn, the guests of the Earl of Bedford; and we can fancy the mutual consolation they must have afforded to each other. During this autumn and the succeeding winter, she was in correspondence with her old friend, Dr. Fitzwilliam, and with Dr. Burnet, who was in disgrace with the court for the part he had taken in reference to Lord Russell, seeking comfort in their warm sympathy, and in the spiritual consolations they offered. Still we can trace the struggle which is going on—the strong endeavour to be resigned—the hopeless heart-misery which would make itself felt. She writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam of her lost husband, as "the dear companion and sharer of all her joys and sorrows;" and says, as if in a burst of agony, "You that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is a common thing

to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness; so, consequently, lament the like loss." And again: "When I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them; this makes my heart shrink." Yet in the same letter she meekly says, "I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it."

She appears, also, to have had a very kind and valuable friend in Mr. Hoskins, a gentleman who had studied for the law, and was therefore competent, as well as willing, to assist in the extrication of Lady Russell's affairs from their entanglement. Lord Russell had been left guardian to her sister, Lady Elizabeth Noel's children; but in consequence of his condemnation for treason, the trust had devolved on the King. Lady Russell was anxious to have this trust resettled on herself; and there were many other circumstances connected with her painful position in which his legal intelligence was of great service. The letters of Mr. Hoskins show him to have been a man of excellent sense and fine feeling, and an enthusiastic admirer of Lord Russell, writing of him as he "for whom of all men I have ever known, one would have been the most willing to have died." And there is great wisdom in the advice he gives her to distract her mind from her sorrows by active occupation. On one occasion he says, "Nothing but your sorrows can hinder you doing all that is to be done; and give me

leave, Madam, as often as it comes in my way, to mind your ladyship that the hopes your dear lord had that you would bear his loss with magnanimity, and nothing would be wanting to his children, loosened all the hold this world had on him." And in a letter, dated March 1684, he speaks of her "mighty grief," declaring that when he was at Woburn it had made him melancholy to see how it had wasted her body, how heavy it was on her mind, and how hardly she struggled with it.

Her children were now at a most interesting, captivating age; the girls being respectively in their tenth and eighth years, and the boy between three and four years old. But though still too young fully to understand their loss, the two little daughters were old enough to be saddened by the deep grief which had fallen like a blight on the whole family, and to shed tears that were drawn forth, half by sympathy and half by their own dim memories and regrets. The old Earl of Bedford seems to have doated on his grandchildren, and to have loved and appreciated their mother, whom he calls his "dearest daughter;" but his greatest hopes were centred in the boy, who had now become heir to his grandfather's title, and was looked on as his dead father's representative. This little Wriothesley was a delicate child, and in the spring of 1684 was attacked with a dangerous illness, from which he recovered but slowly. This illness was a fresh and terrible trial to Lady Russell; but she

learns from it anew her lessons of piety and resignation. In allusion to it she writes.—

"God has let me see the folly of my imaginations, which made me apt to conclude I had nothing left, the deprivation of which could be matter of much anguish, or its possession of any considerable refreshment."

About the end of June, Lady Russell removed, for the sake of change of air for her boy, and to be nearer London physicians—from Woburn to Totteridge, in Hertfordshire; taking with her, also, her older girl, but leaving the younger at Woburn. A letter of Lord Bedford's, written to her soon afterwards, shows how the sick child was the object of fervent prayers and dearest hopes. The old Earl writes:—

"There is nothing in this world can come so welcome to me as to hear of increase of hopes, that God Almighty will be so infinitely good and gracious unto me as to give unto my fervent prayers that dear child, which, if it be His good will and pleasure to grant to so unworthy a creature as I am, I should look upon it all the days of my life as the greatest of temporal blessings that can be bestowed upon me, and that will supply and make up in a great measure the other great afflictions and crosses He has been pleased to lay upon me."

No other earthly consolation could have been comparable to the affectionate sympathy Lady Russell received from her husband's family, from the hour of her bereavement. The boy recovered, but death had

been busy at Woburn, the old Countess of Bedford having died just before the child's illness. We do not hear much of this lady, but she must have been advanced in life; and it is easy to believe, that the cruel death of her son the preceding year hurried out her few remaining sands.

In September Lady Russell returned to Woburn. She had intended visiting Stratton — the scene of so much happiness — but she heard that the court was going to Winchester to enjoy field-sports during the autumn, and Lord Russell's widow shrank from proximity to it. Later in the year she comes to the determination of wintering in London, being chiefly induced to this step by the persuasions of medical men, who recommended it for her boy. Writing to Dr. Fitzwilliam from Woburn, in November, she says, that she has lingered out her time, and adds,—

"I think none will wonder at it, that will reflect the place I am going to remove to was the scene of so much lasting sorrow to me, and where I acted so unsuccessful a part for the preservation of a life I could sure have laid down my own to have continued. 'T was, Doctor, an inestimable treasure I did lose, and with whom I had lived in the highest pitch of this world's felicity. But having so many months mourned the substance, I think (by God's assistance) the shadows will not sink me."

A few days afterwards she removed to Southampton House, a place that must, indeed, have been

full of the saddest associations. Every room must have had its tale to tell of departed joys or remembered agonies; and as her children's feet pattered along the corridors and stairs, and her own sad step gave forth a slower echo, how often must her tortured memory have recalled the manly tread and the glad greetings she would know no more! Truly the "shadows" she had foreseen must have been very terrible!

In addition to her own near sorrows, Lady Russell had felt keenly the troubles of her husband's political friends,—the death of Algernon Sydney, and the persecutions of many who had attempted to justify Lord Russell's memory. But a fresh period of excitement and anxiety was now opening to her. Charles the Second died within three months of Lady Russell's return to London, namely, in February 1685, and it belongs to history to tell the stirring events which followed his decease. We can fancy the emotions with which Lady Russell must have heard James the Second called king, and, remembering his bitter enmity, the many terrors which must have oppressed her; we can see her lamenting the fate of the misguided Monmouth; and with warm admiration and keen anxiety, can imagine her eager for news of the seven brave bishops; and when James was tottering to his fall, we know that she must have rejoiced, not from feelings of personal revenge, but because she saw that England was saving herself from serfdom, and that throughout the length and breadth of the land a

whole people had willed to be free. She must have felt as if every drop of her husband's blood had raised up a giant to do and dare in the cause for which he suffered.

When James was in great tribulation, and was on his way to a council of peers, whom he was consulting in his emergency, he met the Earl of Bedford, and piteously entreated his assistance. "My lord, you are a good man," he exclaimed; "you have much interest with the peers; you can do me service with them to-day."

"I am old and feeble," replied the venerable earl; but I once had a son who could have served your majesty on this occasion."

The King was silent; perhaps in his own distress and humiliation he began to understand the barbarity of which he had been guilty. This anecdote is trite, but the retort was so happy and so well deserved, that it seems to belong to Lady Russell's history.

The accession of William and Mary opened a new era to Lady Russell and her family. What compensation for her loss heaped-up honours could afford were assuredly hers; and we cannot suppose so tender a mother insensible to such advantages for her children. She had already long enjoyed the friendship of the Prince and Princess of Orange, and so open and avowed had it been, that the minister from Holland had in the preceding reign waited on her to offer their condolences; letters from Mary are also extant, written

in the most affectionate terms; and before the Prince of Orange reached London, Lady Russell wrote a letter to her old friend, Dr. Burnet, who was now in William's train, full of good wishes, and expressive of eagerness for information of their progress. It is easy to see she was a warm partisan of William and Mary; but besides personal considerations, the principles of English liberty, which had placed the double crown on their brows, were the same as those for which Lord Russell died; and it was natural that William, who was never either ungrateful or inconsistent, should mark his appreciation of the dead patriot.

One of the first acts of William and Mary's reign was to reverse the attainder of Lord Russell, and by a vote in the House of Commons his execution was denominated "murder," and so set forth in the preamble to the reversal of the attainder. It is characteristic of the thoroughness of the English character, that it was decided to leave out in the bill the words, "at the request of the Earl of Bedford and Lady Russell," because it was not to be supposed that the wishes of private persons were of so much importance as that the justice of the nation should be maintained. A committee was also appointed to inquire who were the advisers and promoters of Lord Russell's death. A very few years afterwards the venerable Earl of Bedford was created a duke; and amongst the reasons for conferring this honour, it is stated that it was "not the least that he was the father to Lord Russell, the

ornament of his age, whose great merits it was not enough to transmit by history to posterity, but they (the King and Queen) were willing to record them in their royal patent, to remain in the family as a monument consecrated to his consummate virtue, whose name could never be forgot, so long as men preserved any esteem for sanctity of manners, greatness of mind, and a love to their country, constant even to death. Therefore, to solace his excellent father for so great a loss, to celebrate the memory of so noble a son, and to excite his worthy grandson, the heir of such mighty hopes, more cheerfully to emulate and follow the example of his illustrious father, they entailed this high dignity upon the Earl and his posterity."

Meanwhile Lady Russell had been a most tender, prudent, careful mother to her children, to whom for a time she seems to have been chief instructress. At the period of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when so many French Protestants were driven from their country, she sought out one of these refugees to place as tutor about her son, induced to this step by the double motive of charity and a belief that her son would especially benefit by such an instructor. At a very early age her elder daughter was married to Lord Cavendish subsequently Duke of Devonshire; and some four years afterwards, about 1692, Katherine, the younger, became the wife of Lord Roos, eldest son of the Earl of Rutland, who also was soon afterwards elevated to the rank of a duke. Thus Lady Russell lived to see her

children attain the highest dignity in the land beneath that of royalty.

But just before the time of her daughter Katherine's marriage a new calamity made itself known. Lady Russell's sight began to fail her, and for a time she feared total blindness. It was popularly said that she had wept herself blind, but there appears to have been no foundation for that report. The disease proved to be a cataract, from which an operation partially relieved her; and her sufferings afforded a new opportunity for the display of her Christian patience and fortitude.

During the reigns of William and Mary and Queen Anne we find Lady Russell occupying a position of singular influence and unbounded respect, but never for one moment showing symptoms of pride or vanity, or presuming on the deference shown to her to exercise harsh authority. On the contrary, ever ready to serve her friends, she did not shrink from the office of soliciting favours for them when she knew they deserved the good fortune she sought for them. King William appears to have had a real pleasure in fulfilling the wishes of Lady Russell, and gratifying her in every possible manner; and on the occasion of his death—resulting, as every one knows, from a fall from his horse—a letter of hers was found in his pocket written certainly within a day or two of the accident. In it she makes her acknowledgments for the "honour and favour designed for Lord Rutland and his family,"

alluding to the dukedom about to be conferred. Then we have the highest dignitaries of the Church addressing her in the most respectful terms; Tillotson, on the point of becoming Archbishop of Canterbury, confiding to her his expectations, his desires, his scruples; her old friend Dr. Fitzwilliam refusing preferment, bluntly avowing his repugnance to the new order of things, yet listening to her arguments, and not suffering their difference of opinion to disturb his esteem; and the warm-hearted Burnet, when Bishop of Salisbury, writing thus, "You have passed through very different scenes of life. God has reserved the best to the last. I do make it a standing part of my poor prayers twice a-day, that as now your family is the greatest in its three branches that has been in England in our age, so that it may in every one of these answer those blessings by an exemplary holiness, and that both you and they may be public blessings to the age and nation."

And in another letter, written in a strain of especial cheerfulness,—a letter breathing of domestic satisfaction, and a home made happy by his amiable, accomplished, wealthy, high-born wife, Bishop Burnet says to Lady Russell: "As long as I live I will reckon myself as much a property to you as anything can be that eats your bread; and you and yours may ever depend upon all that I can ever do, as much as if I were bought with your money. You will perhaps wonder how I have got into this strain, that am so little apt

even to say what I ought to do upon such subjects; but a heart that is very full will sometimes give itself a little vent; and therefore forgive me for saying that at some times which I think at all times."

Even the proud Duchess of Marlborough played the part of courtier to the widow of the martyred patriot, and in a critical juncture thought it highly important to secure Lady Russell's approbation. And when the marriage of the young Wriothesley, now Lord Tavistock, with Miss Howland was arranged—the contracting parties being still children—Lady Russell's advice as to the education of the young heiress, her future daughter-in-law, seems to have been earnestly sought. A little later, a circumstance occurred in connexion with her son which called forth the high qualities of her character, and exemplified the soundness of her judgment.

At the general election which took place in October 1695, it was proposed to bring Lord Tavistock into Parliament as member for the county of Middlesex, and an intimation to this effect was made to his mother. According to our present notions the idea of a boy of fifteen being returned to Parliament is simply preposterous; but it does not appear to have been considered so in this case, save, perhaps, by Lady Russell herself, who had a strange clear way of looking at things. In fact, about this time minors were frequently returned to Parliament by family interest, or to serve political parties; and there can be no

doubt that the young Marquis would have been added to the number, had his mother and grandfather allowed it. We can fancy how they must have been affected by the manner in which this proposal was made; for in the letter which Sir James Forbes addresses to Lady Russell on the occasion, he begs that for one day her son will dispense with his newly-acquired title, and that they may set him up by the "name of *Lord Russell*, which would bring ten thousand more on his side, if there be so many freeholders in the county." And his uncle, Lord Edward Russell, says, "There will be no sort of danger or difficulty in it; and it is believed that nobody will pretend to stand against him." Nevertheless, the wise mother gratefully, but decidedly, declined the intended honour. She saw hindrances to education, to travel, and to formation of character, in such a premature entry into public life; but while her refusal throws new light on her character, the proposal itself is most significant of the reverence in which her husband's memory was already held.

It is to be lamented that the young Marquis gave Lady Russell some uneasiness by his extravagance, and the gambling debts which he incurred while on the Continent. But we must not measure these faults by the modern standard. Gaming was the fashion and vice of the age, and a lavish personal expenditure the rule in high life rather than the exception. A mere boy at the time, and travelling with his tutor, it is only justice to make large allowances for youth

and inexperience. Even his tutor appears not to have expected to keep their expenses much under three thousand a-year—a large allowance truly; but we must remember that, from the rank he held, and the name he bore, the society of Lord Tavistock was eagerly sought in every country he visited; and young as he was, while in Italy, he gave as well as received entertainments from the foreign ministers and principal nobility. He was evidently of a generous, affectionate nature, and his faults were of the kind that sometimes belong to such a character. In writing to his mother, acknowledging his errors, he says, "I desire, for God's sake, that you will pardon me. If your ladyship did but know a little part of the grief I suffer, I am sure you would forgive me; and if I did not think you would, I could not bear it." And speaking of the expense he has incurred, and the reception with which he was met, he adds, "It is undoubtedly much for the honour of my family; as for myself, I think I deserve nothing, since I am capable of afflicting your ladyship. . . . . I will yet come home to be a comfort to your ladyship, and make you easy, and so follow in some things, I hope, at least, the steps of my good father."

His good intentions were not quite kept; for again the gaming-table tempted him, and when he returned to England, in 1699, his debts were so considerable that Lady Russell was obliged to apply to the Duke of Bedford to assist her as a security in raising money.

Within a year from this time the old Duke died, and the young Lord Tavistock succeeded to his grandfather's titles and estates. The Order of the Garter was conferred on him by King William; he was made lieutenant of the counties of Bedford, Cambridge, and Middlesex; and, at the coronation of Queen Anne, he acted as Lord High Constable of England, and was made a privy-councillor. With superabundant honours showered upon him; a wife who fulfilled all the hopes which had been formed of her; and children gathering round him, the next few years of the life of Lady Russell's son must have been very happy ones; whilst her pious, grateful heart must have felt cheerfulness and peace, if not joy, in the reflex of her children's happiness. It was, however, no inactive life which even now she led. Not only her own, but her sister's children, looked up to her for sympathy and advice; and there is a letter of Lady Russell's, full of sense and feeling, written at the time of her niece separating from her husband. One can fancy, too, that on the happier occasion of her grandson, the Marquis of Hartington's marriage to Miss Hoskins, the only daughter and heiress of her old friend, Lady Russell's approval was duly sought and valued.

But while watching the rise of a new generation, and with many grandchildren clustering at her knees, fresh calamities were still in store for her. It was her cruel fate to survive two of her beloved children. The young Duke of Bedford was seized with small-

pox, and died May 1711; and on the 31st of October the same year, the Duchess of Rutland expired, after giving birth to her ninth child. This latter calamity gave occasion for one more display of Lady Russell's fortitude and self-control. Her only remaining child, the Duchess of Devonshire, had also recently become a mother, and it was necessary for a little time to conceal from her the death of her sister. In answer to her inquiries, Lady Russell assumed a cheerful tone, and said she had seen her daughter Katherine out of bed that day: it was true; she had seen her in her coffin.

Notwithstanding her resignation to the will of God, and great age, which is thought often to chill the feelings, she mourned these beloved children with unabated tenderness through the remaining years of her life.

Lady Russell lived forty years after her husband's terrible death, having, at the time of her decease, entered her eighty-seventh year. She died at Southampton House, in 1723, on the 29th of September—her husband's birthday, a day recorded more than once in her early letters as one of joy and festivity. Is it a vain conjecture that in so faithful and sorely-tried a heart as hers the memory of the day might have helped to hurry out and extinguish the feeble, fluttering flame of life?

It is to be regretted that nothing but the most meagre account of her death has been preserved.

There is a letter of one of the Duchess of Devonshire's daughters to her brother, dated September 26th, in which she says, "The bad account we have of grandmamma Russell has put us into great disorder and hurry. Mamma has left us, and gone to London. . . . The last post brought us so bad an account, that we have reason to fear the worst. I should be very glad that mamma should get to town time enough to see her, because it might be some satisfaction to both, and I hear grandmamma asked for her."

After all the long years and the several generations which have since passed away, the modern reader still warmly echoes that wish, and remembers gladly that, even with bad roads and jaded horses, the distance from Chatsworth might be accomplished in two days. It must have been a sweet consolation to Lady Russell's resigned soul, to clasp once more the form of her only remaining child.

The Weekly Journal, for September 28th, mentions that "Lady Russell, widow of the Lord William Russell that was beheaded, continues dangerously ill." And in another newspaper, for October 5th, her death is thus recorded:—

"The Right Hon. the Lady Russell, relict of Lord William Russell, died on Sunday morning last, at Southampton House, aged eighty-six, and her corpse is to be carried to Chenies, in Buckinghamshire, to be interred with that of her Lord."

The London Journal, for October 12th, mentions

that on "Tuesday morning last, the corpse of the Lady Russell was carried from her house, in Bloomsbury Square, to its interment at Chenies, in Buckingham."

Lady Russell had appointed William Duke of Devonshire, and Richard Vaughan, Esq., executors to her will, to which two codicils had been added. She was found to have made ample provision for her domestics, to have bequeathed a hundred pounds to the poor French Protestant refugees in England, and a donation to the charity school of the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields for "teaching poor children to read, &c.;" and, lastly, she desired to be interred at Chenies, in the county of Buckingham, without escutcheons or funeral pomp, further than decency might require.

Of course her wishes were reverentially obeyed, and though nodding plumes and sable trappings, in lavish abundance and of costly character, might have served as symbols of universal respect, they could not have added to the fame of her whose simple name has become a very fountain of honour. All that was mortal of the pair so truly great, so nobly worthy of each other, rest side by side at Chenies; but their descendants crowd the ranks of the British aristocracy, and the names of William and Rachel Russell still shed a halo more bright than gems, and weave a wreath more evergreen than "strawberry-leaves," round the ducal coronets of Bedford, and Rutland, and Devonshire.

MADAME D'ARBLAY AND MRS. PIOZZI.

"That kindness which soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched."—*Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.*

"The news of Madame D'Arblay's death carried the minds of men back at one leap, clear over two generations, to the time when her first literary triumphs were won . . . . ; for Burke had sat up all night to read her writings, and Johnson had pronounced her superior to Fielding, when Rogers was still a schoolboy, and Southey still in petticoats."—*Edinburgh Review.*

In a certain summer time long ago—namely, the month of August, 1778—some notable persons were assembled at the village of Streatham, in a mansion remarkable for the hospitality of its owners and the celebrity of their guests. If we look steadily through the vista of years, and accustom our eyes to pierce the gloom of the past, imagination will sufficiently light up the scene.

It is a large white house, "very pleasantly situated,"

with a well-kept garden, and a paddock round about it. Though only five miles from London, it is in the real genuine country, the dusty highroad which leads to the metropolis running, for the most part, between green fields and hedge-rows, the scene being varied by a few gentlemen's houses and rustic cottages. Undreamed of then were the Nelson Rows and Wellington Streets, not to mention Albert Groves and Victoria Terraces, which have long since linked the suburbs of London to its very heart. In those days, only the wealthiest of wealthy citizens thought of such a thing as a country-house; but Mr. Thrale, the brewer of world-famous beer, and the master of Streatham Park, belonged to that class, and added to its usual attributes the qualities of a gentleman and a scholar. For a dozen years past at least, Mr. Thrale's houses had afforded, as every one knows, a home to Dr. Johnson whenever the lexicographer felt disposed to alternate the delights of Fleet Street with the luxury, and elegance, and homage, so often prepared for him at Streatham or Brighton. At every house the Thrales occupied a commodious apartment was reserved for him; and though it is very true that they considered his presence an honour, and that he found their hospitalities excessively convenient, there must have been a much stronger tie than such circumstances intimate to have rendered the connexion pleasant and permanent. There can be no doubt that it was the tie of perfect

mutual esteem, respect, and regard—true friendship, in fact, which reflected honour on all parties, and stands forth to this day a cheering contradiction to the opinion so often coldly cited, that obligation is a canker to friendship, and equality of means a necessary ingredient of it.

Mrs. Thrale was a charming hostess, sustaining to perfection the part which circumstances had thrust upon her. Quite clever enough to have turned her talents to very substantial account had she been poor and friendless, she used them, as the rich man's wife, for the grace and embellishment of her life; but her very admirable and well-known poem, "The Three Warnings," is alone a proof of her literary ability. Happily she was spared all struggle with the world—happily for others as well as herself—for she was one whom prosperity agreed with: it brought out all the fine generosity of her nature, and gave it fair play; while it shielded from the likelihood of offence a certain pride of birth, which suffered sorely when jarred upon. Mrs. Thrale, whose maiden name was Hester Lynch Salusbury, traced her descent, through both parents, from Owen Tudor, and his regal wife the French Katherine; and her Welsh blood mounted high at even a fancied indignity. In August 1778, she had just completed her thirty-eighth year; fair-haired and blue-eyed, she was still handsome, although a scar on her lip, the result of a fall from her horse, was a slight

disfigurement. She was below the middle height, and rather stout. Four daughters—the eldest now fourteen, the youngest an infant—were the survivors of a much larger family, and seem to have been pets of Dr. Johnson, who praised their docility and their mother's system of education.

Mrs. Thrale was strolling in the paddock, no doubt with her favourite dog Presto at her side, that warm, bright August day. Let us try, if we cannot precisely paint her, at least to dress her, to our mind's eye, in the costume of the period. She was expecting a shy and timid guest, and, we are very sure, did not intend to awe the stranger by an excess of finery; but in the mode, undoubtedly, she was, and the mode of that day comprised ample draperies, high-heeled shoes, and the hair raised up like a pyramid and powdered. No doubt, she carried a large green fan, which she used occasionally as a sun-shade. Presently there is a noise of wheels, and a post-chaise draws up. Hardly has the great bell ceased ringing, when Mrs. Thrale is herself at the gate with a ready welcome for the father and daughter who are her visitors. Dr. Burney is an acquaintance of some standing; but though Mrs. Thrale had certainly seen his daughter Fanny twice before, it is probable she had never addressed one whom she had perhaps considered a mere commonplace, unobtrusive young lady. Mrs. Thrale was accustomed to the company of wits, and to be made much of by them, and

there is no doubt she was a little supercilious in what she considered ordinary society. Thus, on the two occasions—to be referred to hereafter—on which she had, with some state and ceremony, visited at Doctor Burney's house, she does not seem to have noticed Fanny at all. But Fanny Burney remembered her, and had already chronicled in her private Journal some of the great lady's sayings and doings, so that the meeting has not, on both sides, the character of a first presentation. Mrs. Thrale, however, behaves very much as if it were one.

Fanny Burney was the author of "Evelina," a novel which just then all London was reading and talking about. Mrs. Thrale was an enthusiastic admirer of the work; she told every one she met of its humour and pathos, and that it was free from those blemishes of style and treatment which belonged to nearly all the fictions of the day, and made the very name of novel to be abhorred among serious and religious people. She had persuaded Dr. Johnson to read it, and he had thanked her warmly for the pleasure the perusal of it had afforded him. Just now she is amused to remember that she had recommended it to Dr. Burney himself, when both of them were in ignorance of the authorship. The author's name, indeed, is not yet generally and publicly acknowledged, but a rumour of the truth has somehow got afloat, and the Streatham party are, at any rate, in the secret. Fanny Burney knows this; and she knows that

"Evelina" has led to Mrs. Thrale's invitation, and has been the pass-word to the exclusive circle she is about to enter. The present ordeal is very trying to a constitutionally shy person, as she undoubtedly is; but her timidity arises from extreme delicacy and excessive sensitiveness of character, and does not, like a mere vulgar *mauvaise honte*, make her appear either ill-bred or ungraceful. When she alighted from the chaise, Mrs. Thrale took both her hands, and welcomed her to Streatham with mixed politeness and cordiality. But after the hostess had led them into the house, she addressed herself for some time almost exclusively to Doctor Burney with a consideration which his daughter appreciated. It gave her time to recover her composure, and was a delicate way of showing that she was not to be stared at as a curiosity.

This Streatham visit was a great epoch in Miss Burney's life; and while Mrs. Thrale is showing her the library and the music-room, talking first on common topics to set her at her ease, and then in a *tête-à-tête* with great tact and delicacy, repeating Dr. Johnson's praises of "Evelina," we must sketch what the life of the young authoress had been up to this date, when her twenty-sixth year was just completed.

The Burneys were descended from a family who, till within a generation or two, had written themselves "Macburney;" there are some tokens that imaginative talent was hereditary with them, and Charles Burney, the Doctor of Music, was, undoubt-

edly, a man of varied and considerable powers. We hold that he was so good a musician, and rose to so much eminence in the profession he had selected, mainly because his musical gifts were not his only ones. He loved his *own* art with a peculiar devotion and enthusiasm, but he had a ready appreciation for every other, and was a tolerable poet, if we measure him by the standard of the day. He could converse as well as play, and loved good talking almost as much as fine music. His mind was neither broad nor deep, but it was acquisitive and active, and would have been capable of expansion but for certain narrow prejudices which we find restricting it. His heart was kind and affectionate; his tastes were eminently social; his pursuits precisely those to lead him into society. He had been the musical pupil of Dr. Arne, and had afterwards resided in the house of Mr. Fulk Greville, a man of fortune and fashion, who, in the language of the day, must be called his patron. No wonder at the brilliant and yet medley circle which subsequently gathered round him.

He must have married about the year 1748 or 1749, being then two or three-and-twenty years of age; and his wife, Esther Sleepe, appears to have been one of those rare characters which approach perfection as nearly as mortals may. Soon after their marriage Doctor Burney was appointed organist at Lynn Regis, in Norfolk, he having been obliged, on account of his health, to relinquish more brilliant

prospects in London; and at Lynn, on the 13th of June, 1752, his third child and second daughter, Frances, was born. She is reported to have been a backward child, and not to have known her letters at eight years of age. She was called "dunce" by her playmates; but her mother seems to have shown no anxiety at her deficiencies, and to have often said, "She had no fear about Fanny." Perhaps it was only the mother who had discernment enough to know that her Fanny was acquiring knowledge by the bye-ways, if not by the highways, of education; that her powers of observation were seldom inactive; and that beneath the shy, grave manner which won for her the title of "the old lady," there were deep springs of sensitiveness and affection which intensified all her faculties. This lamented mother died in London in the autumn of 1761, the family having returned to London the previous year, and settled in Poland Street.

Doctor Burney was left with six motherless children, Esther, James—already a midshipman in the navy—Frances, Susanna, Charles, and Charlotte. During Mrs. Burney's illness Frances and Susanna had been sent to a boarding-school in Queen Square, literally "to be out of the way;" and here it was that they received the intelligence of their loss. The agony of Fanny's grief was such, that in so young a child it quite dismayed her governess. The bereaved father soon recalled the little girls, and this

brief period seems to have been the whole of Fanny Burney's school experience. Subsequently her sisters Esther and Susanna were sent to Paris for their education; but the father dreaded that Fanny's imaginative temperament would be worked on, and that she would become a Roman Catholic, if exposed to the influence of Papists. He feared this the more on account of her strong attachment to her maternal grandmother, who was of that persuasion.

Thus little Fanny remained at home, and we can fancy in due time transferred her small amount of book-learning to her baby sister Charlotte; meanwhile she waited upon papa when he came home wearied with his day's teaching, or sat on his knee, or nestled by his side, and not unfrequently listened to the conversation of his clever friends. We can see clearly how that strong devoted love for her father grew up—a love which never knew blight or decay. Some may say, that he was not a wise father, but the little girl felt him to be an indulgent one, and that sufficed for her loving child's nature. A child endowed with meaner faculties and coarser tastes thus neglected would have been in a perilous position, but Fanny Burney seems to have been so well inclined that she needed very little training. Doctor Burney often left home by seven in the morning to commence his daily duties, and we do not wonder that in the long lonely days which were at the little girl's dis-

posal, she began, now that she could write, to beguile the time with scribbling poems and stories.

To be sure, there are glimpses of more childish recreations. The next-door neighbour in Poland Street was a hair-merchant, who furnished perukes to the judges and lawyers. His children and the little Burneys became playfellows, and had great games of "dressing up," to the detriment, sometimes, of the solemn-looking wigs, one of which, valued at ten guineas, on a certain occasion fell into a tub of water, lost thereby its "gorgon buckle," and was totally spoilt. We suppose the wig-magazine was more rarely left open after this catastrophe. Then Fanny was an early and frequent play-goer, and before she could read the plays she had seen, she used to imitate the actors, and compose speeches appropriate to their characters. Mrs. Garrick's box seems to have been pretty often at Dr. Burney's service, and it was a positive pleasure to the indulgent father to give his children so great, and yet costless, an entertainment. We are not offering an opinion as to the judgment displayed in so frequently permitting to his family an exciting amusement. But, perhaps, the theatre is more harmless to mere children than to youth; and we are to remember that intellectual resources were in those days far fewer than at present, and that the theatre was almost the habitual resort of the middle classes. David Garrick him-

self was the friend of the little folks; would make mirth with them in the parlour in Poland Street, and for their entertainment would enact the broadest farce, and display his most comical powers of mimicry. On one occasion, before he and Mrs. Garrick went on the Continent, they intrusted their favourite spaniel, Phill by name, to the charge of the little Burneys, who grew excessively fond of the animal, and on the return of its rightful owners gave up their pet with "dismal reluctance." The attachment had been mutual; Phill moped and pined after her young protectors, and would not be consoled for their absence; so Garrick gave the dog back to the children, but came regularly to visit it. Was the dog an excuse for longer and more frequent gambols? At any rate this tenderness for an animal, this love for children, and free unbending in their company, this devotion of his great talents to their amusement—when, though little hands might cheerfully clap, no guineas rolled in requital to his feet, no printed praise was to follow, and no courtly speeches could have been made—tilt the scale against many of the vanities and weaknesses which have been recorded of the great actor.

In 1767, Dr. Burney married again. His second wife was Mrs. Stephen Allen, an old Lynn friend, a widow with children, who were already intimate with the young Burneys. The two families were pleased with the union, and the second Mrs. Burney proved a kind and affectionate stepmother. True, she

disapproved of the scribbling, and persuaded Fanny to make a bonfire of her manuscripts: we dare say any other discreet, matronly friend would have done the same. Even had she possessed powers of prevision to know that her step-daughter would one day open out a new path of literature, and write the first feminine novel that was not effeminate, she would have been wise to check these immature outpourings, on the same principle that we prune a tree in order that it may produce more vigorous shoots. Besides, the little girl's education had been visibly neglected; and though we hear of no more regular instruction for her, it is highly probable that the sisters, now returned from Paris, imparted some of their acquirements to Fanny; though, perhaps, in that desultory manner which would have afforded but little profit to a less clever girl. Fanny was a tolerable French scholar early in life, and it is said that the language made familiar to Esther and Susanna, by their residence abroad, was thus communicated to their eager pupil; Susanna being the chief instructress. We can fancy Mrs. Burney saw better employment for Fanny in her sixteenth year than the concoction of halting verses and crude stories; and the hemming and sewing in which she now habitually persevered for several hours a day, gave her, no doubt, that quick facility with her needle which no woman of sense can despise. We do not hear of her learning music, though she must have been in the very focus of it; and later we

have evidence that she both loved and appreciated the art to which her father was devoted. Perhaps, like a great many other intellectual persons, she showed no early aptitude for music, because to her it was not, as it is to the *mere* musician, only a sensual recreation; in such cases it is often only as the mind developes, and human emotions are awakened, that music is recognised as a refined and subtle interpreter of intellect and feeling.

But while acknowledging that Fanny Burney had little regular training and very few set lessons, that she entered on no course of accomplishments to fit her for a star in society, or of profound studies to make her a female philosopher, we cannot but see that she had a peculiar advantage of position that was very likely to render her a thoughtful, observing, and discerning woman. Dr. Burney was not only eminent for his musical abilities, for being the first authority connected with his art, and the most fashionable and popular instructor in London, but his literary reputation drew round him a class of people who might not have regarded an ordinary musical professor. For years before his History of Music appeared there was great talk of the work, and he travelled on the Continent to collect information for it. New and varied acquaintances were made,—a better house was found indispensable; and, by degrees, his circle enlarged, till it comprised not only all that was best worth knowing of the rank and intellect of the metropolis, but also a congregation of

eccentric characters and oddities that infused a broad humour into many motley scenes.

The first family move was from Poland Street to Queen Square,—at that time a delightful situation, quite on the outskirts of town; the fresh breezes from Highgate and Hampstead coming over green fields unimpeded to the spot. Here, as in their preceding and subsequent residence, lords and ladies, musicians and wits, Sir Joshua Reynolds and David Garrick, Nollekens, Barry, Mason, Hawkesworth, &c. &c., were frequent guests. Sometimes Italian singers came with introductions to Dr. Burney: then musical evenings were arranged; and professors, who demanded enormous sums for the display of their talents on other occasions, sang their best freely and good-humouredly at Dr. Burney's house for no other reward that the fiat of approval in that select circle, whose good word could make a reputation. Pachierotti, the most popular Italian singer of the day, who seems to have been an intimate of the family, and Madame Agujari, who expected a hundred pounds for singing two songs anywhere else, were among these warblers, as well as a host of others, familiar to our great-grandmothers, but whose names, for the most part, have now lost their meaning. Peers and peeresses, *dilettanti* of the fine arts, of many degrees, foreign ambassadors, managers of theatres, and some dignitaries of the Church, were among the guests whom Dr. Burney's musical entertainments drew

around him. Little could they have thought, that in the shy, modest little girl, who usually shrank into a corner to escape notice, was a shrewd observer of life and manners; who, by the force of her own character, could not help but study theirs, and was, half unconsciously, laying up her present experiences to be future food and fuel for her genius to work upon.

The next removal of the Burneys was from Queen Square to St. Martin's Street; the new house being the one that had belonged to Sir Isaac Newton, with the great astronomer's observatory still standing. It is characteristic of Dr. Burney, that this observatory being nearly demolished by a fearful hurricane in 1778, he restored it at an expense he could ill afford, his daughter remarking, that he would have thought himself a "ruthless Goth" had he allowed such a memorial to pass away. Probably the happiest years of Fanny Burney's early life were those associated with the home in St. Martin's Street.

Though some portion of "Evelina" was written during country visits, the story must have been planned, and mainly composed, at home; here brothers and sisters were taken into her confidence, and here she quaffed her first draught of fame. At this period, too, her father was in the meridian of his life and influence; and without allowing at all largely for the bright hopes and ardent expectations of youth, we can fancy that the world seemed sufficiently fascinating to his children. Yet it cannot be doubted that

much as his daughters entered into society, they remained fresh-hearted and affectionate girls, cordially united among themselves, and fully capable of distinguishing between butterfly acquaintances and true tried friends. Among the latter, Mr. Crisp deserves to rank foremost. He was an old bachelor of cultivated mind, gentlemanly bearing, and easy fortune. Though in early life he had proved an unsuccessful author, his literary abilities were of no mean order. He was a charming letter-writer, and an admirable critic. Mr. Crisp resided chiefly at Chessington, in Surrey, where he boarded in a large, rambling house, that admitted of additional spare beds and frequent visitors. Here Dr. Burney gladly resorted whenever he could snatch an interval of rest or recreation; and here Fanny was a frequent and welcome guest. She called Mr. Crisp her second "daddy;" and he addressed her as his "dear Fannikin." In absence they corresponded, and "Fannikin" submitted portions of her journal to his perusal.

This journal had been commenced very soon after the *auto-da-fè* of her manuscripts. To write was a necessity of her existence; and though from the opening paragraph we can gather, that with a young girl's natural timidity she intended it to be a strictly private record, either as it grew in interest or she grew in self-confidence, it was handed about, at least to her sisters and her "dear daddy Crisp." This journal was very different from a dry diary. She did not

pretend to chronicle every day's events; dull doings were permitted to slip into their proper oblivion, even if they caused the hiatus of a week between her dates; but when incidents of real interest occurred, or when fancy sparkled up requiring an outlet, when famous people were met, or when conversation worth perpetuating was heard, then this quiet listener and silent observer took up her pen, and registered facts and opinions in a simple straightforward manner. However slight Fanny Burney's opportunities of regular instruction might have been, she profited by them sufficiently to be extremely well informed. Every reader of letters of eighty years ago—letters even of eminent and educated people—must have remarked the slippery grammar and disrespect of "persons" and "cases" which often prevailed; but though we do not say that Fanny Burney in her teens wrote faultless English, her style was so comparatively free from blemishes, that we look upon it as surprising for the time. Feminine epistles were in those days especially defective, for few women learned Latin, and English grammar was but imperfectly studied except in connexion with the dead languages. Fanny Burney must have had some advantages which we do not clearly see on the surface of her history; unless, indeed, the habit of acting as her father's amanuensis may account for her facility of composition

She does not appear to have been a great reader, at least in her early girlhood; and as we are told that

Dr. Burney's library was by no means well selected, it is not to be regretted that she confined her attention to the few sterling writers who were her favourites. Bad books are much worse than none at all, and with Shakspere and Milton within reach her imagination was not starved. "Evelina" could not have been half so original had its author been a devourer of trashy novels. Possibly when it was written she had not read a dozen romances, for Fielding's "Amelia" is mentioned as the only novel on Dr. Burney's shelves.

We have no precise record of when "Evelina" was commenced: probably the young authoress was years writing it. Among the manuscripts which were destroyed in obedience to Mrs. Burney's desire, while Susanna "stood by weeping at the conflagration," was a story of some length entitled "The History of Caroline Evelyn." No doubt there was more regret felt at the ruthless sacrifice which had been demanded than was apparent at the time; at all events, this one story was never forgotten by its author, whose restless imagination began picturing the scenes to which the heroine's infant daughter might be exposed "between the elegant connexions of her mother and the vulgar ones of her grandmother." The young novelist had but to look around for suggestions of character; incidents arose to her fancy, and took their proper shape and place in imaginary scenes; until the work dwelt in her own mind a perfect whole, before a page of it was

committed to paper. This is the author's own account of its creation. Possibly it was commenced in the summer of 1770, when Fanny was just eighteen, and when, during her father's absence in France and Italy, she had more leisure than usual for her own studies and compositions. On Dr. Burney's return to England, she was for a long time occupied in assisting him to prepare his first volume of the History of Music for the press; and it is very likely that these duties somewhat initiated her into the mysteries of publishing, and stimulated her desire to "see herself in print." About the year 1776 she communicated her wish to her sisters, under the strictest promise of secrecy; and went through the immense labour of transcribing the first and second volumes of her novel in a feigned upright hand, lest—being known as her father's amanuensis—her common writing might be recognised by some of the printers engaged on his book. When she had proceeded thus far she wrote an anonymous letter to Mr. Dodsley, an eminent publisher, promising, if he would publish her work, to send him the sequel the following year, and requesting an answer addressed to a certain coffee-house. Now she took into her confidence her younger brother Charles, who rather enjoyed the frolic, and agreed to be her agent at the coffee-house. Mr. Dodsley declined treating with an anonymous author; and the young people, "after sitting in committee on this lofty reply," decided on offering the book to Mr.

Lowndes, a city publisher. He proved to be a less pompous personage, desired to see the manuscript, and, after reading the portion already prepared, intimated to the unknown author that he liked the work; but could not publish an unfinished book.

Although mingled with present disappointment, there was, on the whole, encouragement in this reply; so Fanny set resolutely to work, and within the next year completed and transcribed her third volume. But now that it seemed really within her power to have the work brought out, she was assailed by a scruple of conscience: she did not think it right to make this plunge into print without her father's sanction; at the same time she had not the courage to show him the manuscript, or even to tell him its title. She exercised some little ingenuity in her choice of an opportunity to obtain the permission she required. Just as her father was starting on a visit to Chessington, and in the act of bidding her an affectionate farewell, she faltered out, with many blushes, that she had been writing a little book, and if he did not forbid her she should like it to be printed. She added, that her name could not possibly transpire, for her brother Charles had promised to transact the affair with a bookseller at a distance. She only entreated that her father would not ask to see it. Instead of treating the subject in the serious manner his daughter had dreaded, he laughed so heartily at the idea, that her author's dignity was a little wounded. However, he gave her

the permission for which she was so anxious, only enjoining her to be careful in preserving her *incognita*, and with a kind good-bye kiss hurried away. She now forwarded the packet to Mr. Lowndes, who in a few days offered her twenty pounds for the manuscript. She, who probably only hoped to have her book printed without cost, thought the publisher's offer magnificent, and accepted it with the greatest alacrity.

In the January of 1778 "Evelina; or, a Young Lady's Entrance into the World," was published, a fact of which the author was first made aware by hearing Mrs. Burney read the announcement among other newspaper advertisements at the breakfast-table. No doubt poor Fanny nearly choked as she listened; but she and her faithful brother and sisters kept the secret still. Some days passed before she heard the name again, and meanwhile a sick terror crept over her, and she was afraid to think on what she had done. If ever a book won a high reputation from its own merits alone, "Evelina" must have done so. The publisher was not one of particular influence or repute; and the author being absolutely unknown, no friendly criticisms could possibly be enlisted. There was nothing in its pages to kindle partisan feelings, and to the generality of readers there was little that was enticing about a young lady's entrance into the world. But by degrees a buzz of approbation made itself heard. The circulating libraries could scarcely supply

the readers who asked for the new book, and fashionable equipages rarely seen east of Temple Bar congregated at the publisher's door in Fleet Street. Mr. Lowndes himself was persecuted to reveal the author, and hardly believed when he declared his own ignorance. By-and-bye came a flattering notice in the "London Review," and then one still more complimentary in the "Monthly." "Evelina" became the rage, not only among novel-readers, but scholars and statesmen sat up all night to read it, and made the book the theme of their eloquent panegyrics. The demure and unsuspected little authoress heard this praise surging like a sea around her. "Evelina" was the talk everywhere; hardly a house did she visit where the book was not lying about; often she heard passages read aloud, and constantly the characters were commented on in her presence. Alternately it was attributed to Anstey, to Horace Walpole, and to a Mr. Friend, whom her daddy Crisp considered "very capable of it." When we think of all this excitement, following as it did a great strain of intellectual exertion, and much anxiety on account of her father's health—for Dr. Burney had lately been seriously ill—we do not wonder to find Fanny Burney's own health broken down this spring; so ill indeed was she that she could "hardly walk three yards in a day;" and, allowing for the phrase as a figure of speech, it still may be taken for the expression of great lassitude and debility. She goes to Chessington to recruit, but the

fame of "Evelina" has reached even that retreat. She actually reads some portion of the book aloud to Mr. Crisp, and feels that her agitation is destroying the interest of it. She hides the first volume because it contains the poetical dedication of the anonymous author to her father, and fears it may betray her; and is infinitely amused when having all but confessed the authorship to her old friend, he treats her words and manner as a joke.

It is while she is at Chessington that she hears from her sister Charlotte that Dr. Burney has read the book, and is aware of the author. We do not know precisely how it was that he identified the much-lauded novel with the little work his daughter had asked permission to publish; but the train of association is not very difficult to follow. The idea once started, a host of corroborating circumstances must have confirmed it. He read the favourable notice in the "Monthly Review," paused and read it again; then calling to his daughter Charlotte, he put his finger on the word "Evelina," and saying, "You know what it is," bade her write down the title, and send to the publisher's for a copy as if for herself. Naturally when the work reached him, he opened the first volume on the dedicatory ode!

Though not possessing any great poetical merit, these verses were dictated by the purest filial respect and affection, and were pleasing and earnest enough to have touched a far less susceptible heart. We do not

wonder to hear that he shed tears on reading them. His suspicion of the author was now instantly confirmed, but he does not appear to have revealed the secret, even to Mrs. Burney, until he had gone through the book, and endeavoured to judge impartially of its merits. He was delighted and astonished with it, and wrote a letter to Fanny, which gave her ecstatic pleasure. She says, in her Journal, "The approbation of all the world put together would not bear any competition in my estimation with that of my beloved father."

Dr. Burney came to Chessington while Fanny was there, and claimed for himself the high gratification of communicating the secret to "dear daddy Crisp." Fanny consents; feeling the confidence is due to such a friend, and fearing, now that the truth has transpired, that he may hear it indirectly. But she runs out of the way when she finds what is going forward, and escapes one chase that is made after her. Before supper, however, she encounters Mr. Crisp, who seizes both her hands and rains down a shower of mock abuse upon her for her secresy in the good set terms which gentlemen of the last century were wont to indulge in. Seriously, however, he loved his "Fannikin" as if she were indeed his daughter, triumphed in her triumph proudly and openly, became her severest critic and yet most thorough appreciater, and, till he died, her very sensible adviser.

Fanny Burney's mind was admirably balanced, or she must have become vain and arrogant from the

homage she was just now receiving. But there is no trace of anything of the kind; there is a passage, indeed, in one of her letters of this period expressive of her opposite feelings, which is even pathetic. Writing to her sister Susanna, she says, "A success so really unexpected almost overpowers me. I wonder at myself, that my spirits are not more elated. I believe *half* the flattery I have had would have made me madly merry; but *all* serves only to almost depress me by the fulness of heart it occasions."

There is a trait of fine human nature in these words. She was conscious that her whole social position was changing, and with the public acknowledgment of her talents, there came to her own heart a recognition of new duties which they entailed. She must have been touched as well as amused to find the new sort of respect with which she was treated by her elders. On one side was her daddy Crisp ejaculating, "Wonderful! wonderful!" asking where she had picked up her various materials, and how she had found time to write so much unsuspected; and then exclaiming she had only to take her pen in hand to make a fortune, that her fame and reputation were established, and that booksellers would snap at what she wrote. On the other side was her beloved father telling her that "Evelina" was the next best novel to Fielding's, and repeating the fine things the London world had said about it; brimming up the intoxicating draught with the praise of Dr. Johnson, and the invitation of Mrs. Thrale to

Streatham, where it is evident that none of the young people had hitherto visited. But Fanny's days of mere young-ladyism were quite over now, and she had to take upon herself the privileges and the penalties of celebrity. She was infinitely gratified, however, by the invitation of Mrs. Thrale, whom she had long regarded with great admiration, and she gladly concurred in the arrangement her father had made, that they should call at Streatham on their way home from Chessington.

That visit is the one already mentioned, and it is chronicled by Miss Burney at the time as marking the most "consequential day" in her life. We must return to the scene, and look in upon the party at dinner.

Mrs. Thrale places Dr. Burney on one side of her, and Fanny on the other; Dr. Johnson enters after they are seated. Mrs. Thrale introduces him to the stranger, and he takes the place next her, which has been reserved for him. We presume the party consisted of seven; Mr. Thrale at the bottom of the table, and Mr. Seward and Miss Thrale filling up the other vacancies. There is reason to conclude that the dinner hour was four o'clock. Miss Burney was in a sort of earthly paradise; she chronicled the "noble dinner" and "elegant dessert" in her Journal, but we feel pretty certain that her eyes and ears were chiefly feasted. She had so "true a veneration for Dr. Johnson, that the very sight of him inspired her with delight and reverence;" and was ready, like any other

kind-hearted person, to pity the infirmities which caused convulsive movements of his hands, his face, and sometimes of his entire body. The leviathan of literature—as his admirers loved to call him—was in one of his amiable moods that day, and complimented Miss Burney in just that delicate, indirect manner, which not demanding or permitting a reply, was intensely gratifying to her. But he seasoned the conversation quite sufficiently with abuse of other people, and kept the lead of it as usual.

The chaise was ordered at eight o'clock, but Miss Burney was only released on her father promising to bring her again the following week to stay some time. This longer visit it was which established her as one of the Streatham "set," introduced her to Mrs. Montagu, and the circle of *bas bleus* who originated the name, and, what far more conduced to her happiness, cemented the mutual liking of herself and Mrs. Thrale into warm affectionate friendship. In tracing the leading circumstances of Miss Burney's eventful life, one is struck by the good sense which was her prevailing characteristic, ready at every crisis and emergency, and which alone seemed equal to combat her constitutional shyness and reserve. There was no escaping from the fame of her successful book; but while shrinking with true feminine modesty from *éclat*, she was not insensible to the solid advantages which the recognition of her talents placed within her grasp. She had but to write to win for

herself an independence; and it is highly probable, that as one of the large family of a man dependent on his daily exertions for his bread, she was fully alive to the value of money, not as an end, but as the means of carrying forward her noblest aspirations and purest wishes. She loved intellectual society too, but enjoyed it in her youth as a good listener, rather than as a talker, and now she found herself courted in the very circles she had looked on as the most exclusive. But though she was happy in her success, and very thankful for it, we never find her presuming upon it—never find that it had unsettled her mind, or turned her aside from her home duties or home affections. She is still the warm-hearted, considerate, unselfish "our Fanny" of the family circle, and the "Fannikin" of daddy Crisp.

At Streatham she is equally at home. Dr. Johnson begins by kissing her hand, but by-and-bye takes her in his great arms, giving her a sort of bear's hug for daily greeting, talks to her by the hour together, insists upon teaching her Latin, and calls her "dear little Burney." We cannot help suspecting that Mr. Thrale was rather a cold stern man, his visitors say so little about him. But that little implies, that a word or look compelled instant obedience of wife, children, and servants. Possibly Mrs. Thrale's path was not quite so rose-strewn as at the first glance it seemed; and very sure we are that she must have possessed the sweetness of temper which Dr. Johnson so often lauded.

He did his part to try it. Every one knows the story of her rejoinder when Johnson complained of her excessive urbanity when they were travelling. "You forget," she said, "that I have to be civil for four." There is, indeed, great character displayed in a speech of Mrs. Thrale's which Miss Burney notes, besides the full evidence of a generous, kindly heart, and admirable self-control. They had been talking of Dr. Johnson's severe manner, and Mrs. Thrale replied in his presence,—

"Oh, sometimes I think I shall die no other death than hearing the bitter things he says to others. What he says to myself I can bear, because I know how sincerely he is my friend, and that he means to mend me; but to others it is cruel."

To persons he liked, however, the rough-mannered, awkward Doctor could be gentle enough; and though he often railed against women, and scoffed at their minds, his distinguished favourites were women of more than ordinary abilities. There was a certain Miss Streatfield, who visited at Streatham, a great beauty, and a learned young lady—a famous Greek scholar in fact, who was a great pet of the Doctor's before he knew Miss Burney, and, indeed, did not lose her place in his esteem afterwards. Only Miss Burney seems to have taken a still higher one. Miss Streatfield possessed the faculty of crying at will; and Mrs. Thrale took a mischievous pleasure in showing her off, actually asking her on certain occasions to prove

that she felt such and such things by crying a little. Then there was Lady Ladd, Mr. Thrale's sister, a frequent visitor, who painted, and patched, and stood six feet in her high-heeled shoes, and took in good temper Dr. Johnson's rebukes about her dress and her attempts to look young. In short, there was plenty of quizzing going on in the Streatham circle.

Mr. Thrale is casually reported to have been grave and serious, and generally to have indulged in a nap after dinner; and Miss Burney, so early as her second visit, notes in her Journal that he seemed not to be a happy man, though he had every means of happiness in his power. And then she adds sagaciously, "But I think I have rarely seen a very rich man with a light heart and light spirits" He complained of the "times," and indulged in most dismal forebodings. Nevertheless, he soon grew kind and gracious to his wife's young friend, and unbent sufficiently from graver matters to suggest very delicately that Miss Burney should give orders to his wife's milliner, and have them put down in Mrs. Thrale's bill. She avails herself but sparingly of this proposal, but cannot wholly decline it without hurting their feelings. We see from the circumstance a good deal of thoughtful consideration for the increase of personal expense her visits to Streatham might occasion. Mr. Thrale, also, at one time, seriously proposed a little match-making to his wife, and that Miss Burney should marry a certain wealthy relative of his. As, however, neither of the persons most

deeply concerned entertained the same view, there is no wonder the scheme dropped to the ground.

In reality Streatham was a second home to Fanny Burney at this period of her life. When staying there her mornings were often, though not always, at her own disposal for writing; while in the after hours of the day the sisterly companionship of Mrs. Thrale must have supplied to her affections the solace they required; and as Dr. Burney taught Miss Thrale music, his frequent visits kept up a sort of pleasant home intercourse. Oh, how often does the biographer, discontented with a dull catalogue of facts, wish it were possible to divine the daily conversation, the commonplace discourse of those past days! But a knowledge of those facts which seem at first a little disconnected helps the imagination wonderfully. The Thrales, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Burney, and Mr. Crisp, were clearly and thoroughly Tories of the old school; and Fanny Burney, whose genius was keenly observing, but by no means deeply reflective, would have been a wonder of intelligence had she thought at all differently on political subjects from those she so dearly loved and highly venerated. In fact, she was of opinion according to the hack phrase of the day, that "women had nothing to do with politics;" not seeing what later teachers have made evident, that the chain is neither long nor complicated which unites what are called "politics" with the morals of a nation. Strange that girls should be encouraged to study the

national events of past centuries, and yet forbidden to think of those passing "politics" which are to make future history!

We can fancy how the Streatham party talked of the current topics of 1778. The American war of Independence was then raging, and no doubt the daring of the "rebels" was discussed without sympathy for the oppressions suffered by the colonists, or the dimmest foreshadowings of the mighty republic which was to arise, and act out the greatest experiment of modern times with the nations of Europe for spectators.

Within the preceding six months had died Lord Chatham, Dr. Arne, Voltaire, and Rousseau;—poor Chatterton had been dust but for eight years, and, had he lived, would have been just Miss Burney's own age; and little more than four years had elapsed since Oliver Goldsmith's death—since his coffin had been opened, that Mary Horneck, the "Jessamy Bride," might have a lock of his hair,—since Burke had burst into tears on hearing the news, and Reynolds had thrown by his pencil for the day, and "grieved more than he had done in times of great family distress." What subjects were here for free, unrestrained discourse, such as was likely to take place at the Streatham table! It is distinctly mentioned that Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney admired the "Vicar of Wakefield," and that on Mrs. Thrale saying to Dr. Johnson, "Don't you like it, sir?" he

replied, "No, madam; it is very faulty; there is nothing of real life in it, and very little of nature. It is a mere fanciful performance." And this, though on other occasions Dr. Johnson had praised the work, and, as is so generally known, had been the medium of selling it to a publisher!

Oh, that the two ladies had had spirit and self-confidence enough to maintain their opinion, and logical powers to argue with the burly tyrant of their circle; and, in short, had been among the early upholders of that great man, whose genius seems to the modern mind as far to transcend that of Johnson as in his day it was thought to fall behind the powers of the learned lexicographer. As Goldsmith had visited intimately at the Thrales, his name was probably often mentioned.

But we must not linger over these Streatham fancies, nor tell of the visit which was paid by the Thrales to Mr. Crisp, and the old bachelor's formal return of the call; when, Dr. Johnson being particularly silent, every one else was afraid of talking, "from the general fear he incited that if he spoke not he might listen, and that if he listened he might reprove."

Chiefly at the persuasions of her friends, Miss Burney wrote a comedy, entitled "The Witlings," which, however, was never acted. Curiosity is not a little piqued to know what its merits really were. Mrs. Thrale, to whom it seems to have been read in detached portions, thought highly of it; but Dr. Bur-

ney and Mr. Crisp considered it so far beneath the point of merit which was expected by the public from the author of "Evelina," that they persuaded her to suppress it. Mr. Crisp blamed its resemblance to Molière's "Femmes Savantes," but it is a curious fact that the author at that time had never read the famous French comedy. Whichever judgment was correct, the occasion was one which displayed Fanny Burney's amiability in the strongest light. No petulance, no spasms of wounded vanity, are apparent in her correspondence. She regrets that she has failed to meet the expectations of her best friends, but she does not for a moment dispute the soundness of their judgment. In one of her letters to Mr. Crisp, after acknowledging her disappointment with good sense and good-humour, she writes, "This, however, seriously I do believe, that when my two daddies put their heads together to concoct for me that hissing, groaning, catcalling epistle they sent me, they felt as sorry for poor little Miss Bays as she could possibly do for herself." She seems thoroughly to have understood how much better it was to read their "hisses" than to hear such sounds from the thousand throats of pit and gallery; yet it is curious to speculate whether this joint judgment was infallible. Since Mr. Crisp's own failure as a dramatist, some twenty, or five-and-twenty years before, he had lived the life of a recluse, and could have had no further opportunity of understanding stage requirements than when he himself missed their ful-

filment. Then, as he always considered himself a martyr, and that his forgotten play ought to have been a deathless triumph to him, it is probable that the greater contrast to it in tone and character that "Fannikin's" production might present, the greater would be his disapproval. Dr. Burney, too, was evidently a great conventionalist in many things, and talents that diverged out of the ordinary track might be somewhat apt to escape his observation altogether. We are to remember that, with all the endearing intimacy which existed between father and daughter, so far from suspecting the superiority of Fanny's intellect, he had been surprised at its development; having exclaimed in a tone of wonder at her book that she of all his children had had the least educational advantages. And, when he applauded "Evelina," its merits had already been pointed out. All Miss Burney's novels display a broad marking of character, great intricacy of plot, and a keen sense of the ridiculous—important elements, one would think, of success for a comedy; and it is difficult to fancy that, in the full freshness of her powers, and with the brilliant fame of "Evelina" fanning her ambition, she could write very weakly. Then the subject of "The Witlings" was a very good one; and the names of the *dramatis personæ*, Mr. Dabbler, Lady Smatter, Mrs. Sapient, Mrs. Voluble, &c. &c., were sufficiently suggestive of lights and shades of character. One cannot help thinking it at any rate possible that the play deserved better treatment than

it received, though probably the humour of the piece was too gentle and genial to suit the coarse taste of the period. If it were so, the young author's modest acquiescence in her "daddies'" judgment shines out all the more charmingly. And soon after the condemnation of her play she began to think seriously of writing another novel.

With the greatest inclination and ability for her task, the plan was not very easy to be carried out. Fanny Burney was now in the vortex of society, and to give a list of her acquaintances would seem like copying from the "Court Guide" the most celebrated names of the period. In those days of powder and paint, and hoops and sacques, a fashionable lady's toilet was so elaborate that, allowing for preparation, and arrangement, and frequent shopping, it must often have consumed as many hours out of the four-and-twenty as were given to slumber; and when we remember the usual formality of the visiting and the slowness of locomotion, there really seems to have been only a margin of life left for rational enjoyment and intellectual occupation.

During the three or four years which followed Miss Burney's first appearance at Streatham she was introduced to Burke and Sheridan, and might fairly count among her intimates the chief arbiters of taste in England. She flitted backwards and forwards from St. Martin's Street to Streatham and Chessington, and accompanied the Thrales to Brighton, to Bath, and to

Tunbridge Wells. No wonder that, paying these penalties of her popularity, it was the year 1781 before her second novel, "Cecilia," was ready for the press. Meanwhile the friendship of Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney was becoming more and more sisterly, and the marriage of Susanna Burney to Captain Phillips, and her consequent removal from London, seemed, in Mrs. Thrale's opinion at least, to throw them more intimately together. In one of her letters, evidently written while Fanny was busy on "Cecilia," resolutely caging herself for that purpose in an up-stairs room, Mrs. Thrale affectionately says, "I shall slip pretty readily into the Susanuncia's place," and playfully chiding her for her long absence from Streatham, says that she could only procure one "frank," the giver — and she had sent a hundred miles for it — being certain that Miss Burney could not live long enough away from her to need two.

The manner in which rich people begged for "franks" was certainly one of the curiosities of the days of dear postage. Here was the wife of a millionaire, with always two magnificent establishments, and often more — with carriages and servants in abundance, gardens, conservatories, pineries — for it is noticed during a long summer visit that the table "was not one day without a pine" — here is this lady, who delights in lavish hospitality and generous kindness, asking for a frank to save postage in writing to her dearest friend!

If Mrs. Thrale's letters now and then betrayed an

emphasis or hyperbole when addressing her "sweetest Burney," Fanny's rejoinders were quite as affectionate and enthusiastic. Indeed, many of the letters of both ladies seemed wholly made up of expressions of regard—variations on one perpetual theme. In a postscript to one of Miss Burney's epistles, written while she was busy finishing "Cecilia," she says, "I think I shall always hate this book which has kept me so long away from you, as much as I shall always love 'Evelina,' who first *comfortably* introduced me to you,—an event which I may truly say opened a new, and I hope an exhaustless source of happiness to your most gratefully affectionate—F. B."

This constant reiteration of attachment, bearing the date of 1781, does not look so affected as it would do in a modern correspondence. It was part of the system of bows, compliments, and curtseys, which frittered away a good tithe of existence in those days.

The two friends were at Bath in the summer of 1780, when the Lord George Gordon riots appalled the Londoners. Mr. Thrale's failing health had induced him to withdraw himself from business this summer—hence the sojourn at Bath. But his town house was attacked by the mob; the soldiers, however, saved it, and the children and valuables were removed. The brewery was likewise threatened, and the Streatham mansion so far in danger that it was emptied of its furniture by way of precaution. Party feeling ran high even at Bath, Romish chapels being

burnt, and other outrages committed, by the mob in imitation of the London rioters. The accusation that Mr. Thrale was a Papist was quite unfounded, but it terrified his wife, and though she made as light of the matter as she could, she persuaded him to leave Bath and accompany her to Brighton. Fanny Burney soon afterwards returned home; but one cannot help fancying that the shadow of the sad coming event was already felt, if it was not seen.

The state of Mr. Thrale's health had been for some time a cause of great solicitude among his intimates. He had many of the symptoms which experienced physicians dread as the forerunners of paralysis or apoplexy, and a slight fit which he had the next winter heightened the alarm. Naturally every consideration bent to the one object of his restoration. A tour on the Continent was projected, with Dr. Johnson for their companion,—a scheme which, involving a lengthened separation between the two ladies, so affected poor Fanny, that she was unable to appear at dinner the day she heard it. She seems to have been invited to spend the day in Grosvenor Square, but after this ill news shut herself up while the Thrales were entertaining Dr. Johnson and some other gentlemen, and with difficulty aroused herself sufficiently to appear in the evening when there was a large party, pleading indisposition as excuse for ill looks—and red eyes, we suspect.

One cannot help lingering over this brilliant party.

which took place about the middle of March, and was nearly, if not quite, the last which ever assembled under the same auspices. Fanny Burney records it as one that would have been very agreeable to her had not her mind been wholly and sadly occupied by other matters; but she notes among the guests Augusta Byron—the aunt of the yet unborn poet—a lady who became afterwards her intimate friend, and names, as one of the chief beauties in the room, "Mrs. Gwynn, lately Miss Horneck." Was the lock of hair that the Jessamy Bride "treasured till the day of her death," worn that night in brooch, or ring, or locket?

A few more visits to Mrs. Thrale in Grosvenor Square are mentioned by Miss Burney,—friendly visits, in which she met some half-a-dozen guests, Dr. Johnson of course, Mrs. Carter, Miss Benson, Boswell, &c. &c. Then came the fatal 4th of April.

This was the date fixed for a large party at the Thrales, to which "half the fashion of London had been invited;" and one can fancy the mansion in Grosvenor Square, with preparations already made for a brilliant lighting up and a gay reception. But Death was to displace all other guests, and darken the scene with his presence. Mr. Thrale had been more ailing than usual for a day or two, and "very lethargic," even on Sunday the 1st, but no immediate danger was apprehended. He died, however, from a sudden stroke of apoplexy on the morning of Wednesday the 4th of April, 1781. Probably Mrs. Thrale had for some

time been schooling her mind to expect this bereavement, but it fell on her with awful suddenness at last, and plunged her into the deepest affliction. For a time she declined seeing even Miss Burney, who seems to have hastened to Grosvenor Square on the intelligence of the calamity, and to have had one brief interview before she knew that Mrs. Thrale wished to exclude her. But she wrote to her friend almost daily,—prayed for her, sympathised with her, and secluded herself as if the loss were one of her own relatives. Mrs. Thrale paid a short visit to Brighton for change of scene, seeking there the counsel and consolations of an old friend, Mr. Scrase; but immediately on her return, which was before the end of April, she solicited the companionship of her young friend, and Fanny Burney hastened to Streatham at her bidding.

Dr. Johnson was staying in Grosvenor Square when Mr. Thrale died, and thus he himself mentions the event:—

"I felt almost the last flutter of his pulse, and looked for the last time upon the face that for fifteen years had never been turned upon me but with respect and benignity."

In the evening Johnson apologised for his absence from the Literary Club by the following note:—

"Mr. Johnson knows that Sir Joshua Reynolds and the other gentlemen will excuse his incompliance

with the call, when they are told that Mr. Thrale died this morning."

Boswell mentions this circumstance, and dilates on the "essential loss" Johnson experienced in the death of Mr. Thrale, but he chronicles without comment on the facts, that on Friday the 6th Johnson dined at a club which had been lately formed at the Queen's Arms, in St. Paul's Churchyard; that the next day he dined at Mr. Hoole's, to meet some gentlemen from the East Indies; and that on the 11th and 12th he was each day the guest of a bishop. As usual, Boswell parrots the conversation, and repeats the sayings of Johnson on the Gordon riots, the "Oriental castes," and other general topics. We picture the kind friend and generous benefactor of fifteen years, scarcely cold in his coffin, the "benignant" and "respectful" face hardly yet death-changed,—we see the darkened chambers and the weeping widow and children, and a feeling of wonder possesses us to think, that at such a time Johnson *could* take his place at festive boards, eat gluttonously of good dinners—as he always did when they were set before him—mouth out big words and ponderous sentences to awe-struck listeners, and feed as usual upon the homage which had become his daily bread!

Who has not felt that one death may break up a social circle, and surround each survivor with a new set of circumstances? Thus was it when Mr. Thrale

died. As we have hinted before, there are some floating evidences that he was rather a stern man. Even his wife called him "master," and the appellation was given only half sportively; for she maintained he deserved it. But he was strictly just and honourable, and knew how to be generous; and this is precisely the character that is lamented in death more, perhaps, than it has been loved in life. Mr. Thrale's wealth and position had formed a rallying point, and held what was called "the Streatham set" together; but it now was to fall apart, like beads loosened from a string.

Dr. Johnson was one of Mr. Thrale's executors, and though there were three others, he took upon himself a sufficiently active share of their joint duties. A story is told, that when the sale of the brewery was going forward, Johnson "bustled about with an ink-horn and pen in his button-hole, like an exciseman; and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, answered, 'We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.'"

The brewery was sold for a hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds; Mr. Barclay, a descendant of Robert Barclay, the apologist of the Quakers, and Mr. Perkins, who had been the manager of the concern during Mr. Thrale's lifetime, establishing the firm which has since become so famous.

Mrs. Thrale was now a rich widow of forty years

of age; the mother of five daughters, the youngest of whom was a mere infant, the eldest in the dawn of womanhood. It was a position that turned many eyes upon her, and one which required some dignity and sobriety of character to fill quite admirably. But Mrs. Thrale was a woman of society, and a very short seclusion was all she attempted. It is true the arrangement of her affairs compelled her to exertion; and in a little while we find many of her intimates congregating at Streatham, where also Dr. Johnson took up his abode from time to time as usual. Never had the friendship between Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney appeared more likely to endure than at this time; so ardent, indeed, did it seem, that a report was spread that the authoress of "Evelina" was to reside with her friend entirely. This idle gossip was considered "insufferably impertinent" by both ladies, as such an arrangement had never been contemplated. Miss Burney stood in no need of a home, and moreover could command independence by the use of her pen, and Mrs. Thrale had too much delicacy ever to have hinted at such a scheme.

But while to the general world Mrs. Thrale's mind seemed entirely occupied by her maternal duties, her business affairs, and her few strong friendships, there was an influence at work which was to change the whole current of her life,—an influence suspected and dreaded by Fanny Burney, perhaps before its first tokens were apparent to any one else.

Signor Piozzi was an Italian, a teacher of music and singing, and a vocalist of some eminence. He moved in good society, where his talents rendered him an acquisition; but the Thrales first met him at Dr. Burney's house. The evening was too remarkable not to be recorded, though in a brief retrospective manner.

A year or two before the publication of "Evelina," the Thrales and Dr. Johnson had paid a long morning visit to Dr. Burney on their way to Mrs. Montague's; and some few months afterwards an evening party was made up for the express purpose of introducing them to the Grevilles, and some other of the most esteemed friends of the host. These were the occasions on which the quiet Fanny remained wholly unnoticed. Yet she was the second daughter of the house,—a young woman of three or four-and-twenty, well-bred, as she subsequently proved herself to be in those emergencies which are the test of refined manners; if not strictly handsome, with a very pleasing and expressive countenance—as people all declared directly she had won her laurels. We hear a great deal about old-fashioned politeness, but it seems to our modern notions very strange that Fanny Burney should have remained a mere cipher in her father's drawing-room. The guests were evidently looked on as "great people," and we are left to presume that Dr. Burney did not venture to draw forward his daughters; but in this case it would have been only decently civil for

the visitors to have expressed some little interest in his family and desired their presentation. If they could but have been *clairvoyants*, and have recognised the MS. of "Evelina," then probably some two-thirds finished, lying in an upstairs room, and have had a vision of the fame of the authoress, and of peers and statesmen entreating an introduction to her, how they would have thronged about her, what charms would have been discovered in her conversation and what beauty in her person! But, fortunately, no one had any prevision of this sort; no dust of flattery was thrown in her eyes to dull their vision; she saw clearly what passed, and noted down her observations —to be published fifty years afterwards.

It must be confessed that the most delightful social meetings are generally those which come about with very little plan or preparation; and that when people are invited and selected to talk their best, the result is very often a disappointment. It was so that evening St. Martin's Street. Everybody expected Dr. Johnson to talk; but as the great man seldom or never started subjects of conversation, he was silent, the company not being aware of this peculiarity, and holding their tongues for fear they should prevent his expected discourse. The aristocratic Mrs. Greville was of the party, a faded beauty, who found consolation for one unkindness of Time by the compensation afforded in the fame she had acquired as the authoress of an "Ode to Indifference," unconscious

how soon her bay-leaves would wither. Mrs. Thrale wished to talk to this lady, and Mrs. Greville was no doubt ready to accept her homage; but the evening had been "fabricated for Dr. Johnson," and they dared not murmur a word.

The pompous Mr. Greville was somewhat conscious that he might be expected to start the conversation, but he had heard so much of Dr. Johnson's powers of sarcasm, that, in simple phrase, he was afraid. He decided, therefore, "to take the field with the aristocratic armour of pedigree and distinction." This armour, however manufactured, showed itself, according to modern ideas, in a manner of unmitigated rudeness and vulgarity; for, "assuming his most supercilious air of distant superiority," "he planted himself immovable as a noble statue on the hearth, as if a stranger to the whole set;" Johnson, who no doubt quite understood the people about him, was provoked yet amused at the scene. Though grave and composed, his deportment is described as urbane and dignified; till, later in the evening, observing that Mr. Greville still kept his place, and the weather being cold, he exclaimed, "If it were not for depriving the ladies of the fire, I should like to stand upon the hearth myself."

Never had the man of *ton* received such a rebuke. He tried to smile, but the effort failed; and he tried to keep his place, but, though he disdained to move for two or three minutes, at the expiration of that time

he glided back to his chair, ringing the bell, however, with some violence as he passed it, to order his carriage.

Meanwhile Dr. Burney had been endeavouring to entertain his guests with music; but the Grevilles only affected to care for it so far as music was the fashion, and the rest of the party scarcely knew an anthem from a jig. Signor Piozzi had no doubt been invited as a gratifying compliment to himself, but likewise as a resource, if conversation flagged, or to open the entertainment of the evening by a display of his talents. Thus, before the dead chill had fallen upon the guests, Doctor Burney had asked him for a *cantata*. And thus Miss Burney mentions his compliance: "Piozzi, a first-rate singer, whose voice was deliciously sweet, and whose expression was perfect, sang in his very best manner from his desire to do honour to *Il Capo di Casa*, but *Il Capo di Casa* and his family alone did justice to his strains." The expectations of the Grevilles "were all occupied by Dr. Johnson, and those of the Thrales by the authoress of the 'Ode to Indifference.'"

Mrs. Thrale grew tired of the music, and tired of the silent company, and tired of the new part she herself was playing—that of a nobody; and when the Signor was again singing, in a fit of utter recklessness of what might be thought of her, "she suddenly but softly arose, and stealing on tiptoe behind Piozzi, who was accompanying himself on the pianoforte to an animated *arria parlante*, with his back to the company, and his

face to the wall, she ludicrously began imitating him by squaring her elbows, elevating them with ecstatic shrugs of her shoulders, and casting up her eyes while languishingly reclining her head."

This behaviour, more like that of an ill-conditioned school-girl than anything else, pained Dr. Burney, who feared that the Signor's feelings would be hurt if he witnessed these grimaces, and he ventured to whisper a rebuke to Mrs. Thrale—a rebuke which she took with a candid acknowledgment of its justice, and with great "sweetness of temper." But what a scene for the Burneys did the whole evening present! And how well-bred they seem in their gentle endeavours to please and amuse their guests, beside the "great people," who would neither entertain nor be entertained!

This was the first meeting of Mrs. Thrale and Signor Piozzi. The man she thus rudely ridiculed was destined, only a few years afterwards, to inspire such an attachment, that, defying the advice of friends and the opinion of the world, outraging prudence, and one must almost say propriety, Mrs. Thrale, in the fourth year of her widowhood, gave him her hand and accepted his name.

Not hurriedly, it would seem—not under the influence of a temporary infatuation, did this marriage take place. How soon after Mr. Thrale's death the casual acquaintance between Signor Piozzi and the mistress of Streatham Park ripened to intimacy, and the idea

of marriage crept in between them, there is nothing now to show; but certainly for the last year of her widowhood, Mrs. Thrale struggled with her inclinations to a degree that her health suffered seriously from the indecision of her mind and the conflict of her feelings. As her clear-seeing and true-hearted friend, Miss Burney, justly says, "her fault and grievous misfortune" was not combating the idea at first. It was only when she had allowed her feelings to be deeply engaged, that she began weighing the sacrifice she was about to make,—the loss of friends, the loss of the world's esteem, and of her own children's respect. Hard was it to yield up such blessings; and, without for a moment defending a weakness which forms the one great blot on her character, it is but an act of simple justice to seek out the only explanation of it, and the few apologies for it, which are to be found.

There are many sorts of happiness in life, and perhaps it is when the hill is nearly climbed, and we look forward to our descent on the other side into the vale of years, that the full value of peace, repose, and a gentle tenderness from our companions, is first fully appreciated. Mrs. Thrale had not escaped many trials, of which probably the loss of several children, especially of her only son, had been the sharpest. But there can be no question that, much as she revered Dr. Johnson, his almost perpetual sojourn under her roof had embittered her existence. Nothing could have borne her up short of her natural vivacity and high spirits, and

a "sweetness" of temper that proceeded not from stolid indifference, but from good sense. Speaking on the subject long after Johnson's death, she calls it a "yoke which her husband put on her," though of which "he contentedly bore his share," but which was "terrifying" in the first years of their friendship, and "irksome" in the last. And, she adds, that she "could not pretend to support it without help when her coadjutor was no more." Indeed, we can believe so; for Johnson insulted her friends, and rebuked herself, as if he were the world's one privileged censor. Really the "world" behaved as if it were willing to acknowledge him for such, and people bowed to an insolence from him as they might to a compliment from any one else. But as the lash in its rebound may coil itself round some object for which it is not intended, so poor Mrs. Thrale, who stood so near the "whip," very often received a stroke. For instance, the year after her husband's death, when Johnson was again domesticated at Streatham, two gentlemen were her guests, and as the brave defence of Gibraltar was just then a subject of common discourse, one of the strangers began talking of some new sort of ammunition which had been used there with great effect. Johnson, without any excuse whatever for his disbelief, thought proper to doubt the gentleman's word, and said, with a cold sneer, "I would advise you, sir, never to relate this story again; you really can scarce imagine how *very poor* a figure you make in the telling of it."

Mrs. Thrale adds, "Our guest being bred a Quaker, and, I believe, a man of an extremely gentle disposition, needed no more reproofs for the same folly; so, if he ever did speak again, it was in a low voice to the friend who came with him. The check was given before dinner." Mrs. Thrale relates how, after the visitors had departed, Johnson took some credit to himself for not quarrelling with them; and, on her remarking that they had given him no cause of offence, he exclaimed, in an altered voice, "No offence! and is it nothing, then, to sit whispering together when *I* am present, without ever directing their discourse to me, or offering me a share in the conversation?" There is no token of any repentance for the painful position in which he had placed his hostess.

In fact, after her husband's death, the behaviour of Dr. Johnson became nearly insupportable. He had respected Mr. Thrale, who could influence him sometimes, but Mrs. Thrale writes, "When there was nobody to restrain his dislikes, it was extremely difficult to find anybody with whom he could converse without living always on the verge of a quarrel, or of something too like a quarrel to be pleasing." And though, in the same page, she speaks of her veneration for his virtue and reverence for his talents, she says, "I was forced to take advantage of my lost lawsuit, and plead inability of purse to remain longer in London and its vicinage. I had been crossed in my intentions of going abroad, and found it convenient, for every reason of

health, peace, and pecuniary circumstances, to retire to Bath, where I knew Mr. Johnson would not follow me, and where I could, for that reason, command some little portion of time for my own use—a thing impossible while I remained at Streatham or at London, as my horses, carriage, and servants, had long been at his command, who would not rise in the morning till twelve o'clock perhaps, and oblige me to make breakfast for him till the bell rung for dinner, though much displeased if the toilet was neglected, and though much of the time we passed together was spent in blaming or deriding, very justly, my neglect of economy and waste of that money which might make many families happy. The original cause of our connexion, his particularly disordered health and spirits, had been long at an end; and he had no other ailments than old age and general infirmity, which every professor of medicine was ardently zealous and generally attentive to palliate, and to contribute all in their power for the prolongation of a life so valuable."

Thus, in sorrow, not in anger, Mrs. Thrale writes; and, perhaps, it was the strong contrast afforded by the attentions of Signor Gabriel Piozzi to the incivility of her most intimate male friend, which rendered them so alluring. That the Signor was poor seems to have placed him in the light of an adventurer and fortune-hunter, but there is no proof that he was either; and no stain attaches to his private character. His position was that of a music-teacher at Bath—the place at

that period of fashionable resort, where semi-invalids, and listless idlers of many sorts, lounged away their time, and where, by her own account, Mrs. Thrale had been led to take up her abode, in consequence of her London discomforts. There may have been much in the Bath life to account for the marriage without excusing it. Mrs. Thrale undoubtedly made a *mésalliance*, and paid the inevitable penalty of losing caste by so doing; and, what was really the great objection to her marriage, she compromised some of her duty to her young daughters, by setting them such an example, and lessening her own power and right to guide them.

The period which intervened between Mr. Thrale's death in April 1781, and his widow's marriage with Signor Piozzi, which took place at Bath in July 1784, was marked to Fanny Burney by an alternation of sadness and success, and by momentous events which changed the current of her life. Her second novel, "Cecilia," for which she received a large sum of money, lifted the now acknowledged author to the pinnacle of literary fame. Dr. Johnson is said to have revised the work before publication, and many critics have exerted their ingenuity in tracing the evidences of his pen. Possibly these critics were not always to the letter quite correct in their guesses, for Miss Burney's enthusiastic admiration of Johnson had led her, perhaps insensibly, to imitate his style; and the ponderous paragraphs in "Cecilia"—for which no counterparts are to be found in the author's first work—

may have been but close imitations of the hand to which envy was willing to attribute them. A great many writers of the day fell into the same habit; and even if her illustrious friend did remodel a few passages, he only translated her easy colloquial style into the Johnsonian dialect. We may be very sure the thoughts and the invention were entirely her own; for this reason, if for no other, that Dr. Johnson and Frances Burney were two of the truest and most conscientious people that ever lived. Perhaps, indeed, this strong moral tie had more to do with their affectionate friendship than their intellectual appreciation of each other.

"Cecilia" was published in 1782, and hardly had the full peal of applause sounded on the author's ear, when anxiety for Mrs. Thrale began to disturb her peace, and the alarming illness of Mr. Crisp called her to Chessington.

Mr. Crisp was now upwards of seventy, and the gout, from which he had been for years a sufferer, began to show the most dangerous symptoms. He died in April 1783, in the presence of her who was dear to him as a child, and who returned his affection with the most filial regard. His faculties were unimpaired to the last, and only a little while before his death he called her "the dearest thing to him on earth." Every consolation that tender memories could afford were hers, but Miss Burney felt this loss as if it were indeed that of a parent.

About this time Mrs. Thrale took up her abode at Bath, whence she corresponded confidentially with her young friend; and on the occasions of her visiting London, Fanny Burney devoted herself almost entirely to her. Strange and delicate was her position, for she had hitherto looked up to her matronly friend as a leader and adviser: now these relations were reversed, and though Fanny gave all the sympathy and compassion which were demanded by the occasion, her advice was distinct, and was unswervingly against the contemplated marriage. Under the date of May 1784, Mrs. Thrale writes a note, begging Fanny Burney to visit her immediately in Mortimer Street, at a lodging, where she had just arrived from Bath, and in a postscript she says,—

"I am somewhat shaken bodily, but 'tis the mental shocks that have made me unable to bear the corporeal ones. . . . I love Dr. Burney too well to fear him, and he loves me too well to say a word which should make me love him less."

And in her Journal of that period Miss Burney writes,—

"I parted most reluctantly with my dear Mrs. Thrale, whom when or how I shall see again heaven only knows! but in sorrow we parted—on *my* side in real affliction."

It is easy to see that Mrs. Thrale's resolve was becoming fixed beyond the power of friends to move, however sincerely with affection and respect they

might advise. Mrs. Thrale had, in fact, become morbidly sensitive and jealous; and though on her marriage Fanny wrote to her a letter expressive of heartfelt good wishes, she complained of it, and replied by a reproach for her not having offered "cordial congratulations." A sketch only was preserved of Miss Burney's rejoinder, but we can see that she wrote with a wounded heart. Her letter concluded with expressions of the pain such unmerited accusations had given her, and a petition to heaven for blessings on the newly-made wife. Mrs. Piozzi answered thus briefly:—

"Give yourself no serious concern, sweetest Burney. All is well, and I am too happy myself to make a friend otherwise; quiet your kind heart immediately, and love my husband if you love his and your "H. L. Piozzi."

To this note—which seems to us but to mask the bitterness the writer felt at the world's censure—Miss Burney replied promptly and affectionately; but she heard no more from her friend. Thus ceased the intimate communion of six years,—thus terminated what deserves to be called their friendship. Years passed, and great changes took place before they even met again, and when they did meet the old bonds were not to be woven together; yet Miss Burney ever spoke of Mrs. Piozzi with the most tender and grateful regard, and looked upon their separation as a calamity of her life. She wrote in her Journal that she

could only conjecture her friend's conduct "to be caused by the resentment of Signor Piozzi, when informed of her constant opposition to the union."

One cannot help fancying that there must have been some mischief-makers at work also. If a new friend, however, could compensate for the loss of Mrs. Piozzi's confidence, and the removal of her "daddy Crisp," Miss Burney was not without consolation.

Early in 1783 she was introduced to the venerable Mrs. Delany. This lady was certainly one of the most estimable and remarkable women of her day, and her soliciting the acquaintance of Miss Burney was, perhaps, as great a compliment as the young authoress ever received. Mrs. Delany was the daughter of John Granville, Esq. and niece to "Pope's Granville," Lord Lansdowne; born in 1700, she was now in her eighty-third year, but though with failing eyesight, and a little deaf, her mind was unimpaired by time.

Her first marriage with Alexander Pendarves, entered into when she was very young, and at her uncle's desire, had not been a happy one. Being left a widow, she, in middle life, became the second wife of Dr. Delany, the friend of Dean Swift. This union lasted upwards of twenty years; but in 1768 she was again a widow. Throughout her long life she had mixed with the most eminent people and been the ornament of the highest circles. She was an amateur artist of considerable ability, although she had not

attempted painting until she was thirty years of age. When upwards of seventy she had invented a method of imitating flowers with coloured paper, executing with her own hand hundreds of specimens, which were admired by Horace Walpole and other leaders of taste.

Her accomplishments, however, might be unimportant to the world, but, acquired under such circumstances, they were evidences of an energy of character that could not fail to distinguish her life, and of a natural refinement of mind that could not be corrupted by frivolous examples. In truth, at eighty years of age, she retained the freshness of heart which is not always to be found at five-and-twenty. Mrs. Delany had been for nearly fifty years the bosom friend of the Dowager Duchess of Portland, who, when in London, spent some portion of nearly every evening at Mrs. Delany's house in St. James's Place. The Duchess was fifteen years her junior, and thus with thoughtful kindness took upon herself the extra share of trouble and fatigue connected with their intercourse. Mrs. Delany might also be considered the intimate personal friend of George the Third and Queen Charlotte, who courted and enjoyed her society, and looked up to her opinions with respect.

This was the remarkable woman who solicited Miss Burney's acquaintance; not only from admiration of her talents, but from a conviction of her moral excellence, for the high-minded people of that day

honoured Miss Burney for employing her powers in the cause of morality, and taking the reproach from fiction. We should not measure her works with the novels which have been written since they appeared, but with those which preceded them, and if we do this we shall perceive her great merit and understand her popularity. If we except Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," it is hardly too much to say, that before "Evelina" was published there did not exist an English "novel" that was not either corrupt in principle or coarse in style, and the generality of such productions combined the two vices.

Mrs. Delany invited Miss Burney to a quiet, friendly dinner, one Sunday in January, and she went accompanied by Mrs. Chapone. It seems Dr. Burney was too much occupied to take his daughter to pay a morning visit, as had first been proposed; and she and Mrs. Chapone, having an evening engagement for this eventful day, they were obliged to leave between seven and eight o'clock. In those days there was an amount of gay Sunday visiting which would shock sober-minded people of the present period. Mrs. Delany received her young visitor with great cordiality, and saluted her, saying,—"You must pardon me if I give you an old-fashioned reception, for I know nothing new;" and then she proceeded to express her gratification at seeing her, and lamented that Miss Burney was obliged to run away early, as had been mentioned

on the card accepting the invitation. The Duchess of Portland arrived by seven o'clock, on purpose to see Miss Burney, having told Mrs. Delany that "nothing should detain her," and keeping her word. Her Grace curtseyed, and expressed the great pleasure she had in making Miss Burney's acquaintance, and complimented her in the most gratifying manner. If Fanny had not had abundant ballast of good sense, her head must have been turned by the homage she received.

The acquaintance thus begun ripened into affectionate friendship; and after the death of the Duchess of Portland, which took place in the summer of 1785, Miss Burney became Mrs. Delany's most confidential friend. Mrs. Delany was on a visit to the Duchess at Bulstrode, where she expected Fanny Burney to join her, when the sad event took place. So sudden was the death, that one morning a letter reached St. Martin's Street making arrangements for the intended journey, and the next day "brought counter-tidings of the seizure, illness, and decease," of the Duchess. Mrs. Delany returned to London, and Fanny Burney hastened to her side, to give her the consolation of her sympathy and companionship.

The death of the Duchess of Portland was by no means without its consequences to Miss Burney. The income of Mrs. Delany was about six hundred a-year, derived from the property of her first husband; but the Duchess had been in the habit of adding to it, with rare delicacy and secresy, probably rather by the be-

stowal of useful and valuable presents than by gifts of money. Some portion of the year, also, was usually spent at Bulstrode, so that the venerable lady had the enjoyment of the country in summer without the expense of an establishment. These circumstances were known to the King and Queen, who now munificently provided Mrs. Delany with a summer residence at Windsor, and settled on her a pension of three hundred a-year. We shall see presently the chain of events which brought Miss Burney into contact with the royal family. But, first, Imagination lingers in the circle—so fast thinning by death—of which Mrs. Delany was still the centre.

At her house Horace Walpole visited, and what tales of other days must he have been able to tell! Fanny Burney seems to have been a great favourite with him, and when she visited Strawberry Hill he played the part of cicerone with the greatest assiduity. Madame du Deffand was recently dead, and had bequeathed him her dog, which Miss Burney notes that he "fondled and cherished, fed by his side, and made his constant companion." Another visitor of Mrs. Delany's was Lady Wallingford, the widow of a gaming nobleman and daughter of Law, the Scotch adventurer and South Sea speculator. She is described as "mournfully taciturn," but extremely well-bred; always attired in black silk, with "a hoop, long ruffles, a winged cap, and all the stately formality of the times that even then were past." Then there was the



FANNY BURNEY VISITING DR. JOHNSON.

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Countess of Bute, wife to the early favourite of George the Third, and daughter of the renowned Lady Mary Wortley Montague. What people were these to be known by one who lived into the reign of Queen Victoria! But it is when we call to mind the age of Mrs. Delany herself, and remember that she, born in the reign of William the Third, might easily have conversed with those who had fought in the Civil Wars, or looked on the faces of Oliver Cromwell and John Milton, that we feel how these old people clasp hands along the centuries!

Miss Burney's life was indeed an eventful one, but in no respect more remarkable than in the fact, that really all the celebrities of Europe, who lived through the years of her long life, seemed to pass in review before her. Her attachments, not quickly formed, were strong and lasting; and she paid the natural penalty of lengthened days by surviving those most dear to her; but it is singular to observe how early in life she learned this lesson, — a natural result, however, of so many of her dear, choice friends being aged persons. We have mentioned the death of Mr. Crisp, and, towards the close of 1784, it became evident that Dr. Johnson was sinking fast. Miss Burney had often visited him at Bolt Court, making tea for him sometimes, as she had been in the habit of doing at Streatham, pouring it into the little cups used at that period and which required so often replenishing. The story of the "twenty cups" ceases to be astonishing, and we

find that Dr. Johnson meets his match among modern tea-drinkers, when we take one of these porcelain relics from our chiffonnier or chimney-piece and measure its capacity.

Fanny Burney was admitted to see her revered friend on the 25th of November, and found him "in better spirits than she had lately seen him." They talked of many things, and Miss Burney asked if he ever heard from Mrs. Piozzi. "No," cried he, "nor written to her. I drive her quite from my mind." They were hard words, and in strange contradiction to that beautiful letter written to Mrs. Thrale just before her marriage, but in reference to it, in which he says: "What you have done, however I lament it, I have no pretence to resent, as it has not been injurious to me; I therefore breathe out one sigh more of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere;" and he adds, "Whatever I can contribute to your happiness I am very ready to repay, for that kindness which soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched." Probably, however, his disapprobation of her marriage might not have sundered them, but it is to be feared that Mrs. Piozzi was but too willing to drop those acquaintances who had opposed her intention. Johnson could not otherwise have forgotten or repudiated his own true words, that "A friend may be often found and lost; but an old friend never can be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost."

This was the last meeting on earth of Miss Burney and Dr. Johnson. He took leave of her with tenderness, saying, "Be not longer in coming again for my letting you go now." And he called her back to add, "Remember me in your prayers." Many — many were the visits she paid to the house; but though he sent her kind and affectionate messages, he was now too feeble to bear the excitement of conversation, and she was not again admitted to his room. Dr. Burney, however, calling, it may be presumed, at a favourable moment, saw him on the 11th of December, and he said, "I hope Fanny did not take it amiss that I did not see her." He had always shown the soft side of his rough nature to her, but now he was gentle with all. This mention of her "melted her into double sorrow and regret," and with the dim hope of being allowed to speak to him, she went to Bolt Court the next day. She waited a long time in the parlour, and on the stairs, preferring "solitude in the cold to company with a fire;" and the up-stairs room was crowded with anxious inquirers. After a while they all departed, except Mrs. Davis, and then Fanny went up to the fire. Presently Mr. Langton came out of the bedroom, and to Mrs. Davis's inquiry answered, "Going on to death very fast." Some time elapsed before he could speak to Miss Burney, but when he did, it was to deliver a message from the dying philosopher, who was "too weak for such an interview," but who had bid him come and speak to her him-

self. The next day, Dec. 13, 1784, Dr. Johnson expired; and with half London lamenting the loss of the great man, whose influence had been the moral gulf-stream of his age, perhaps there was not a more sincere mourner than she whom he had called his "dear little Burney."

Only six years since the first of those gay and happy Streatham days, when life must have seemed to her full of bright and fairy-like promises; some of which, it must be owned, had been fulfilled; and not four years yet since Mr. Thrale's death had been the first shock to break the charm! Now his widow was re-married and estranged; and Fanny Burney had knelt beside the deathbed of "Daddy Crisp," and felt the last feeble pressure of his hand; and though not present at the conflict, might be said to have waited in the antechamber while Death was contending with the last powers of life over the suffering frame of Samuel Johnson. Add to these trials the fluctuating health of her darling sister, Mrs. Phillips, which was a constant terror to her, and we may perceive what chequered years were those which included the period of her first literary triumphs. Even her intercourse with Mrs. Delany owed some of its sympathy to the fact of their being fellow-mourners.

It was in the autumn of 1785 that Fanny Burney visited Mrs. Delany at Windsor, and there it was that she became personally known to their Majesties. Literary success, praise, flattery, and six years' mixing in the gay world, seem to have scarcely blunted the shy

sensitiveness of her nature; and the interview which she knew to be inevitable was perfectly dreaded by her. It took place, at last, in an unexpected manner. Miss Burney was amusing the great-niece of Mrs. Delany—a little girl of seven years old—with playing at "puss in the corner," the father of the child, and Miss Port, another relation of their hostess, joining in the game, when the drawing-room door opened, and "a large man, in deep mourning, appeared at it, entering and shutting it himself without speaking." It was the King, for in this familiar manner did their Majesties visit Mrs. Delany at Windsor; and, probably, it was the noisy play which had prevented his knock being heard.

Miss Burney's first thought was to escape, but to do so was impossible, without brushing past the King, as there was no second door to the room. However, in her fright she just collects her senses sufficiently to remember a few of the rules of etiquette which have been taught her, and that the first thing to do is to back out of the way, and plant herself against the wall. The others do the same—one in one direction, one in another—except Mrs. Delany, who advances to meet the King. By-and-bye the Queen arrives, and both converse with affability; asking many questions of Miss Burney about her writings, praising her father, and very evidently endeavouring to set her at her ease. After they were gone, Mrs. Delany confessed that she had heard the King's knock, but would

not avow it, lest her timid little friend should run away.

What, if we were speaking of less august personages, might be called Miss Burney's acquaintance with their Majesties, was improved by many chance interviews while she was Mrs. Delany's guest; and the Queen, even on one occasion, summoned her to a private conference. But the rules of etiquette so rigidly forbade anything like the natural flow of conversation, that we do not see any great advance made in knowledge of each other. Had it been otherwise, Queen Charlotte, when she undoubtedly meant favour, would not have made the great mistake of the following summer; and poor Fanny Burney's instinctive but undefined reluctance to fill the office thrust upon her, would have been quickened into a foreknowledge that might have saved her years of misery. Even in these interviews, supposed to be quite private and unceremonious, and which took place because the Queen admired Miss Burney's talents, and esteemed her character, the discourse always shaped itself into a tiresome catechism. It is true that their Majesties were said to weary of people who answered them only by monosyllables, but it must have required a good deal of ingenuity and presence of mind to avoid this offence. It was not etiquette for Miss Burney to speak, except when the Queen addressed her; it was not etiquette for her to express difference of opinion; it was not etiquette for her to introduce any new

topic; it was not etiquette for her to move hand or foot, or to sit, unless desired two or three times to do so — a condescension seldom practised. Surely such rules must have extinguished the very life and light of conversation; and now that the crowned head has so long been laid low, and the brow where the jewel of intellect was set alike moulders in the dust, one smiles, but with sadness, at the mist of state and ceremony which prevented anything being seen in its just proportions.

Nevertheless, Queen Charlotte, cautious, difficult to please, unimpulsive, and accustomed to read character according to her capacity, was more than commonly pleased with Miss Burney. Her approbation, however, did not express itself in any open, generous recognition of Fanny's merits, such as would have been considered a fresh laurel for her; it did not take the shape of a moderate benefaction, that would have secured her independence, and left her free to work fairly the mine of her intellect; it was but a low, selfish thing, after all, this regal approbation, for it prompted the Queen to offer the post of Keeper of the Robes to the author of "Evelina" and "Cecilia." This was a situation about the Queen's person, ostensibly not menial; the creature comforts of bed and board, and attendance of man and maid, were duly in the bond, with a salary of 200*l.* per annum. But be it remembered, that dress and expenses incidental to the situation must entirely have consumed the income.

Formal history and familiar memoirs alike show the superstitious reverence for royalty — quite different from the enlightened loyalty of the present day — which prevailed among the great bulk of the people at that period; and it is only by remembering this fact that one can acquit Miss Burney's father and friends of absolute insanity in advising and urging her acceptance of the Queen's offer. To them it seemed that the precincts of a palace comprised an earthly elysium, and though they would have found it very difficult to specify the joys she was about to share, they hissed down every one who doubted their existence. Fanny Burney herself was too right-minded and clear-sighted to be wholly misled. She was gratified by the Queen's partiality, but she trembled to consider the forfeit which was demanded from her. She, who loved independence, freedom of thought and action, was to bind herself by rigid rules to the most wearisome, monotonous, and mindless routine; she, whose large heart loved sisters and friends so warmly, was to be imprisoned far from them; she, who enjoyed intellectual society, and could throw on the stream of conversation some of its brightest sparkles; she, who had been the friend and companion of Johnson, and Burke, and Reynolds, was to fold down the wings of her fancy and wit, and condemn herself to the dead level of the mediocrities with whom she must traverse the back-stairs of palaces. All these things she saw before her, if not with sharp defined outlines, at least clearly enough

for the suspicion of them to have saved her; but, on the other hand, were friends congratulating her, and her dear father urging her not to hesitate. The persuasion, however, is summed up in a single sentence; it was hinted to her that she would have "opportunities of serving her particular friends, especially her father;" and with this sole hope, we believe, it was that she consented to a slavery nothing else could have induced.

There is something inexpressibly touching in her letters at this time. The generous impulse, which not only conceals her regret from her father, but bids others hide it from him also, at the same time that her surcharged heart must vent the truth of her tribulation to her friend Miss Cambridge and to her sisters. Yet, once decided, she bravely combats her forebodings. In the same letter in which she says, speaking of the Queen, "Let me go through for her sake my tasks with what cheerfulness I may, the deprivations I must suffer would inevitably keep me from all possibility of happiness," she adds at the close, "This one week of conflict over, I shall set all my faculties at work to do the best, and think the least, I can."

And so acceptance was decided on, and the appointment made public. Now came renewed congratulations from intimate friends, and compliments of all sorts from the wider circle of acquaintances. One clergyman writes to felicitate Miss Burney on the circumstance, and though not without misgivings that

her pen will be idle, thinks the appointment must be "much to her satisfaction," and sees "a heap of pleasant consequences," &c.

The Bishop of Salisbury compliments Dr. Burney on his daughter's good fortune, and repeats that his brother, "Lord Barrington, declared there never was anything of the sort more peculiarly judicious than this choice;" and Edmund Burke calls in St. Martin's Street to offer his congratulations, when, finding both father and daughter absent, he writes on a card, "Mr. Burke —To congratulate upon the honour done by the Queen to Miss Burney and Herself."

Mrs. Delany is enchanted, and mentions that the Queen had said to her that she "was led to think of Miss Burney, first by her books, then by seeing her, then by always hearing how she was loved by her friends, but chiefly by your friendship for her."

Miss Burney was, of course, expected to be highly flattered by these royal reasons, and no one, not even herself, seems to have taken them to pieces and examined them, though, in truth, they amounted to this, that her Majesty, admiring Miss Burney's books, determined to place her in a position where she could write no more; and hearing how much she loved and was beloved by her friends, condemned her to a separation from them. Approaching this part of Miss Burney's biography, seems like conducting her through the portals of a prison; but happily we have glimpses

of the interior, and know a little of what she saw, and heard, and suffered.

It was on Monday, July the 17th, 1786, that Miss Burney left her paternal abode to enter on her new duties. Everything had been arranged for her friend, Mrs. Ord, to convey her and her father to Windsor, Dr. Burney's own carriage serving as a mere "baggage waggon" to carry her clothes. We get a hint from this circumstance of the ample preparations which had been made for her court attendance. They drove first to Mrs. Delany's, and arrived, probably, early in the afternoon. Mrs. Delany was taking an airing with the Queen, and returned home in about an hour. But first there was the leave-taking with Mrs. Ord, a much valued friend, a lady holding a high social position, and the leader of a select coterie. The parting was a tearful one; for though this clever woman of the world was among those who rejoiced at the prospect before Miss Burney, she understood something of the conflict which was not yet quelled in her young friend's heart, and we are told that "the tenderest pity checked her delight."

Mrs. Delany's residence was only about fifty yards from the Queen's Lodge, and the venerable lady, advising her *protégée* to waive certain ceremonies, dictated a humble note to the Queen, apprising her that Miss Burney waited the honour of Her Majesty's commands. The reply was a verbal message that she was to go to the Lodge immediately.

The Queen's reception of Miss Burney was gracious, even kind and considerate. For two or three days she was not called on to perform any active duties, but only to stand and observe the ceremonies of the toilet at which she would have to assist. Very soon, however, her life fell into the routine of her office. She rose at six, to be in readiness for the Queen's summons, which took place sometimes at seven o'clock and rarely later than half-past; Miss Burney was in reality Queen Charlotte's second "lady's maid," Mrs. Schwellenberg being the principal one, and, like many other "chiefs," leaving the most arduous duties to be performed by subordinates. She rarely appeared at her Majesty's first toilet. Mrs. Thielky, the wardrobe woman, handed the Queen's clothes to Miss Burney, who put them on the royal person. This early toilet completed, Miss Burney retired to her own room to breakfast. After breakfast she employed herself strictly in the duties of her department, arranging drawers, and preparing dresses, not only for her royal mistress but for herself,—no trifling affair when it is remembered that court etiquette required a new or entirely renovated dress for every birthday of the royal family—so numerous—for every court-day, and a different style of apparel for the retirement of Kew, the semi-seclusion of Windsor, or the gaiety of St. James's. By a quarter before twelve Miss Burney had to be ready for the Queen's midday toilet, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when it usually com-

menced before eleven, these being the days for curling and craping the royal locks. Absolutely this abominable toilet lasted till three o'clock in the afternoon. So much of life being consumed before the looking-glass in those days of powder and paint, and of hoops and high heels. The Queen always dismissed Miss Burney during the solemn operation of "powdering," from "a consideration not to spoil her clothes;" but the dangerous cloud dispersed in a few minutes, and then the tinkle of her bell called her to the state dressing-room where the last touches to the toilet were given. The fortunate rising generation, with all the aid of "fancy balls" and "correct costumes," can have but a vague notion of the fatigue and pomp of dress in the days of their great-grandmothers, all encountered as a recognised necessity of life from which there was not even a desire to escape. We of maturer years, who just saw the hem of the skirt of past usages sweep off the stage of life; who can dimly remember one ancient powdered lady, with locks like silver snowed upon; who have listened to the tradition of heads being dressed thirty hours before a ball, in consequence of the excessive occupation of the hair-dressers, rest only being taken in an upright position; who have been shown what was the "powdering-room" in a family mansion, and told some of the strange, comic, semi-serious tales connected with it, can perhaps more readily realise the absurdity of the mode, but not easily is the quaint impression so early made to be conveyed to another.

It must not be forgotten that poor Miss Burney had herself to dress for the dressing of the Queen; so that we make out nine hours of her time habitually spent in handling fine clothes; save the breakfast hour, at which we are specially told she indulged herself with a book. At three o'clock she was dismissed—how tired with the mere physical exertion of standing we leave our readers to judge. At five she dined with Mrs. Schwellenberg, and whomsoever had been ordered to their table,—bishops, lords, ladies, or commoners as the case might be. Coffee, tea, card-playing,—which Miss Burney abhorred, but practised to keep Mrs. Schwellenberg in temper,—made out the evening until nearly eleven. Then she withdrew, and taking her simple supper of bread and fruit, awaited her "bell." Between eleven and twelve the Queen retired, and Miss Burney congratulated herself that her midnight duties only occupied about twenty minutes or half-an-hour. At last to bed, and now listen to her own words in the early days of her office, while her excellent constitution had strength to resist the first attacks made on it. In her diary she says, "The early rising and a long day's attention to new affairs and occupations, cause a fatigue so bodily, that nothing mental stands against it, and to sleep I fall the moment I have put out my candle and laid down my head."

Queen Charlotte was an inordinate snuff-taker, and it was Miss Burney's duty to mix, or, as it was called, "cook" snuff, and replenish snuff-boxes; also she was

called on to cut the leaves of new books, chiefly in the German language, which she did not understand; in short, she was ready to perform any similar office which royalty might dictate or suggest to her. Not at first, however, did Fanny Burney fully realise the privations and wearisome monotony of her position; and, indeed, a certain tenderness of her character, which made her very grateful for small kindnesses, induced her to magnify the graciousness of the royal family, and to look hopefully on her lot. Certainly the young Princesses must have been charming, unaffected girls; and the circumstance that they even were amenable to the rigid laws of etiquette—not addressing their parents until themselves addressed, not sitting in their presence without permission—made them pleasingly thoughtful and considerate for others. They constantly came to Miss Burney's room, either with messages from the Queen, or on little visits of kindness; and there are abundant evidences that they liked her cordially and sincerely. The partiality did themselves honour, for there can be very little doubt that Miss Burney was the most intellectual and high-toned woman about the Court, and one of the most thoroughly well bred, we are equally sure. Many minute traits show that she had those fine manners which result from fine feelings, combined with the quick, decisive reasoning which best maintains self-possession. One little anecdote exemplifies what we mean.

Miss Burney was in attendance on the Queen during a visit to Lady Harcourt, and, in the difficulty of finding proper accommodation, was ordered to take her tea in the Princess Elizabeth's room. Just as tea was over, the Princess came in, and as Miss Burney was departing urged her to stay, and even "flew to another end of the room" to bring a chair for Miss Burney, and seat her near herself. Had Fanny Burney followed her Royal Highness, and forcibly prevented this act of condescension, as in the hurry of the moment a *parvenue* would certainly have done, she might have been forgiven; but no, she felt that there must seem presumption in appearing to suspect a design of which she could not be certain, so she allowed the chair to be placed, and then made her graceful apology by describing the reason of her hesitation. The Princess "only laughed good-humouredly," and made her "take the chair she had thus condescended to fetch." There was an exquisite refinement in this deportment that could only emanate from a thorough gentlewoman.

The King invariably behaved to Miss Burney with blunt cordiality, and often with really a fatherly kindness. Of course intentional liberties were never taken with him; and it was an amiable feature of George the Third's character, that understanding this, he was slow to take offence for mere breaches of etiquette or the inadvertencies of ignorance. Queen Charlotte seems to us to have been far more punctilious, and to have exacted, rather than permitted, wearisome waiting, and

hours of unnecessary fatigue, among her attendants. Neither did she trouble herself at all about their mental peace and social comforts; had she done so, she never would have permitted Miss Burney's sufferings under the tyranny of Mrs. Schwellenberg. This coarse-minded, illiterate woman, had come over from Germany with the Queen on her marriage, and had ever since held the situation immediately above that now filled by Miss Burney. Her best quality seems to have been a faithful, but blind idolatry towards her royal mistress; but respect for opinions different from her own, or compassion for sufferings in which she did not participate, were emotions quite foreign to her nature. Her tyranny had worn out the health and spirits of her countrywoman, Mrs. Haggerdorn, Miss Burney's predecessor; but that was no reason that she should be less exacting towards the young Englishwoman.

We do not say that it was her Majesty's province to interfere with the petty details of Mrs. Schwellenberg's management or deportment; but Queen Charlotte had a fair share of penetration and of common sense where her own immediate interests were concerned; and it is not easy to believe that five-and-twenty years' knowledge of Mrs. Schwellenberg had left her ignorant of her waiting-woman's character. If it were so, it was a melancholy instance of the isolation of royalty, and of the deceptions of a Court, for Mrs. Schwellenberg was positively detested by

every one in the household. Her accidental absence made a gala day at her "table;" and nine out of ten of commonly civil speeches addressed to her either cloaked a selfish purpose, or only half-masked a sarcasm. Miss Burney disliked cards, but Mrs. Schwellenberg sulked if her companion hesitated to play when she wished it. Miss Burney loved peace, and a little privacy; Mrs. Schwellenberg scolded when she secluded herself, but endeavoured to quarrel in their *tête-à-têtes.* Perhaps, however, her greatest cruelty was compelling Miss Burney to travel in the carriage they shared with the window down on her side in biting winter weather, and when she had inflammation of the eyes, brought on by previous exposure of the same sort. Mrs. Schwellenberg, be it remembered, was a little fastidious in her cruelty. She liked to be protected on her own side of the carriage, but insisted on the keen, frosty air being so admitted that it blew on the poor sufferer's face. And to remonstrance she made this horrible rejoinder, "You might bear it when you like it! What did the poor Haggerdorn bear it! when the blood was all running down from her eyes!" "I must take, then," returned Miss Burney, "the more warning." In truth, the poor Keeper of the Robes was constantly reminded of her predecessor, a commonplace enough person—who, in derision, was called by some of the household "the oyster"—but whose constitution entirely broke under her manifold labours and trials.

It is true that the Queen could not be cognisant of the details of her dependants' comforts; but she was not blameless in conceding authority to such a woman as Mrs. Schwellenberg. Moreover, there was something very hard and unfeminine in the manner in which her majesty wilfully shut her eyes to the bodily sufferings of those about her. Even Miss Burney, with all her love and reverence for the "sweet Queen," is constrained to own that people about the Court were not believed to be ill while able, by any exertion or self-control, to keep on their feet. We find no concession made, except when the poor invalid was prostrate, confined to her bed, and after these occasions, directly she was able to rise, there began the same arduous service.

Even excursions, which seemed to promise interest and variety, became sources of suffering. When Miss Burney attended the Queen to Oxford, no proper accommodation was provided for her; she was not allowed to take her maid, so that she had all the trouble of her own elaborate toilet, and to send miles for a strange hair-dresser, who began his indispensable operations at six in the morning. Wearied with hours and hours of standing and dawdling, she and others were likewise nearly starving. To eat in the royal presence was a sort of petty treason; nevertheless the kind Doctors of the University, while their Majesties were partaking of a collation, did contrive an impromptu tea-and-coffee refreshment in a corner, which the attendants snatched at, one-

half of them at a time, while the other half stood before the eaters to mask such profane doings. Afterwards Miss Burney shared some bread and fruit which a gentleman had brought in his pocket, she and two or three others having slipped away into a little parlour of one of the Colleges for a few minutes' rest, but suddenly the Queen entered, when, of course, they started to their feet, and the bread was hidden in their pockets, and the apricots "squeezed up in their hands."

How differently ought Fanny Burney to have visited the beautiful city and time-honoured University of Oxford! With all her fatigue and physical discomforts, her spirits were so elated, and her mind so set in harmony with the associations of the place, that she chronicles the occasion as one of pleasure not of suffering; and amid her felicitations delights with filial pride at having been looked upon as "a Doctor's daughter." But how many of her father's friends would, under other circumstances, have delighted to honour her; and what a kindly contest would have taken place among the many residents who would have proffered hospitalities! How youthful graduates would have sought respectfully to look on the author of "Evelina;" and how many a "Fellow" would have gladly turned aside from his books to play the cicerone to so accomplished a visitor! Then, indeed, a summer day at such a place would have presented a striking contrast to the scene which was enacted that 13th August, 1786, when Miss Burney was dragged

from college to college, a mere living appendage to the royal party! And yet the Queen intended kindness in bringing her there; only her Majesty was wonderfully obtuse when the convenience or requirements of other persons were in question.

Neither must it be supposed that Miss Burney was treated as a menial. Far otherwise; to be placed so immediately about the Queen was looked on as an honourable distinction; and it was well understood that there were many members of noble families who had desired her situation. With an instant recognition of her position, ladies about the court of the highest rank paid her visits of ceremony on the footing of one gentlewoman to another. Her own fine qualities of heart and mind cemented into strong friendship many of the acquaintances thus made or improved; but these intimacies could not compensate for the separation from dearer and older friends, which was one of the bitterest trials of her Court residence. It was by favour only, at long intervals, and by careful pre-arrangement, that she could see father or sisters, the Locks—her dear friends of Norbury Park—Mrs. Ord, Miss Cambridge, or other friends outside the Court circle, who had for years made life sweet to her.

Did the acquaintances who had heaped congratulations on her appointment expect she was to be made a peeress in her own right, and all her family be ennobled and provided for? Did they think she would entertain them, and hold mental communion with them, by a

new novel written on hot-pressed, gilt-edged paper, and penned within the precincts of the Queen's boudoir? These things were not in the bond of her service, all the articles of which were kept to the letter. Disappointment, however, of some sort there undoubtedly was; for after a time there were heard murmurs and whisperings about Miss Burney in the circles in which she had been so great an ornament. Her friends missed her expressive face, and pleasant voice, and graceful mien among them; and people began to say they had not thought she would be so much secluded, and that it was shameful her pen should be idle. Paragraphs, wholly without foundation, crept into the newspapers, and as they necessarily came under the royal eye distressed Miss Burney greatly. One time the plot and particulars of an imaginary new novel by the author of "Evelina" were given; and another it was made a matter of congratulation that Miss Burney was promoted to a situation about the Princesses. This assertion being the next day contradicted, but excused on the plea of the benefit their royal highnesses would have derived from her accomplishments and virtues. Really this was a hint by which the Queen might have profited; but, on the contrary, she received with complaisance Miss Burney's assurance, that no change which removed her from attendance on her Majesty would be considered by her as "promotion."

Some few times she was called on to read to the Queen, a seat being conceded to her in consideration of

her delicate health; and she wrote some occasional verses on a favourite garment of her Majesty called "A Great-Coat," and lines to the King in her name; and helped the Queen, whose muse deserted her at the third line, to compose a short poetical epistle to Lord Harcourt to accompany a present. But these were the limits of any services demanded from her, which could be called in the slightest degree intellectual; unless, indeed, we make the large exception of Miss Burney's attendance, by the Queen's express desire, on several days of the trial of Warren Hastings.

Miss Burney had known Mr. Hastings before his impeachment, and from her liking for the individual was deaf to the accusations made against him, or when not deaf indignant at them. But if she was a partisan, so was the Queen; and considering her powers of observation, her faithful memory, and that she looked on the whole proceeding from her Majesty's own point of view, it is easy enough to understand that the Queen found her descriptions of the scene especially clear and vivid. One cannot but regret that Fanny Burney allowed prejudice to overthrow reason and some of her better feelings on these occasions. One could have wished her courtesy to her old friend, Edmund Burke, had not been "distant and cold;"—Edmund Burke, whose friendship had been so often shown, and whose last act of office, four years before, had been to establish Dr. Burney as organist of Chelsea College. Her naturally kind and grateful heart must, indeed, have been fired

by party passions before she could thus have resented the part the great orator was taking.

Though the systematic discomforts of Miss Burney's life continued unabated, and though her health was being slowly, but certainly, undermined by the excessive fatigue incidental to her situation, we can clearly trace in her diary the firm hold she was gradually obtaining on the confidence and in the affections of the royal family. Her influence was that very powerful one of intellectual and moral superiority combined; and at the terrible period of the King's illness and mental malady, her devotion, her discretion, and her heartfelt sympathy, were appreciated by the Queen, whose own grief certainly melted her heart to a tenderness and consideration for her dependants which she had rarely evinced before.

In April 1788, Mrs. Delany died, and the loss seemed to Miss Burney irreparable. "She was all that I dearly loved that remained within my reach," was her pathetic exclamation. Mrs. Delany had not been able to provide for her faithful servants; but Miss Burney, ever reluctant to ask favours for herself, was true to her own fine nature, solicited the Queen in behalf of "poor Astley," who was pensioned as a housekeeper, and procured Mrs. Delany's footman a place in a noble family.

Hardly had Miss Burney's sorrow for her loss had time to abate its poignancy when, about October, indications of the King's malady began to alarm the

whole household. Probably every symptom or minute circumstance connected with his seizure was known to her, and though she avowedly refrained from recording any particulars related to her in confidence, her Diary of the autumn of 1788 and following winter is replete with mournful interest and graphic details. She saw and conversed with the poor King, when his hoarse, and hurried, and meaningless speech was as the sign which those who run might read of the blow that was impending; she heard, perforce, his more violent ravings, and was at times the subject of them when even yet no one dared control the lunatic. She it was who was made by the Queen messenger to equerries and physicians to inquire the state of the sufferer; she was present at interviews between the Queen and the Princesses; she came to the royal chamber now unsummoned, and her own irresistible weeping the morning after the truth of the King's absolute madness had been acknowledged, was the occasion of the poor Queen herself obtaining the relief of tears.

Queen Charlotte is described as sitting up in her bed in the grey twilight of a November morning, Miss Goldsworthy, who had remained with her the whole night, being seated beside her. Miss Burney feared approaching without permission, but could not prevail on herself to retreat. The Queen "looked like death—colourless and wan. But nature is infectious; the tears gushed from her own eyes, and a perfect agony of weeping ensued, which, once begun, she could not

stop. She did not, indeed, try; for when it subsided, and she wiped her eyes, she said, 'I thank you, Miss Burney; you have made me cry; it is a great relief to me; I had not been able to cry before all this night long.'"

Miss Burney was one of the extremely limited number of attendants who shared the seclusion of the royal family at Kew during the height of the King's malady, and when scarcely any communication with the world outside the gates was permitted. Her discretion might have been, and indeed was, relied on without such stringent rules, yet, doubtless, it was very necessary to make them. It is not naming a house a palace that can change its character; and the Kew residence was at that time a most mournful prison. The stroke which had fallen was one, indeed, to humble the pride of the mightiest; and the royal lunatic, caged in his palace, and only approached by physicians and their needful assistants, was a spectacle to melt the heart of the sternest. His Queen proved in this hour of trial a very true, and faithful, and heroic wife. She insisted on being at hand, and, with her elder children, remained ever ready for a favourable opportunity to be allowed to see the sufferer. The recovery was gradual; and an incident occurred in the February of 1789, which terrified Miss Burney extremely. She was accidentally seen by the poor King, and as the general orders had been for every one to keep out of his way, she ran off. He pursued

her through the garden, calling out loudly and hoarsely, "Miss Burney! Miss Burney!" Fright gave wings to her feet, and how long the desperate chase continued she scarcely knew; but at last she heard "other voices, shriller though less nervous," calling out, "Stop! stop! stop!" Still, however, she ran on, only remembering that she had agreed that very morning with one of the physicians that, in case of such an accident, she should decamp as fast as possible. After a time, when nearly ready to drop, she just understood the words shrieked after her, "Dr. Willis begs you to stop: you must, ma'am; it hurts the King to run."

In a moment the sense of right and duty conquered, and she stopped; and now was enacted a scene that might, indeed, have unnerved a hardier nature. The poor King, on the brink of recovery, standing on the confines between madness and sanity, put his two hands on her shoulders and kissed her cheek, and then broke out in a semi-rational discourse on innumerable people and things. He grew more excited in his manner—long was it before he released her; and yet, upon the whole, she found reason to be thankful that he was "so nearly himself."

She hastened almost immediately to the Queen, who was earnest and anxious to hear every particular of so interesting a scene. Miss Burney was discreet in concealing much that might have pained, and unselfish in refraining from all mention of the King's

abuse of Mrs. Schwellenberg. Through the haze of his madness he had more than a glimmer of what poor Fanny had suffered.

A less faithful and esteemed servant than Miss Burney might well have become endeared to her mistress amid the scenes and the confidences in which she participated; and in following Fanny Burney through the remaining years of her Court attendance, the harsh outlines of her life are a little softened down by the evidence of a sentiment, on the Queen's part, much warmer than mere approbation. There are many characters—not the best or the worst of human kind—which are amazingly improved by a great trouble, a real heart agony. It splinters off the hard, cold pinnacles of pride, of selfishness, and of ignorant self-esteem; and, though the influence is often only more or less temporary, and the repulsive characteristics sharpen out again when the sorrow is over, they are rarely as prominent afterwards, and seldom possess the first power of wounding.

Something of this change, though not hinted at in the Diary, seems to us to have passed over Queen Charlotte, who never shone out more truly the Woman and the Wife than during the horrors and the anguish of the King's illness.

On Sunday, March the 1st, 1789, the Prayer of Thanksgiving for the King's recovery was read in all the churches throughout the metropolis; and the signal for public rejoicings thus given, they spread throughout

the country. After a little while, however, the life at Court resumed very nearly its old channel. We have the old account of wearisome drawing-room days, when Miss Burney was literally in attendance for eighteen hours on a stretch; of miserable journeys with Mrs. Schwellenberg; of the sickening of the heart for the want of intelligent, affectionate, equal companionship. The death of her attached servant under very afflicting circumstances was also a real sorrow to her. The lights which streaked across all this darkness were occasional intercourse with her father and friends, visits to Chelsea of perhaps a day or two, made at long intervals when the Queen could spare her; and we cannot help adding, as a fitful light among the shadows, the intimate friendship which grew up between her and one of the King's gentlemen-in-waiting, whom she designates in the Diary as Mr. Fairly. We believe we are right in naming him Colonel Digby, whose first wife, Lady Lucy, died in the autumn of 1787, and who married secondly in January, 1790, a daughter of Sir Robert Gunning, called in the Diary Miss Fuzilcer. During the greater part of the period that he was a widower he sought Miss Burney's society on every possible occasion. He was only ten years the elder, of cultivated mind, refined manners, and literary tastes; and if a sentiment warmer than friendship existed at one time between them, it was a result to be expected rather than wondered at. In truth, they did not wholly escape the quizzing of the

household. Whether Miss Burney ever said the decisive "no," or whether Colonel Digby, descended from a very ancient family, had too much pride of birth to ask the hand of the "Doctor's daughter," it would be impertinent to inquire. It is enough that his marriage with Miss Gunning took every one by surprise. Only a week after that event he brought his bride to visit Miss Burney, who "received her with all the attention in her power;" but we notice that she apologised to the lady for her "inability to return the honour of her visit." The visit was, indeed, curiously managed, the Colonel being announced, but only the bride ushered in. Very brave men are cowards on some occasions; and if in the course of their acquaintance either party behaved not quite well, we are certain the fault did not rest with Miss Burney.

It was in May 1790, that an opportunity long desired offered for Miss Burney to break to her father a truth which she feared would infinitely distress him, —the truth that her health was breaking fast, and that she was hopelessly miserable. The King had given her a ticket for the Handel Commemoration, and, by appointment, Dr. Burney took charge of his daughter. There was so little room that, when they reached the Abbey, they were glad to take the first vacant places which presented themselves, though doing so separated them from the rest of their party. The conference which ensued between the pauses of the glorious

"Messiah," or in a whisper that to other ears was overpowered by the swell of the music, was the longest father and daughter had enjoyed for four years. Fortunately Dr. Burney led up the conversation to the very subject she desired to enter on, by repeating to her "sundry speeches of discontent at her seclusion from thé world." Among other things, he described the astonishment of Madame de Boufflers on learning that she had no regular vacation allowed her. This lady's "Est-ce possible Mademoiselle votre fille n'a-t-elle point de vacance?" seemed first to have opened his eyes to the hardships his Fanny was enduring.

Fanny Burney felt that the moment was come to speak openly and fearlessly. But here her own words are alone worthy to be remembered :—

"I spoke my high and constant veneration for my royal mistress, her merits, her virtues, her condescension, and her own peculiar kindness towards me. But I owned the species of life distasteful to me: I was lost to all private comfort, dead to all domestic endearment; I was worn with want of rest, and fatigued with laborious watchfulness and attendance. My time was devoted to official duties; and all that in life was dearest to me—my friends, my chosen society, my best affections—lived now in my mind only by recollection, and rested upon that with nothing but bitter regret. With relations the most deservedly dear, with friends of almost unequalled goodness, I lived like an

orphan—like one who had no natural ties, and must make her way as she could by those that were factitious. Melancholy was the existence where happiness was excluded, though not a complaint could be made; where the illustrious personages who were served possessed almost all human excellence, yet where those who were their servants, though treated with the most benevolent condescension, could never, in any part of the livelong day, command liberty, or social intercourse, or repose!

"The silence of my dearest father now silencing myself, I turned to look at him; but how was I struck to see his honoured head bowed down almost into his bosom with dejection and discomfort! We were both perfectly still a few moments; but when he raised his head I could hardly keep my seat, to see his eyes filled with tears! 'I have long,' he cried, 'been uneasy, though I have not spoken; but if you wish to resign, my house, my purse, my arms, shall be open to receive you back.'"

Miss Burney seems to have been quite overpowered at this speech, which she calls "sweet" and "generous;" certainly, Dr. Burney proved himself an affectionate father on this occasion; for, having once understood her misery, he not only abandoned all his visionary golden dreams of court favour without a murmur, but seemed to replace them by fond desires for his daughter's release, and anxious hopes for the restoration of her health. Nevertheless that conference in

Westminster Abbey was but the beginning of the end, —it took a weary year to bring about Miss Burney's release. One might have fancied she was a state prisoner, not to be set free without the tedious forms of treaties and embassies.

It was not, however, till the October of this year that Miss Burney took the preliminary step of preparing her memorial to the Queen. The summer had passed away in such a hurry of court gaieties and other events, that she had not found what she considered a proper opportunity for her purpose. Perhaps, with all her distress of mind and body, her weakened nerves shrank from meeting the first shock of astonishment, rebuke, or regret, which she had reason to expect. Increased illness, however, was the spur to quicken her good intent. Even after the memorial was written, ready for presentation, she saw a new doctor, who propped her up with tonics, and for a few weeks she seemed so much better that she delayed executing her purpose. Nature, however, had its revenge, and the prostration after this temporary relief was greater than ever.

Meanwhile, her friend and admirer, Mr. Windham, whose acquaintance she might be said to have renewed at the Hastings trial, was among the most zealous advocates for her resignation at any risk, at any sacrifice. Wherever he went, he lamented the injury to her health which was inflicted, and the loss of her talents to the world. In a conversation with her

sister Charlotte, now Mrs. Francis, he exclaimed, "It is resolution, not inclination, Dr. Burney wants;" and after some further reflection he continued, "I will set the Literary Club upon him! Miss Burney has some very true admirers there, and I am sure they will all eagerly assist. We will present him a petition—an address."

Soon afterwards Miss Burney had a chance meeting with Boswell, who, amid all his egotism and self-gratulation on the approaching publication of his "Life of Johnson," had still a hearty sympathy for her. "If you do not quit, ma'am, very soon," he exclaimed, "some violent measures, I assure you, will be taken. We shall address Dr. Burney in a body; I am ready to make the harangue myself. We shall fall upon him all at once."

She might be pleased by the kindly feeling of her old acquaintance; but Fanny Burney evidently avoided taking such a gossip into her confidence, and, instead of telling him her intention to resign, she turned the conversation, by inquiring after a very honoured member of the Club, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

November came, and her "languor, feverish nights, and restless days, were incessant." Yet she had not the courage to draw her memorial from her letter-case, though "the war was over, and the hope of a ship for brother demolished." In December the loss of her health "was notorious;" and the whole household, who believed she was falling into a decline, showed

her "compassion and regard." The Queen is said to have been "very kind" during this time; but there is no record that her kindness prompted much indulgence, or a respite from the early and late attendance which were killing poor Fanny. Though quite prepared to find that Miss Burney would solicit "a short absence to recruit," her Majesty did not *offer* even that grace.

Some time before Christmas the so-long-delayed memorial to the Queen was delivered; passing, from some point of etiquette, through the hands of Mrs. Schwellenberg to those of her Majesty. Perhaps the Queen was not prepared for Miss Burney's definite and unqualified resignation; and yet the letter, which she pronounced "very modest, and nothing improper," could not have surprised her very much. This memorial-letter is itself too long for extract, but it shows throughout a mournful earnestness which is very touching. Of course the tone is reverential and humble, but the writer comes to the point at once, and, while expressing her gratitude for royal favours received, clearly asserts that her health and strength are unequal to her duties.

When Mrs. Schwellenberg fairly understood the contents of the missive she delivered, her astonishment at first took the shape of positive wrath. She seemed to think it an insult to her Majesty that any one should prefer life and health outside a palace to death at a Queen's feet. By-and-bye, however, her

anger so far calmed, that, after "a laboured panegyric of her own friendly zeal and goodness," she proposed that Miss Burney's resignation should be withdrawn, and leave of absence for six weeks accepted. It was perfectly evident that this proposed compromise emanated from the Queen, and poor Fanny was greatly disturbed by it. Nevertheless, neither she nor her father hesitated; and Dr. Burney wrote a letter "filled with gratitude towards the Queen and affection to his daughter," but expressing his decisive opinion that she could not continue her attendance.

Now, therefore, it might be considered decided that the Queen must choose a new Keeper of the Robes; but in her humble memorial Miss Burney had expressed her readiness—indeed her desire—to continue in attendance until her Majesty's "own choice, time, and convenience, might nominate a successor," and the Queen showed no sign of haste in making a selection. Moreover, Miss Burney was strictly commanded not to mention beyond her own family circle that her resignation had been tendered and accepted: so that for six months longer she had silently to endure, or answer as best she could the entreaties of friends and acquaintances that she would abandon her Court life.

Early in January the Queen inquired what dress Miss Burney had prepared for the birthday? The Queen's birthday was the 19th of that month, and the question showed not only that the poor sick atten-

dant would not be released before then, but that she would be expected to go through the very arduous duties of the day. So with the best heart she could summon, and still recording the Queen's kindness and "softness," the brave victim made her needful preparations. But before the birthday came Twelfth-day; and as this was the occasion of a grand ball at the Castle, we are told that the Queen condescended to say that Miss Burney might go to bed, and that she would content herself with the attendance of the wardrobe-woman. But the proposal was so ungraciously made, being accompanied with the desire that she would not make it known to Mrs. Schwellenberg, who "would be quite wretched at such a thing," that Miss Burney declined an indulgence which would be considered such an impropriety. If the Queen had understood her attendant's sensitive nature, she must have been sensible in how unqueenlike a manner she had offered this boon. Why, the lesson we teach a child is to lighten the weight of a favour when he confers one; and royalty should, at least, be practised in the arts of courtesy!

The day before the Queen's birthday Miss Burney was seized with a "terrible illness;" and we gather from the brief announcement of it, that her sister, Mrs. Phillips, and her dear friend Mrs. Lock, were sent for to be her kind and tender nurses. A few short sentences form now the Journal for three months. In April, Miss Burney had two conferences with her royal mistress, and spoke with all possible openness on

the necessity of her resignation. On one of these occasions, the Queen consulted her on the choice of a successor, stated her difficulties, and owned she should choose a foreigner in consequence of the difficulty of finding in England "one who would be discreet in point of keeping off friends and acquaintances from frequenting the palace." But she graciously added much commendation on Miss Burney's discretion in this particular.

Mistresses in a lower rank of life, who forbid all "followers" to their servants, mimic Queen Charlotte; but in charity we will hope they are as ignorant as she seemed to be of the wants of the human hearts which they condemn to an unwholesome torpor or an aching void.

The 4th of June was the King's birthday, with a drawing-room in the day and a ball at night. No wonder Miss Burney records in her Diary the next day that she was "very ill." "I stood," she says, "with such infinite difficulty in the Queen's presence at noon that I was obliged to be dismissed, and to go to bed in the middle of the day."

About this time all the world were enjoying their first reading of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and the King used to come into the Queen's dressing-room every night, and delay her Majesty's proceedings by asking of Miss Burney "explanations without end" of the people and circumstances named in the biography. What a pity they did not invent a new place about the

Court, and call it "converser," with a few hours of duty at reasonable hours of the day! They might, perhaps, have kept Miss Burney, whose absence they so much regretted, about them then. Seriously, it is quite curious to observe how fond the King and Queen evidently were of her society, and yet that they took no means to enjoy it to the best advantage.

Early in July, Mademoiselle Jacobi, Miss Burney's successor, arrived, and this event seemed to announce that the days of Fanny Burney's services were at last narrowing to a close. Anxious as she was for rest and home-peace, and conscious even that her very life depended on her timely withdrawal, it is easy to understand that she could not change the habits of five years, or part from those with whom for that time she had been intimately associated, without emotion. Now, the truth of her departure was acknowledged throughout the household. Breaking the business to her own two servants was "quite a tragedy," man and maid both sobbing and crying aloud. Even the housemaid of her apartment "cried bitterly." Miss Planta, one of the Princesses' ladies, broke off abruptly from the subject, and left Miss Burney in a passion of tears. All were glad for her sake, and grieved for their own. Even the Schwellenberg had latterly been "friendly, even affectionate." "The sweet Princesses seemed sorry." The King was "more courteous, more communicative, more amiable," at every meeting; and the Queen, though visibly disturbed at the impending

separation, and though, as the time drew near, "her cordiality rather diminished," we honestly believe masked warmer and better feelings than those she chose to display.

Miss Burney's last days of office were employed in explaining the duties of the position to her successor; in interesting her royal mistress to make one or two concessions which might tend to the happiness of Mademoiselle Jacobi; and suggesting all she could to render the latter more comfortable. Well might the Queen say of Fanny Burney that she was "true as gold," and that "in point of heart there was not all the world over one better."

The actual parting from the Queen took place at St. James's, on July the 7th, 1791. There was a drawing-room held that day, and her Majesty had intimated her desire that Miss Burney should assist for the last time at her toilet. She had previously announced her intention of allowing Miss Burney a hundred a-year for the future, a munificence which overwhelmed her with gratitude, and which, indeed she combated. But when we consider the sacrifices which had been made, that she left in consequence of shattered health, and, as the King himself remarked, that she had "given up five years of her pen," we fancy the narrowest economists will consider that her pension was fully merited. After the drawing-room, when Miss Burney followed the Queen to her closet, the subject was resumed, and her Majesty again said,

"I shall certainly do it." And on Miss Burney replying that she had so little dwelt on such an expectation, believing that her Majesty would take it into further consideration, that she had not written the intelligence to her father, the Queen promptly answered,—

"Your father has nothing to do with it; it is solely from *me* to *you*."

"Let me then humbly entreat," said Miss Burney, "still, in some measure, to be considered a servant of your Majesty, either as reader, or to assist occasionally if Mademoiselle Jacobi should be ill."

We are told that the Queen looked most graciously pleased, and immediately closed with the proposal, saying, "When your health is restored—perhaps sometimes."

Before long the Queen had her handkerchief at her eyes. The change of dress was over; the royal family were all ready to return to Kew. For the last time Fanny Burney took the Queen's cloak, and placed it on her shoulders. In doing so she slightly pressed the royal person, saying in a choking voice, "God Almighty bless your Majesty."

The Queen turned round, and putting her hand on Miss Burney's ungloved arm, pressed it, and said with great kindness, "May you be happy!"

The Queen left the room, and the next instant the three elder Princesses rushed in to offer their last hurried adieu. "Princess Augusta and Princess

Elizabeth each took a hand, and the Princess Royal put hers over them." Poor Fanny could not speak, but they repeated over and over again, "I wish you happy—I wish you health."

So closed the second remarkable epoch in Fanny Burney's life. Coming from her Court confinement to the world of her old and dear friends was like returning from the suffocating atmosphere of a hot-house—not devoid of poison plants—into an English garden sweet smelling of roses and violets. Very soon new friends were to open for her a new channel for her affections, and to lead her up the hill-side of expanding thoughts to a breezier and more bracing mental atmosphere than she had yet known. But before we touch upon them, we must briefly sketch her position on finding herself established at the paternal home now situated at Chelsea, and where her step-mother and young half-sister received her most cordially. Her sisters, Esther, Susanna, and Charlotte, had homes of their own, being now re-pectively Mrs. Burney—Esther had married her cousin—Mrs. Phillips, and Mrs. Francis; her brother James was making his way in the navy, whether or not indebted to his sister's influence for promotion, we will not take upon ourselves to say; and Charles had already distinguished himself so highly, that no one was astonished to find him soon acknowledged the first Greek scholar of his age.

Mrs. Piozzi had returned from her travels and

published an entertaining book about them. She had also given to the world some letters and notices of Dr. Johnson, all which productions Miss Burney had read with great interest while about the Queen. Twice only had these once such dear friends met; on the first occasion at an evening party on one of the very few "holidays" of Fanny, and the second time on the way to church at Windsor. Without any attempt being made to renew the old intimacy, this second meeting at any rate had been friendly.

No sooner was it known that Miss Burney had resigned her appointment than her friends flocked to proffer services and invitations, but she was far too ill for ordinary visiting. Her father "did the honours" for her among those who had been most interested in her resignation. Horace Walpole wrote a charming letter, with a warm invitation to Strawberry Hill. Mrs. Crewe pressed her to recruit at Crewe Hall; and Mrs. Ord told her to take the map of England, and choose for herself the tour they should make together. This last was a kind and judicious proposal, for nothing was more likely to restore the invalid than easy travelling, pleasant society, and change of scene. So towards the end of July they started for the west of England, travelling in Mrs. Ord's carriage, and accompanied by her maid; about thirty miles being the extent of a day's journey. They saw everything worth seeing in the western counties, and halted for some time at Bath. This

was a place very suggestive of recollections to Miss Burney, but she now made some new friends there, and thus had the less time to moralise on the past, and to mourn the dead and the estranged. Besides others of scarcely less note, the Duchess of Devonshire sought Miss Burney's acquaintance, and notwithstanding their opposite politics and different view of many passing events, the Duchess—great woman, chief of the Whig party as she was—heaped civilities on the determined little Tory.

After this tour, which occupied several weeks, Miss Burney visited her sister, Mrs. Phillips, and her friend, Mrs. Lock; and about October she settled at home, and began to enjoy a little cheerful society among her London friends. Already she was decidedly better; but a short attendance on the Queen the following winter made her feel amazed that she had ever "gone through all that was passed." Indeed she was "half dead with only two days and nights' exertion." As may be divined from the summons for Miss Burney, poor Mademoiselle Jacobi was already beginning to break down; she had had a dreadful illness, and in addition had sprained her ankle; and her substitute, Miss Goldsworthy, was also temporarily indisposed, and unable to attend the Queen.

About this time it was that Miss Burney began to be again busy with her pen, finishing and publishing certain tragedies which had been partly con-

cocted during the scanty leisure of her Court life, but of which we hear very little more in the course of her history.

We have mentioned incidentally Miss Burney's valued friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lock, who resided at Norbury Park, in Surrey; her sister, Mrs. Phillips, being their near neighbour. In the autumn of 1792, Juniper Hall, a large family mansion, situated in the vicinity of Norbury Park, was taken by a distinguished party of the French noblesse, who had fled to England for safety from the horrors which were overwhelming their native country. Other emigrants sought residences round about them, so that a little colony of these interesting people was soon formed in the neighbourhood. The Locks and the Phillipses were kind-hearted and hospitable, and immediately proffered civilities to the strangers, and long before Frances Burney was personally introduced to a circle which influenced her future life, she had become deeply interested in it through the letters of her friends. It was some time in the winter of 1792–3 that she became for a while the guest of Mrs. Lock and the intimate of the exiles.

Few women of her age had mixed in more varied society than Miss Burney; and, perhaps, it was because she was so competent to know the "good" from the "bad," that she yielded herself so readily to the charm of intellectual and cultivated companionship. Moreover, there were a freshness of thought, and a newness

of manner, about these French noblesse that called out her own faculties, and awakened new trains of thought, to a degree that English people, equally intelligent and well informed, but moving only in a worn track of old ideas, could never have effected. It is true that the emigrants were all so far imbued with aristocratic feelings and principles, that their lives would not have been safe in France, now that power had passed into the hands of men whose cruelty and fanaticism had trodden down all sense of justice and reason; but many of the exiles had in the earlier stages of the revolution hoped great and beneficial results from it, and few if any of them, we apprehend, went the great length of desiring the *ancien régime* and all its abuses restored. Thus, it requires no great stretch of imagination to understand the contrast presented by the vigorous intellects, instinct with new ideas, and fresh with personal experiences, with which Miss Burney was now brought into contact, and the mediocrities, enervated by Court routine down to positive dullards, with whom for five years it had been her hard lot to associate. George the Third seemed wholly to forget the principles the triumph of which had placed his great-grandfather on the throne; and the Queen was even a more bigoted and unreasoning Tory than himself. The consequence was that throughout the household only one idea was tolerated, that of unquestioning obedience to royal authority; and all those who advocated freedom of thought, or measures which could

alone lead to national elevation were stigmatised as *not* "the King's friends."

But though the French emigrants spoke with natural horror of the excesses, the cruelties perpetrated by the remorseless party then powerful in France, they also told of the tyrannies and hardships which had led the wisest and best men of the nation to desire a change, and to strive for the limitation of regal and aristocratic privileges, and the establishment of just rights among the people: and, perhaps, it was now for the first time that Miss Burney heard great political questions freely ventilated, and discussed on the basis of abstract principles. In the palace the faintest breath of liberalism had been at any time enough to raise a local hurricane, to render the "sweet Queen" indignant, the King angry and unhappy, and to make Mrs. Schwellenberg rage and splutter forth her barbarous English, asking help for terms of vituperation with her "oders vat you call" and German expletives Down to the scullery-maids all were "the King's friends;" and this meant that the thoughts which were already beginning to upheave European society were not to be spoken in the very place where it was most needful they should be understood.

Let us glance at a few of the names of the exiles who either resided at Juniper Hall or visited there. Talleyrand and Madame de Staël shed the lustre of their great talents on the party; and Lally Tolendal,

and the Princesse d'Henin were there; and the Duc de Liancourt, whose attempted service to Louis the Sixteenth, and hair-breadth escape from France, formed one of the romantic episodes of the day; and the Marquise de la Chatre, and Madame de Broglie, and Monsieur, the *ci-devant* Duc de Montmorenci, and Jancourt, the advocate of Lafayette, and Lameth, and the two devoted friends, the Count de Narbonne and General D'Arblay.

Madame de Staël was disposed to attach herself to Miss Burney with all the enthusiasm of her nature; but Fanny was of a far less demonstrative temperament, and much as she admired, and, until slanderous tongues poisoned her mind, liked the brilliant Parisian, it is quite evident she did not at that time understand her. It would have been surprising had it been otherwise, for Madame de Staël was a woman so essentially in advance of her age, that her great genius is hardly yet measured and recognised. Every writer on politics or philosophy who has come after her has been more or less indebted to her. Besides, her opinions pushed forward in a very different track from that to which Miss Burney was accustomed, and it was only a limited sympathy which was likely to exist between them. Madame de Staël admired Miss Burney's novels, appreciated their humour, their fancy, and the keen observation of manners they displayed, and very possibly gave her credit for greater powers than her

writings had shown. There was at all times a lavish generosity of thought about Madame de Staël, that made her invariably judge well and highly of those of whom she knew even a little good; it was as if out of the riches of her own warm heart and inexhaustible mind her imagination supplied every deficiency; and if this attribute be a weakness, it is one that rarely belongs to any but the most exalted characters.

But, however delightful and invigorating the general society of the French emigrants might be to Miss Burney, very soon one individual stood out from the throng, and awakened a life-long affection in her heart. General D'Arblay was an officer who had been adjutant-general to Lafayette, and had in former days enjoyed a considerable private fortune and lucrative appointments. Now he was bereft of all resources, and sharing the small means which the Count de Narbonne had saved. There was something very noble in the friendship of these two brave men; the one accepting aid in the same generous spirit as the other offered it, and both hoping for happier days. General D'Arblay was a polished gentleman, whom no reverse of fortune could degrade from that condition; handsome, about eight or nine-and-thirty years of age, and with all the resources of a cultivated mind, combined with knowledge of life and society. In one of Fanny's letters to her father, bearing date February 1793, she writes thus: "M. D'Arblay is one of the most singularly interesting characters that can ever have been

formed. He has a sincerity, a frankness, an ingenuous openness of nature, that I had been unjust enough to think could not belong to a Frenchman. With all this, which is his military portion, he is passionately fond of literature, a most delicate critic in his own language, well versed in both Italian and German, and a very elegant poet. He has just undertaken to become my French master for pronunciation, and he gives me long daily lessons in reading."

A mutual partiality is already pretty evident; the lessons—she instructed him in English—no doubt brought them constantly together; and in the spring of this year M. D'Arblay made her an offer of his hand, "candidly acknowledging, however, the slight hope he entertained of ever recovering the fortune he had lost by the Revolution." Miss Burney did not come to a hasty decision; she withdrew to Chessington, "hoping that the extreme quiet of that place would assist her deliberations," but, finally, after weighing the self-denial which would be necessary if she married under such circumstances, she accepted his proposals. Dr. Burney was at first greatly distressed at the idea; his own somewhat expensive habits made him look at the means which alone his daughter could command as a mere pittance; and it was only by the persuasion of Mrs. Phillips, who explained the plans of her sister and M. D'Arblay, that Dr. Burney gave his half-reluctant consent. The marriage took place in Mickleham Church, on the 31st of July, 1793, in

the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Lock, Captain and Mrs. Phillips, M. de Narbonne, and Captain Burney, who gave his sister away; and on the following day—M. D'Arblay being a Roman Catholic—the ceremony was re-performed in the Sardinian Chapel, according to the rites of the Romish Church.

Certainly, had there been only Fanny's hundred a-year from the Queen to depend on, the marriage would have been excessively imprudent in a worldly point of view, but, as she herself truly said, "with peace of mind and retirement" she had resources in her pen by which to increase their income. Moreover, though the Diary is silent on the subject, we fancy some remnant must have been left of the sum she was said to have received for "Cecilia." However this might be, Mr. Lock offered M. D'Arblay a piece of ground on the confines of Norbury Park on which to build a cottage, the newly-married pair determining to live in the same humble manner in which many a poor curate is constrained to exist; but, in the first instance, they took up their abode in a farm-house in the neighbourhood. No doubt they were frequent, almost constant guests either at Mr. Lock's house or that of Captain Phillips; and the warm, fresh-hearted letters of congratulation which poured in from all sides, showed that they had not lost one friend by the step they had taken: and their friends were the "distinguished and the excellent of two countries."

It was the unsettled state of France which occa-

sioned the first delay in carrying out the building plan; for the execution of Marie Antoinette, and other atrocities, had made many people believe that the hour of reaction was at hand. Though so newly enjoying the sweets of domestic happiness, M. D'Arblay had thought it his duty to offer his services to join the Royalists at Toulon; and though fortunately his proposals were not accepted, the negotiations consumed so much time that the fine weather desirable for building was over before he felt assured of remaining in England. So passed away 1793. The following year Madame D'Arblay must have written a considerable portion of her novel "Camilla;" and about this time they removed from the farm-house to a small cottage residence in the same neighbourhood.

In December 1794, their happiness was increased by the birth of their son, who was christened Alexander Charles Louis Piochard D'Arblay, thus bearing the names of his father, and of his two godfathers, the Count de Narbonne and Madame D'Arblay's brother, Dr. Charles Burney. Notwithstanding their small means, a perfect content reigned in their little household. Writing to her father in August 1794, Madame D'Arblay speaks of the past year as a period "that had not been blemished with one regretful moment." In truth, she and her husband both knew the full measure of gaiety and grandeur, and, aware how powerless they are to confer happiness, did not sigh for either. Their own congenial tastes rendered them very indepen-

dent of other society, although they had the frequent companionship of many of the friends they most valued.

A large correspondence occupied a considerable portion of their time, and when the wife worked at her needle the husband read aloud. He was a critic of his wife's writings, and a sort of amateur author himself. Indeed, the verses he addressed to her on her birthday show the tenderness of true affection through the poet's glowing lines. Then for pastime and healthful exercise, he became an indefatigable gardener; and though in winning his experience he made a few mistakes, such as rooting up an asparagus bed for weeds, he succeeded in cultivating some very sweet-flavoured cabbages! All these events are told with the playful humour and genial spirits that only proceed from peace of mind; and one pauses to contemplate their serene happiness at this period, as if by so doing we might, for the moment, share it.

How the happy mother shows itself in the mock gravity with which she writes of her baby boy! In the same letter in which she discusses many weighty matters, her pen glides into the following account of him: "We find some kind reason for every smile he bestows upon us, and some generous and disinterested motive for every grave look. If he wants to be danced, we see he has discovered that his gaiety is exhilarating to us. If he refuses to be moved, we take notice that he fears to fatigue us. If he will not be quieted without singing, we delight in his early *goût*

for *les beaux arts.* If he is immovable to all we can devise to divert him, we are edified by the *grand sérieux* of his dignity and philosophy. If he makes the house ring with loud acclaim, because his food, at first call, does not come ready warm into his mouth, we hold up our hands with admiration at his vivacity."

Tenderly, indeed, was this child loved; and so fondly and yet wisely cared for, that childhood must, to him, have been that happy time so often pictured in colours more bright than the truth.

Towards the close of 1795, their dear friend, the Count de Narbonne, was in great embarrassment. The little wreck of property he had saved, and in the earlier days of their exile shared with General D'Arblay, was now exhausted; and, like thousands of the emigrants, high-born and gently nurtured, he was reduced to penury. Promptly, and in the most delicately worded and charming letter, Madame D'Arblay offered him a home at their cottage. "Should nothing better offer," she wrote, "or till something can be arranged, will you, dear sir, condescend to share the poverty of our hermitage? Will you take a little cell under our rustic roof, and fare as we fare? What to us, two hermits, is cheerful and happy, will to you, indeed, be miserable; but it will be some solace to the goodness of your heart to witness our contentment; to dig with M. D'A. in the garden will be of service to your health; to nurse sometimes with me

in the parlour will be a relaxation to your mind. You will not blush to own your little godson. Come, then, and give him your blessing; relieve the wounded feelings of his father, oblige his mother, and turn hermit at Bookham, till brighter suns invite you elsewhere. — F. D'Arblay.

"You will have terrible dinners, alas! — but your godson comes in for the dessert."

For family reasons, the Count deemed it expedient to remain near the frontiers of France, but from Switzerland he wrote a reply to this invitation, which was worthy of all parties concerned. In it he called Madame D'Arblay "his dear sister," and assured her, that when nothing else remained for him, he would accept their hospitality with more pleasure even than gratitude, being secure that M. and Madame D'Arblay's friendship would never fail him. Nothing, he said, had given him greater happiness (*une plus douce sensation de bonheur*) than her letter.

In the summer of 1796, Madame D'Arblay's third novel, "Camilla," was published. Prudential considerations induced her to bring it out by subscription, although she had a feeling of repugnance to the plan. It proved, however, eminently successful; and she was said to have cleared above three thousand pounds by the sale. The Dowager-Duchess of Leinster, the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Crewe, Mrs. Lock, and other influential friends, kept lists, and the fashionable world sent in their names with eagerness. Warren Hastings

said he would write to a friend to "engage Scotland," and promised himself to "attack the East Indies."

"Camilla" was dedicated, by permission, to Queen Charlotte; and the Diary gives a minute account of Madame D'Arblay's visit to Windsor to lay her five volumes at her Majesty's feet. Apartments had been engaged for M. and Madame D'Arblay, who arrived at Windsor late in the evening, not imagining that an interview with the Queen would be granted until the next day. No sooner, however, was their arrival intimated, than her Majesty sent a gracious message to say, that she would see Madame D'Arblay immediately. Fortunately they had taken lodgings at the house of a hair-dresser, who came promptly to Madame's assistance, or there is no knowing how the toilet so unexpectedly required would ever have been completed. No lady could powder and friz her own hair, and as it was, Madame D'Arblay was distressed at her delay in obeying the Queen's summons. The Queen was infinitely gracious, and the Princesses unaffectedly cordial, and the King came into the room to see the sometime Keeper of the Robes, and accept a second set of "Camilla," which the author had begged leave to present. The Queen asked Madame D'Arblay to prolong her visit, and spend the next day at the Lodge; and we can imagine her feelings on finding herself among old scenes and old acquaintances, with her inner life so wholly changed.

The Queen commissioned Mademoiselle Jacobi to

present a little packet to Madame D'Arblay. It contained a hundred guineas, being a joint present from their Majesties. "Tell Madame D'Arblay," she said, "it is for the paper—nothing for the trouble;" and the gratified author felt the prettiness of the compliment, and the kindness of feeling which was expressed in the Queen's acceptance of her "trouble." Bad weather detained them a day or two longer than they had intended to stay at Windsor, but this only afforded additional time for interviews with royalty and visits to old friends. Each day they dined with Mademoiselle Jacobi. No formal introduction of M. D'Arblay to the royal family took place; but the Queen and the Princesses satisfied their feminine curiosity by seeing him at a little distance, and the King, observing him on the terrace, asked if that were M. D'Arblay, and entered into conversation with him. On the terrace, also, Colonel Digby, who chanced to be in waiting, came forward to greet his old acquaintance.

Critics have differed about the merits of "Camilla." A small, but by no means ill-judging, minority prefer it to the author's earlier works. In plot, development of character, and natural pathos, it seems to us not inferior to "Evelina" and "Cecilia;" but the style is less easy and flowing, betraying the first symptoms of that falling off which afterwards became so apparent, and which we are inclined to attribute to a double cause. When Fanny Burney first imitated Johnson's style, she lost that ease of diction which belonged to

her as a natural gift; still something not wholly objectionable was substituted for it. But when she began to mix intimately with French people, and to converse and to write very much in their language, we suspect she grew into the habit of thinking in French also. Had she never fallen out of her own original English style, we believe that, however held in abeyance, it might have been resumed at pleasure; but the involutions of the French idiom, grafted on the sonorous periods of her second manner—a manner not innate or settled beyond corruption—led to the long-drawn sentences, and high-flown phraseology, which, in her latter works, have been so much condemned.

But whatever the intrinsic merit of the new novel, its absolute success, in a pecuniary point of view, was undoubted; and now the original plan of building a cottage for themselves was resumed by M. and Madame D'Arblay. It was, however, a little modified to meet their parental wishes. Instead of accepting the piece of land in Mr. Lock's park, which, when built on, could only in courtesy have been occupied by themselves, it was arranged that Mr. Lock should let M. D'Arblay a field, on a ninety-nine years' lease, on which the cottage should be erected, and thus become a little property for the young Alexander. The chosen spot was beautifully situated between Norbury Park and Dorking, and the foundations for the new residence, to be called Camilla Cottage, were laid in the autumn of 1796, and the cottage itself built the following year.

The pleasure connected with this undertaking was somewhat chequered by the death of Dr. Burney's second wife, who appears to have endeared herself to her step-children by her many amiable qualities. Much of Madame D'Arblay's time was occupied in visits to Chelsea and in offering such condolences as were in her power to her beloved father. Indeed, to the last hour of his life she was a devoted daughter; and, on the occasion of some difficulty arising about Dr. Burney's apartments at Chelsea College, his daughter, greatly as she abhorred asking favours, solicited an interview with the Queen, and obtained the royal influence in his favour.

In the autumn of 1797, M. and Madame D'Arblay took possession of their cottage, built under their own eye, and from M. D'Arblay's own plan. We rather suspect it cost a good deal more than they had expected, and the increase of the window-taxes at this time compelled them to darken four of their casements, thus disfiguring the outside and obscuring the interior. However, there was great delight associated with the taking possession, and visitors of all degrees soon came to see the cottage and its owners. Among the earliest were Lally Tolendal and the Princesse d'Henin, who waded through mud ankle-deep for the purpose. Mr. Broome, also, was expected, a gentleman to whom Mrs. Francis, who had now been five years a widow, was about to be united. Circumstances somewhat delayed his visit; but Madame D'Arblay, in writing

to her sister, on the subject, described the rude, unfinished state of their dwelling in the following lively manner: "With all these impediments, however, to convivial hilarity, if he will eat a quarter of a joint of meat (his share, I mean), tied up by a pack-thread, and roasted by a log of wood on the bricks,—and declare no potatoes so good as those dug by M. D'Arblay out of our garden,—and protest our small-beer gives the spirits of champagne,—and make no inquiries where we have deposited the hops he will conclude we have emptied out of our table-cloth,—and pronounce that bare walls are superior to tapestry,—and promise us the first sight of his epistle upon visiting a new-built cottage, we shall be sincerely happy to receive him in our hermitage, where I hope to learn, for my dearest Charlotte's sake, to love him as much as, for his own, I have very long admired him."

Both before the walls of the cottage were papered and afterwards, they echoed to the voices of goodly company, and to sallies of wit to which many a showy mansion was quite a stranger. At no time of her life had affectation or pretence been any part of Madame D'Arblay's character; and one great reason why she and her husband felt their poverty so little was that they did not conceal or gloss it over, or seem ashamed of it. When practising much self-denial so as to reduce their expenses, she took no credit to herself, but quoted an expression of Dr. Johnson's, which ought to be imprinted on every youthful mind. When some one in-

his presence observed that a certain person "had no turn for economy," he answered, "Sir, you might as well say that he has no turn for honesty." When people have the resolution frankly to say, "I cannot afford it," in answer to every temptation to extravagance, they disarm poverty of its sting; and it was by carrying out this straightforward plan that the D'Arblays enjoyed peace, content, and the society of chosen friends, in their pretty cottage. Both had been acquainted with palaces, and had visited among the high-born and the magnificent; but mixing with the gay world had not destroyed their simple tastes, or made them envious of show and luxury.

For five years the cottage was their home; but the time did not pass away monotonously or uneventfully. There seem about this period to have been several efforts made at dramatic writing by Madame D'Arblay, but either her plays were not acted, or they were withdrawn from the stage; yet, for reasons already given, we are not inclined to consider the failure of Madame D'Arblay's plays as any blot on her escutcheon. Her new duties, however, must have occupied her time very much; while M. D'Arblay cultivated his garden and grew vegetables, which, in those days of dear provisions, formed an important item in their economy, his wife attended to household matters, and was the instructress of their little boy, a child with more than ordinary abilities and most engaging, artless manners. Like the generality of "only children" who are brought

up without companions of their own age, he was quaint and original in the extreme.

Madame D'Arblay visited the Queen and the Princesses at stated intervals, and it is pleasant to observe how, as time passed on, the intervals became shorter, and the visits longer and more confidential. Madame D'Arblay had been desired on one of these occasions to bring her little boy, and the Diary gives an entertaining account of the scene which ensued. We fancy we see the nod of his little head, and hear his unabashed "Tanky, Queen," and appreciate the thorough good-heartedness of the Princess Augusta, who, finding the urchin somewhat rude and troublesome in the Queen's presence, hastened to say, "He has been so good up-stairs, mamma, that nothing could be better behaved." The truth was, the Princesses were affectionately attached to Madame D'Arblay, and would, any of them, have saved her an embarrassment if possible; while for their own part they were so secure of her regard and respect, that they threw aside nearly every vestige of etiquette in receiving her. Even the Queen seems every year to have grown more and more cordial and condescending. The little Alexander returned home after his introduction at the Palace with a carriage full of toys—memorials of an occasion never to be forgotten by his mother.

The opening of the year 1800 was darkened to Madame D'Arblay by the deepest affliction which had yet fallen on her—the death of her beloved sister

Susanna. Mrs. Phillips had resided for some time in Ireland, and the Rebellion of '98 had occasioned much anxiety among her friends on her account. Hardly were their fears for her comfort and safety appeased, when intelligence of her failing health plunged them into new distress. In the winter of '99 it was decided that she should be brought to London by easy journeys, her brother's carriage being placed at her disposal. She bore the passage across the Channel—in those days of clumsy sailing vessels no slight trial—sufficiently well to write to her father and sister on landing, but soon there was a change for the worse; she could not proceed on her journey, and the sisters never again met. Mrs. Phillips died on the 6th of January, and it was M. D'Arblay's task to break to his wife the fact of her bereavement; but the shock was terrible, and, notwithstanding her prayers and struggles for resignation, for very long we can trace her enduring sorrow in every line she wrote. Many months passed before even an outward show of cheerfulness returned to her. At this time of trial the royal family expressed their sorrow and kindest sympathy. Madame D'Arblay had an interview of three hours' duration with the Queen, whose "kind goodness" she declared herself unable to describe; and the Princess Augusta, —whom she calls her "own Princess," and whom she evidently loved the dearest of all,—took her in her arms, and with kisses, and moistened eyes, and fond words, showed her commiseration. "It is impossible more of

comfort or gratification could be given than I received from them all," wrote Madame D'Arblay to her friend Mrs. Lock.

But while the D'Arblays were leading lives apparently the most private and domestic, they were half unconsciously becoming absorbed in the great vortex of public events. Influential friends in France had succeeded in having M. D'Arblay's name erased from the list of emigrants; a communication was opened between him and his remaining relatives, and a rational hope began to be entertained that some little fragment from the wreck of his property might be recovered. Bonaparte, not yet Napoleon the Great, but hardly less powerful as First Consul, had restored order and law to France; life and property were again safe, and though new names were rising in the political firmament, he was never disinclined to attach old ones to his side. After the peace of Amiens, M. D'Arblay petitioned to be placed on the list of retired French officers; and it was intimated to him that his desire might be complied with if he would previously serve in the army of the Republic at St. Domingo, where General Leclerc was endeavouring to put down Toussaint's insurrection. He would have accepted this condition had he been positively promised his retirement at the close of that expedition. But it was clear that the French Government desired to draw an experienced officer into its service, and declined making pledges that it would be difficult to break. Only a

few weeks afterwards, however, General Berthier, then Minister of War in France, announced that his appointment was made out on his own terms. These terms had included a stipulation that in case war should again break out between France and England, he should never be required to take up arms against the British Government; and though, in accepting the appointment, he repeated this stipulation, he so firmly considered it already understood, that he waited not for further tidings, but set off for Paris to receive orders.

Before he could leave England M. D'Arblay was required at the Alien Office to engage that he would not return within a year; but when he reached Paris the expectations which had led him there were at once overthrown. The Government intimated that he must consider the letters of the Minister of War annulled, as his condition not to serve against England could not be accepted. His disappointment was great, but never for a moment did his intentions waver; he would have died rather than take up arms against the country of his wife,—the country where thousands of exiles had been sheltered and assisted. He could not return to England for a year; there was nothing to be done but to entreat his wife to let the cottage, and to bring their child and join him in Paris. Accordingly, after many tearful leave-takings, but with a heart buoyant at the thoughts of meeting her beloved husband, Madame D'Arblay started from London on her tedious journey

early in April 1802. Little did she suspect how long and weary would be her banishment.

The First Consul probably saw that if he agreed to General D'Arblay's stipulation, a similar one would be made by other officers who had been indebted to English hospitality, but this objection ought to have been frankly made in the first instance. Nevertheless Bonaparte was not ill disposed towards the Royalist officer. M. de Lafayette made himself mediator between them, and reported Bonaparte's assurance that the refusal to serve without conditions should not injure him beyond the loss of his appointment, and that in considering M. D'Arblay's determination he should look upon him only as the husband of Miss Burney. *Qu'il ne considercrait dans cette démarche que le mari de "Cecilia,"* were Bonaparte's own words. We may believe he was sincere, as he subsequently granted M. D'Arblay the pay of a retired officer without his serving either under the Republic or the Empire—his *retraite*, as it was called, amounting to rather more than sixty pounds per annum.

The D'Arblays were still in France when the short peace abruptly terminated; and, like hundreds of others, they found themselves for long years cut off from English ties and associations. Had the unfortunate *détenus* foreseen the time which would pass before again there would be freedom of transit from one country to the other, something like despair would have weighed down many a brave heart; but happily they had hope

from month to month, and year to year, that their exile would terminate; and though the hope so often proved delusive, yet it cheered and consoled them again and again.

In some respects Madame D'Arblay suffered less than many of her compatriots, to whom for twelve years France was little better than a wide prison. At least she was not separated from child or husband, and through her marriage she found herself among family connexions, some of whom won her true esteem and regard. M. D'Arblay was not the only emigrant who had returned in security to Paris, and many old intimacies were now renewed; while Madame D'Arblay's literary reputation, and far more her private worth, drew new friends of the highest distinction about her. Yet with all these ameliorations of their forced exile, it was a very severe trial. So great was the difficulty of communication with England under Bonaparte's stringent regulations, that a letter was frequently many months passing from one country to the other. The only chance was that of a friendly private hand, and the opportunity of sending a letter from Calais to New York, *en route* for London, was thought a most happy event. It may be imagined how many sheets that would have gladdened home firesides were either seized by the Custom-house searchers or slipped through some of the several hands through which they had to pass.

When we consider how many dear friends Madame

D'Arblay had left in England, and how affectionate and devoted a daughter and sister she was—how voluminous a correspondent she had hitherto proved, and how completely she relied for happiness on constant intercourse with those she loved, we can understand the keen disappointments and protracted anxiety she must have endured. Poverty, too,—real grim Poverty—looked them sternly in the face; but, as of old, they knew how to encounter it. Very hard must it have seemed that they could not combine their resources, but so it was. In one of the few letters which reached Dr. Burney, Madame D'Arblay, writing in 1805, speaks with thankfulness of her husband having obtained employment in one of the civil departments. The salary was small, but she says that the situation was no sinecure; and she continues, "He attends at his bureau from half-past nine to half-past four o'clock every day; and, as we live so far off as Passy, he is obliged to set off for his office between eight and nine, and does not return to his hermitage till past five. However, what necessity has urged us to desire and made him solicit, we must not, now acquired, name or think of with murmuring regret. He has the happiness to be placed amongst extremely worthy people, and those who are his *chefs* in office treat him with every possible mark of consideration and feeling." In the same letter she mentions that all their resources from England ceased with the peace, and that M. D'Arblay had found "nearly nothing remaining of his natural and here-

ditary claims in his own province;" so we may presume that his retired pay and clerk's salary formed nearly, if not the whole, of their income. The truth was, there were so many formalities to go through, and there was so much difficulty to encounter in establishing his claims to the hereditary property, that it was a chance if it would compensate for the risk and trouble to be incurred. Meanwhile the young Alexander was growing up, and his education becoming a serious consideration. But whatever self-denial the parents found it necessary to exercise, their son's welfare was always an object for which sacrifices were cheerfully made.

It gives one some idea of the difficulty of communication between the two countries to observe, that a letter of Madame D'Arblay to her father at the commencement bears date September 1807, but was only completed and despatched the following August. Disappointed of the first expected opportunity, she had to wait eleven months for another. In the opening paragraph she laments her ignorance of the fate of her last six letters, and recapitulates some of their contents, mentioning that "two of them were antiques that had waited three or four years some opportunity." There was, of course, equal difficulty in transmitting letters from England, and probably Madame D'Arblay had not yet heard the good news that George the Third, in consideration of Dr. Burney's services to art and literature, and his advanced age, had granted him a

pension of 300*l.* per annum. In one case such an accumulation of *ill* news had taken place, that tidings of the death of the Princess Amelia, of the hopeless insanity of the King, and of the death of her kind friend Mr. Lock, reached Madame D'Arblay at the same time. Each calamity was to her affectionate nature a real sorrow, and the intelligence of them seemed the more heart-breaking because it was given without details, and as if the circumstances were already known. The bearer of this letter was believed to be a "trusty returned prisoner;" but at one time correspondence with England was prohibited under pain of death. This cruel edict was so terrifying, that for two years communication entirely ceased between Madame D'Arblay and her English friends. It was even forbidden to transmit an address or a memorandum across the Channel!

In the year 1810, having been separated from father country and native friends for eight years, Madame D'Arblay entertained for a little time a wild hope that she should be able to visit England, and spend a month or two at Chelsea. Just about that period many ladies had contrived to procure passports for short excursions, "though no male was permitted, under any pretence, to quit France save with the army." M. D'Arblay, anxiously desiring to gratify his wife, exerted himself, and enlisted the services of the Count de Narbonne to procure her passport. It was obtained, though not for England; "perhaps for

Canada," Madame D'Arblay writes in recording the circumstance, and adds, "M. le Breton (the Secretary of the Institute) who brought it to me, himself assured me that no difficulty would be made for me either to go or to return, as I was known to have lived a life the most inoffensive to the Government;" and "as I should leave behind me such sacred hostages as my husband and my son."

But a new disappointment was in store for her; while in the very act of packing, "bending over her trunk to press in its contents," a messenger arrived to bid her stop, telling her that political changes had occasioned new regulations, and that not so much as a fishing-boat was now permitted to quit the coast.

Soon after this disappointment a great affliction befell Madame D'Arblay. She was threatened with cancer, and to avert so dreadful a malady submitted to a painful surgical operation; but as soon as she was sufficiently recovered for travelling, the plan of visiting England was resumed, this time, however, with alterations of importance. Her son Alexander had now, in 1812, spent ten years in France, and would very soon be liable to the conscription, which was every year becoming more severe and exacting. Napoleon used up his people like other materials of war. The idea of young D'Arblay being compelled to serve against the country of his mother and his birth was revolting to both parents; and such a catastrophe was to be avoided at all hazards. With

infinite difficulty a passport for mother and son was obtained; and after six weeks' delay at Dunkirk, with a narrow escape of being detained in France, and a tiresome voyage of two days and divers disasters, Madame D'Arblay had the great happiness of reaching her native land. On landing at Deal she stooped down on one knee, and picked up the nearest bright pebble to press to her lips in token of her joy. Oh, those days of tedious travelling! No railway train was there to whisk them in a few hours to the metropolis; besides, Madame D'Arblay was so fearful of the effects of a surprise on her father, that she purposely remained at Deal until he could receive the joyful intelligence of her arrival. She had not had the means even of communicating her hopes and intention. They slept one night at Canterbury, and proceeded the next day towards Chelsea. On the road they met a gentleman, who, after passing them twice, "looked in and pronounced her name." It was Dr. Charles Burney, who had been watching for his sister for hours, and through a mistake for three nights following. Ten years had passed since they had looked on each other, and what changes they must have seen! But of all the Burneys it might be said that time never chilled their affections, or made cold their hearts, and the joy of the meeting with the so-long-lost relative made some compensation for the sorrow of her absence. It was evening when the travellers reached Chelsea. Madame D'Arblay could

only demand to see her dear father alone. "Fortunately," she says, "he had had the same feeling, and had charged all the family to stay away, and all the world to be denied." In truth, the meeting was too sacred for witnesses to have part in it. Enough that the devoted daughter saw at a glance the havoc which time had made. Dr. Burney was now eighty-six years of age—the old, old man, weak and tottering, and with "hearing most cruelly impaired," yet, when he discoursed, she delights to add, "he re-animated, and was at times all himself."

We must pass rapidly over the events of the next eighteen months. Madame D'Arblay's presence was, for many reasons, too necessary in England for her to think of returning to Paris, although she was distressed by this lengthened separation from her husband, and the great difficulty of communicating with him. During this period her son was entered at the University of Cambridge; and she finished and published a work which she had commenced in France, called "The Wanderer." The great age of Dr. Burney and his increasing infirmities, made his children aware that they could not hope to have him among them much longer. Madame D'Arblay devoted a great portion of her time to her venerable father for the months which preceded his death, and he expired in her presence on the 12th April, 1814. If the dates which we find in her "Memoirs of Dr. Burney" be correct, it was the day on which he completed his eighty-

eighth year; yet she does not notice the coincidence. She met this stroke with resignation, conscious how severe his sufferings had been, and grateful that so beloved a father had been spared to her so long.

Another death, the intelligence of which was received about this period, affected her deeply; and the more bitterly because she knew how great a sorrow it would prove to her husband, whom she could not comfort with her presence or her sympathy. The Count de Narbonne, M. D'Arblay's dearest friend, and the godfather of his son, had long since joined the French army, had become aid-de-camp to Napoleon, and was one of the thousands who sank under the horrors of the retreat from Moscow. It seemed as if every great event which had shaken Europe for the last twenty years was associated with the private circumstances and affections of the D'Arblays.

Yet, amid the many sorrows of her lonely sojourn in England, she was not without some compensating gratifications. Correspondence with the royal family, during her residence in France, had been impossible; indeed she had not dared to mention their names, and had scarcely ventured to allude to public affairs in the few letters she had written, knowing that the risk to the bearers would have been doubled had her letters been other than purely domestic ones. But the Queen and Princesses understood these restraints thoroughly, and even appreciated Madame D'Arbláy's discretion. They received her with affectionate kind-

ness, and whenever in town appointed long and frequent interviews. In one of her letters she mentions that out of five days the royal family had spent in London, she had been admitted three times, remaining each day till seven or eight o'clock, when the Queen and her daughters went out to dine with some of the Princes. We suspect that few great ladies about the Court were so truly esteemed by her Majesty and the Princesses as Madame D'Arblay. But, quite independently of the personal regard which for above twenty years they had felt for her, she must now have been an exceedingly interesting and instructive companion. The wonderful career of Napoleon was then a theme so engrossing, that we of a later generation can with difficulty realise the interest attached to the merest anecdote about him. Madame D'Arblay had lived ten years in France, and aloof from the Emperor's party, had yet mixed with his partisans, and known intimately members of every political denomination. His person was familiar to her; his voice she had heard; and what with her natural gift of acute observation, and her cultivated powers of description, it is hardly too much to say that these royal ladies had never met with any one so able and so willing to give them a just view of the state of France at that period as their old acquaintance Madame D'Arblay.

The festivities, the rejoicings, and the fervour of popular feeling which resulted from the peace of 1814,

are a matter of history. At this time, and just before the restored King's return to Paris, Madame D'Arblay, as the wife of a Royalist officer, was presented to Louis the Eighteenth by his own desire. Indeed, it would make a long catalogue to enumerate half the eminent people to whom Madame D'Arblay now became known, or with whom she resumed acquaintance. But it may show the consideration in which she was held to remark, that when her health rendered evening visiting imprudent, a small select morning party was made up for her by Lady Crewe, the name of each guest being submitted to her, and so much thought evinced to spare her fatigue, that after the number was complete, express permission was asked before adding to it a distinguished and amiable nobleman.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, General D'Arblay was reinstated in his military rank; and not only did Louis the Eighteenth date back the brevet to the year 1792, when it had been signed by his unfortunate brother Louis the Sixteenth, but placed him in the Royal Corps de Garde under the Duc de Luxembourg. After the struggles and vicissitudes the D'Arblays had experienced, they looked upon this honourable distinction as a necessary step to General D'Arblay's peaceful retirement into private life. He had entered the army at thirteen years of age, and was now sixty; and though the last twenty years had been consumed in anxious exile, or in the depressing duties of an occupation beneath his abilities

and right position, his frame had perhaps been more worn than it would have been if exposed only to the average hardships of his profession. He paid a short visit to England in the early part of 1814; but in the autumn of that year we find both him and Madame D'Arblay again in Paris, under far different circumstances from their previous residence.

The appointment in the King's guard was rather honourable than lucrative; still they were in more easy circumstances than they had yet known, and, from their position, moving in the most distinguished circles. The Duchess d'Angouleme had expressed herself interested in Madame D'Arblay's writings; had lamented not seeing her in England, and had mentioned that Queen Charlotte had spoken of her with peculiar kindness. All these compliments, carefully repeated by third persons, led Madame D'Arblay to solicit permission to pay her respects to the Duchess, and an interview was appointed. It lasted nearly an hour, and afforded Madame D'Arblay an opportunity for exercising that true good-breeding to which we have before alluded. When ushered into the presence of her Highness, without certain formalities which she had been led to expect, she mistook the Duchess for one of her ladies-in-waiting, accepted a seat without hesitation, and replied to the observations which were made without more show of respect than was due from one gentlewoman to another. Presently, the inquiry of the Duchess, "May I keep the book you have

sent me?" startled her into the conviction that she was addressing the daughter of Marie Antoinette. Her own words shall tell the sequel :—

"I really seemed thunderstruck. I had approached her with so little formality, I had received all her graciousness with so little apparent sense of her condescension, I had taken my seat, nearly unasked, so completely at my ease, and I had pronounced so unceremoniously the plain *vous*, without softening it with one *Altesse Royale*, that I had given her reason to think me either the most forward person in my nature, or the worst bred in my education existing. I was in a consternation and a confusion that robbed me of breath; and my first impulse was to abruptly arise, confess my error, and offer every respectful apology I could devise; but as my silence and strangeness produced silence, a pause ensued that gave me a moment for reflection, which represented to me that *son Altesse Royale* might be seriously hurt, that nothing in her demeanour had announced her rank; and such a discovery might lead to increased distance and reserve in her future conduct upon other extra audiences that could not but be prejudicial to her popularity, which already was injured by an opinion extremely unjust, but very generally spread, of her haughtiness. It was better, therefore, to be quiet, and let her suppose that embarrassment, and English awkwardness, and *mauvaise honte*, had occasioned my unaccountable manners. I preserved, therefore, my taciturnity till,

tired of her own, she gently repeated, 'Puis-je le garder cette copie que vous m'avez envoyée?' civilly adding, that she should be happy to read it again when she had a little forgotten it, and had a little more time. I seized this fortunate moment to express my grateful acknowledgments for her goodness with the most unaffected sincerity, yet scrupulously accompanied with all the due forms of profound respect."

Trifling as this anecdote may seem, it shows a trait of character that may be received as evidence. Good manners are presumed to represent courteous and unselfish feeling, and a certain code is laid down which people often blindly obey without inquiring the reasons for it. But it frequently happens — more especially to those who mix much with the world — that circumstances out of all rule and precedent occur; and then it is that the prompt natural politeness of the heart shines out with all its soft lustre. Madame D'Arblay preferred that she should be convicted herself of awkwardness and *mauvaise honte* to giving the Princess a moment's pain by the supposition that she had not maintained her proper dignity, or to running the chance of leading the royal lady to ungracious haughtiness in future.

This interview took place early in the memorable year 1815. In a few weeks afterwards the Bourbons were again chased from Paris by the return of Napoleon; and it belongs to history to narrate the world-famous events which ensued. But future his-

torians may be indebted to Madame D'Arblay's personal narrative for much vivid description of the state of France and the terrors and dangers of the Royalists at this time. She herself escaped into Belgium with a party of friends, but endured the most cruel anxiety about her husband, who now, called into active service, found it perilous or impossible to communicate with her.

Madame D'Arblay was in Brussels while the battle of Waterloo was raging to decide the fate of Bonaparte and of Europe; and her vivid account of those days is as a fountain whence later writers have drawn, and will draw for their descriptions. General D'Arblay, though present on many perilous occasions—though encountering much hard service at this period uninjured, was disabled from the kick of a horse, and the subsequent unskilful treatment of a surgeon. No sooner was this sad news communicated to Madame D'Arblay, than, unmindful of difficulty or danger, she set off for Treves, and after a tiresome journey of five days reached the bedside of her beloved husband. We have not space to dwell on his tedious illness or her anxious cares; it is enough to say that General D'Arblay's shattered health precluded further active service, and it was finally decided that they should return to England. Their son being intended for the Church, it was their natural desire to reside in the country which must be his home; but they consoled themselves for their separation from their Parisian friends by projecting a yearly visit to the French capital.

Several considerations induced them to make Bath their place of residence. This city combined many of the advantages of London and of the country, and was the frequent resort of a number of their acquaintances. Mrs. Piozzi seems to have chiefly resided there for many years; from time to time her name casually occurs in the correspondence of her friends, and we glean that during the last years of his life Signor Piozzi was a great invalid, and his wife a very tender and affectionate nurse. Though Mrs. Piozzi appeared at times as gay as ever, she must have keenly felt the slights of the world consequent on her second marriage. It was not enough that people marked their contempt for her by dropping her acquaintance—though we suspect that in many instances to avoid such humiliation she was the first to withdraw her intimacy—but a great deal of positive malignity was shown towards her. Her writings—even those printed originally only for private circulation—were ridiculed by Mr. Gifford and others in an unjust and ungenerous spirit, and without any recognition of those qualities in her nature which ought to have been weighed against many weaknesses. That in her old age her heart continued warm and her temper unsoured, may be looked on as some evidence of that worth which Johnson had appreciated. The renewal of Madame D'Arblay's acquaintance with Mrs. Piozzi, at Bath, was among the pleasant episodes connected with her return to England; and but for General D'Arblay's illness, which occupied her mind almost

entirely, something approaching the old affectionate intimacy would again have existed between them. The letters of this period fall into the cordial tone of former times, with the added gravity belonging to their years. Their friendship had begun in the hey-day of their lives, and now the elder was seventy-five and the younger above sixty. Truly did Johnson say nature has provided that an old friend cannot easily be lost.

We must hasten to the mournful close. General D'Arblay never entirely recovered from his hurt; and early in 1818 his illness became alarming. He was perfectly aware of his danger, and conversed freely with his wife and son on his approaching death. Though acknowledging that life had never been so sweet to him as now—when cares and anxieties seemed over, and a haven of rest in view—he bowed unrepiningly to the Will of the Most High with the resignation of a Christian. The greatest agony of Madame D'Arblay's eventful life was at hand, but she also exemplified the fortitude which religion alone can bestow, and neither unnerved the dying man by the exhibition of her passionate regrets, or disabled herself from tending him to the last.

About noon, on Sunday, May 3d, he awoke from a gentle slumber, and asked for some beverage which was at hand. He was so weak that he could not hold the cup, and his devoted wife moistened his lips with a spoon several times. He looked at her with ineffable tenderness, and pathetically said, "*Qui*——?" She

caught at his meaning—understood that his mind was asking, "Who shall do this for you?"—and in a paroxysm of feeling, catching at a wild hope, she exclaimed, "*You*, my dearest *ami*,—you, yourself! You shall recover and take your revenge." He smiled an incredulous smile, and shut his eyes in silence.

Later in the day, as he was supported nearly upright in bed by pillows, he bent forward, and taking her hand and holding it between both his own, uttered the tender assurance that his last thought would be of their heavenly reunion. "Je ne sais si ce sera le dernier mot," he impressively said, "mais ce sera la dernière pensée—Notre réunion." They were the last words he spoke; his soul passed away in slumber before midnight, with wife and son watching by his side, uncertain of the precise moment of his death, the awful truth being forced on them by the dread stillness and coldness of the sleeper.

Now her pent-up feelings had play, and though from duty and love for her son, Madame D'Arblay struggled for composure, life was darkened to her henceforth, and it seems to have been more than a year before she entered into correspondence with any one but her immediate relatives and connexions. In the autumn of 1818 Madame D'Arblay left Bath, and after a short visit to her brother James, took up her residence in Bolton Street, Piccadilly.

Mrs. Piozzi spent the winter of 1820–21 in Penzance, and on her journey thence to Clifton met with

an accident—a fall—from the effects of which she never recovered. Little more than a year before, on the completion of her eightieth year, she had given a ball, concert, and supper in the public rooms at Bath, to upwards of two hundred persons, and opened the ball herself; and though a persistence in the pomps and vanities of life at fourscore is not to be admired, that she could endure such exertion proved how little impaired were her powers. She had been all her life the woman of society, and loved it to the last. Yet she showed no vain clinging to life; when her friend and physician, Sir George Gibbes, of Bath, visited her in her last illness, when she was speechless, she signified that she knew him well, but that she was beyond his aid; and, as if fearful that she were not understood, "traced in the air with her extended hands the exact outline of a coffin." Nearly her last words were, "I die in the trust, and the fear of God!"

Thus died a remarkable woman, who had been so intimately associated with deathless names, that her own is little likely to pass away.

In September 1818, Alexander D'Arblay was ordained a deacon of the Church of England, and in due time took Priest's orders. He was a son worthy of his admirable parents, and for many, many years was the solace of Madame D'Arblay's life. In 1832 she published three volumes of Memoirs of her father, and they form a curious treasury of facts connected with the celebrities of the preceding half century. The

faults of the author's later style are glaringly apparent in the work; but the critic should surely be gentle in his strictures, remembering that when this book was completed Madame D'Arblay was entering her eightieth year.

We have a glimpse of her way of life about the years 1823-4, from a letter, in which she speaks of the "reforms" from which she was reaping benefit. She had been warned into carefulness by her medical attendant, who had said, "You have a head overworked, and a heart overloaded."

"First," she writes, "totally renouncing for the evenings all revision or indulgence in poring over those letters and papers whose contents come nearest to my heart, and work upon its bleeding regrets; next, transferring to the evening, as far as is in my power, all of sociality with Alex. or my few remaining friends, or the few he will present to me of new ones; thirdly, constantly going out every day, either in brisk walks in the morning, or in brisk jumbles in the carriage of one of my three friends, who send for me to a *tête-à-tête* tea converse."

Sir Walter Scott, in his diary for November 1826, writes that he had been introduced to the author of "Evelina" and "Cecilia," "an elderly lady, with no remains of personal beauty, but with a simple and gentle manner, and pleasing expression of countenance, and apparently quick feelings."

Alas! her quick feelings were yet to be sorely tried.

She survived her beloved sisters Hester and Charlotte, and her dear friend Mrs. Lock. But most terrible of all was the death of her son. In the course of nature, she had hoped that he would close her eyes; and the world, which she was so well prepared to leave, was shining brightly and promisingly on him. He was engaged to be married to a lady every way worthy of his love, and who had been joyfully accepted for a daughter by his mother. In 1836, he was nominated minister of Ely Chapel. He began officiating there in winter, but the building, having been long shut up, was damp and ill aired, and he was attacked with severe influenza. He had never been robust, and his system rapidly gave way. On the 19th January, 1837, three weeks after his seizure, he expired, to the unutterable affliction of his venerable mother.

From this period Madame D'Arblay's existence was a patient waiting for death. In 1839, it became apparent that the end was near. In the March of this year, on one of the last occasions on which she used a pen, writing to a friend, she says, "How merciful is ALL we *know!* The ways of Heaven are not dark and intricate, but unknown and unimagined, till the great teacher death developes them."

In November she grew far more feeble, and suffered from sleeplessness and nervous imaginations. The one "who was to her as a daughter" watched over her with devoted attention, and though at times her mind wandered, she was often composed and collected, and

absorbed in prayer. She charged her niece with blessings and farewells to several friends, and thanks for their kindness to her; and after having had some sleep, it being observed to her "that it was well, for she wanted rest," "I shall have it soon, my dear," she answered earnestly, fully aware that death was fast approaching.

She died on the 6th of January, 1840, on the anniversary of her sister Susanna's death, and having entered her eighty-eighth year.

The life of Frances Burney, Madame D'Arblay, has points of interest far beyond any attached to her literary eminence. Not that we would underrate her productions, though they are little read by the present generation, and are perhaps considered by it "spun out" and "improbable." Her novels assuredly paint a state of society which the English have happily outgrown, and seem now far more improbable than they did when they were published; and in those more lazy days when people of condition—few others were readers—seemed to desire to kill time rather than treasure it, they never objected to the length of a novel. It would be unjust to compare her books with those later, more admirable female productions, which perhaps would never have existed had not Fanny Burney shown that a novel might be made the instrument to lash vice and folly, or be at any rate a source of harmless amusement, and a means of awakening right and kindly feelings. Until "Evelina" appeared, there did not exist a novel written by a woman that was worthy of a

woman's perusal. When Fanny Burney was in the trepidation of its anonymous publication, Maria Edgeworth had not entered her 'teens, and Jane Austen was a mere infant.

But Madame D'Arblay's true glory, in the eyes of posterity, rests on her excellence as a woman. It is impossible to deny that in her were combined virtues and great qualities that are too often considered opposites. Strictly just she was, yet magnanimously generous. Witty, and loving conversation, she was yet discreet, and never, for the sake of a *bon mot*, spoke unkindly of the absent. Patriotic in the extreme, she yet surmounted national prejudices, and freely acknowledged excellence wherever she found it. Faithful and devoted in her attachments, she yet lavished her warm regard on a numerous family and on many friends, disproving the silly assertion, if disproof were needed, that they whose attachments are fewest love the most truly. Far from insensible to literary fame, she never allowed the pursuit of it to interfere with a duty. In fact, in all the relations of life, as daughter and sister, as wife and mother, as servant, mistress, and friend, she shines out a true, affectionate, and self-denying woman.

MARY L. WARE, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad:
A poor man, served by thee, shall make thee rich;
A sick man, helped by thee, shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity. . . . .

The stately flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead.
The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edged intellect. . . . .

ALFRED TENNYSON.

IT is a common fallacy for people with good intentions, but of little energy or firmness of principle, to fancy while listening to the recital of great deeds, that they, too, should have acted nobly had their lot been cast in stirring and eventful times. Doubtless circumstances develope character, and are, as it were, a setting to

the picture of a life; but, on the other hand, character controls circumstance, and it may be asserted that there is no position so unfavourable that a high and earnest nature placed in it must, of necessity, fade away to the dull and common-place. It is good to feel assured of this truth; good to have a perfect faith that, if we take up the duties which lie in our path, they will surely expand till they present sphere enough for the exercise of all our virtues; and good to study with loving admiration and sisterly sympathy a life passed almost from first to last in gentle charities and heroic self-denial.

Mary Lovell Pickard, born in Boston, America, the 2d October, 1798, might be called an only child, since a babe who died in its infancy before her birth was the only other offspring of her parents. Her father was an English merchant who had settled in the United States. Mrs. Pickard, whose maiden name was Mary Lovell, was the daughter of an American gentleman who had distinguished himself in the revolutionary war, been a prominent member of the Continental Congress, and, finally, had received the appointment of naval officer in the Boston custom-house. She was a woman of vigorous intellect, of deeply-rooted principles, and of natural generosity of heart. Considerably the junior of her husband, she yet, perhaps, surpassed him in depth of character; but their opinions harmonised so well, that there was no divided influence in the education of their child.

Early in 1802 business obliged Mr. Pickard to visit England, and he was accompanied thither by his wife and their little daughter. Young as the child was, the new scenes to which she was introduced made a lasting impression on her mind, and twenty years afterwards she recognised houses and objects with which she had been familiar. Nor was she forgotten by any one who had once known her. Not that she was particularly handsome, or clever, or graceful, or entertaining, or, in fact, that she possessed any of the attributes which people are apt to associate with the idea of a heroine; but there was an open truth, and a kindness and goodness about her, which won hearts even in her earliest childhood. It was remarked on the voyage home, which took place when she was five years old, that if, childlike, she attempted to run hither and thither, perhaps in the way of danger, it was enough for Mrs. Pickard to say, "It will make me unhappy, my child, if you do that," for her to be quiet in a moment. Even in those early days her mother wrote of her as an inexhaustible source of comfort, and as a child of the sweetest disposition, who was "always happy."

There is good reason to believe that Mrs. Pickard was an equally wise and tender mother; one who, as a friend said, indulged her child in healthful sports, in abundance of playthings, in pleasant excursions, and in companionship with other children; but who, at the same time, taught her, both by example and precept, lessons of piety, industry, gentleness, and generosity.

Until she was thirteen, Mary Pickard seems to have been entirely educated by her excellent mother. At this time, however, she was placed at a very superior boarding-school at Hingham, where she quickly endeared herself to her teachers and schoolfellows. She is described as tall for her age, not beautiful, but with a sweet expression of countenance, as evincing good abilities and great industry, and as being one of the most lively and playful girls in the school. But her leading characteristic already showed itself, her strong desire to do good in some way or other to her fellow-creatures.

Mary had only been five months at school when she was recalled in consequence of the illness of her mother. It was now November, and through the months of winter, with the terrible shadow of her coming bereavement upon her, the young daughter played the part of a tender, indefatigable nurse. To do so was a precious privilege and mournful consolation, but her trial was an early introduction to the deep sorrows of life. Mrs. Pickard died in May 1812, and Mary, not yet fourteen, found herself suddenly surrounded with the responsibilities of womanhood. Her father was in the decline of life, broken in spirits, and decayed in fortune; while her maternal grand-parents, who resided in the same house with them, required also her constant care and attention. Even in the early days of her sorrow she had to rouse her energies, to stanch her tears that she might comfort others, and

to exert her faculties in dealing with the hardest realities of life. Mr. Pickard's affairs had been long embarrassed, and now the strictest economy was necessary.

Mary did not return to Hingham until two years after her mother's death, but meanwhile she had the advantage of improving her education at the best school in Boston. Already one is struck with the combination of good sense and good feeling her remarks display, and with the fact that all her self-culture is leading her to the point of practical usefulness. Writing to her father during a temporary absence from home, she said, "I am no advocate for destroying that delicacy which forms, or ought to form, so great a part of the female character. But such a degree of it as is not compatible with sufficient firmness to command one's self in danger, appears to me to be false modesty, or sickly sensibility of soul, beneath the dignity of beings endowed with power for higher feelings."

So far as we can judge from her letters, Mary must have had some trifling inheritance—probably from her mother's family — though invested in her father's business. In the spring of 1815, Mr. Pickard's circumstances had become yet more involved, not from his own personal fault, but from the deranged state of mercantile affairs consequent on the recent misunderstanding of England and America; and he thought it necessary to correspond with his daughter on the subject. He told her in one of his letters that she

would be a joint loser with his other creditors, although he hoped that out of the wreck enough would be saved for her support. For himself, he must get his own living as best he could, and was already seeking employment. To this saddening intelligence Mary replied by a beautiful letter. The good feeling it displayed might have been found in many an affectionate daughter; but the good sense it evinced is not often shown at sixteen. After expressing a hope that her dear father does not think her so weak as to bend under a change of fortune, or rebel under the decrees of Providence, she says:—

"I can, I think, enter in some measure into your feelings, and believe I can feel as you do with regard to being dependent on others. I am prepared for almost any trial; if my ability is equal to my desire of being of service to you in misfortune, I do not fear but that I shall be able to support myself, and at least not be a burden to you. I am sorry you think so much of my situation. I shall never regret the loss of indulgences which I have never been taught to consider as essential to my happiness, and which do not, in any great degree, conduce to it. I shall be content in any circumstances while I know you have not brought on yourself calamity. I am not so proud that I should feel the least repugnance to gaining a living in any useful employment whatever; I feel that kind of pride which assures me that local situation will not disturb my peace within, and with that I could combat almost

anything. I can only regret the loss of property when it makes me an incumbrance to my friends, and limits my power of communicating good."

She was not so proud that she should feel the least repugnance to gaining her living in any useful employment! That was not a phrase to be thrown off lightly as the thought of the moment; for noble sentiments of that description are not mere flashes of feeling, but must have taken root and grown by slow degrees in the mind. The words, too, were all the worthier to be commended for being written nearly forty years ago. Since those days earnest thinkers have asserted the just claims of the "worker," however lowly, to be exalted over the mere idler of any degree; but when Mary Pickard was a young girl such wholesome opinions were by no means prevalent. People, both kind-hearted, and in many respects clear-headed, were found nursing their class prejudices, and insinuating, if they did not assert, that there was a degradation in gentlewomen labouring for bread. Mary Pickard, by the divination of her own true heart, knew better; and with her we may be very sure that ample means would only have enlarged her sphere of usefulness, not brought immunity from toil.

In the summer of 1815, Mary once more returned home to share her father's cares and anxieties, and to aid him in carrying out his schemes of economy. About this time her grandfather Lovell died, and for nearly two years Mrs. Lovell was a confirmed invalid.

indebted in a thousand ways to her grandchild's services. It was during this period that Mary Pickard's constant attendance on the preaching of Dr. Channing deepened and confirmed the religious views she had long entertained. Her love of knowledge was great; and there is evidence in her correspondence that she deeply lamented that circumstances should have so much limited her opportunities of mental improvement; yet she had now brought herself to a state of contentment. In a letter to her dear governess, written in her nineteenth year, she says, after speaking of her aspirations after knowledge:—"But this is all over, and I am satisfied that I must be content with a very low degree in the scale of knowledge. But I trust I may be good if never great, and am confident that the peculiar situation in which I am placed is one more calculated for me than any I could choose for myself."

At the death of her grandmother, in 1817, some trifling accession of income came to Mary Pickard, but it made no change in her own personal economies. She assisted her father with money, and had always an open hand for those that needed her aid to the utmost extent of her means. The decease of Mrs. Lovell occasioned Mr. Pickard to remove from the house which they had jointly occupied; and endeared to Mary as it was by tender recollections of her mother, and as the scene of her happy childhood, she felt the change as a great sorrow. However, as usual, she

roused herself to do instead of to fret, and seems, in many ways, to have been a great help to her father. She even undertook business journeys for him, and on one of these occasions paid her first visit to New York. Whatever her specific occupations were, she was so much engaged that she wrote of herself as only able to obtain four hours' sleep. One cannot help fancying that her father was rather severe and exacting — although she never says so — for she seriously displeased him at this time by undertaking a short pleasure excursion to visit some friends without first obtaining his sanction. She must have lost the opportunity altogether had she waited to consult him; but unfortunately he heard of her journey by accident, and immediately wrote to a lady in New York, expressing his astonishment at his daughter's conduct. He could not conceive how she would be able to justify herself for doing so foolish a thing. "I have been expecting daily," he says, "to hear what has been done with some muslins she had the charge of; but instead of attending to that, she is flying like a wild goose about the country." However, not only did she fully "justify herself," but expressed such contrition for having displeased him that the father's anger took a new turn, and he reproached himself for having used intemperate language to so good and dutiful a child. For our own part, we have no doubt "the muslins" were disposed of in a perfectly satisfactory manner.

In the summer of 1821, Mr. Pickard and his

daughter left Boston for a country residence; and the circumstance is chiefly remarkable in Mary's life as having afforded her more leisure for reflection and self-examination than she had yet known. Every earnest person, with a serious view of life and duty, must be a self-questioner; and probably Mary found that the habit of reducing her thoughts and opinions to words rendered them more clear and exact. However this might be, she had a most dear friend to whom through life she wrote confidentially on the subjects nearest her heart. From her country retreat, and alluding to her former life, she thus expressed herself: "I knew not the whole weakness of my mind. In the bustle of a busy life — idly busy, perhaps, but not the less exciting—I had almost lost sight of my natural propensities. Accustomed to find objects to occupy my powers wherever I turned, I mistook the simple love of being employed for real energy of mind, and therefore did not even apprehend the want of power to direct these energies to whatever I pleased. But it is not as I thought." She then proceeds to acknowledge her love of reverie and passive contemplation rather than of action, but expresses her desire to conquer what she thinks an idle indulgence. "I suppose," she adds, "I must set about some new study or dry book, if I cannot find some animate subject to interest and fix my mind. There is a little deaf and dumb girl just opposite to us, and if I knew the process I would teach her to read. I must have something to do which

will rouse my mind to exertion. I have employment enough, but it is not of my *mind*, and that is unfortunately one which will retrograde if it does not progress."

But Mary Pickard was not destined long to seek for active duties to fulfil. Through life they came upon her fast and thick. In the autumn of 1823 she lost her father, after an illness in which she had attended him with the utmost devotion. His death was sudden at last; she had only been informed of his danger a few hours before, and though she preserved her outward composure as long as her services could be useful, the shock was so great that her hand was loosened from that of the dead by others, and she was taken away insensible.

Her position was now lonely and desolate in the extreme. Without the tie of near relationship to any one in America; without there being any spot which she could properly call her home—for she and her father had boarded in a family, not occupied a house of their own—she was like a waif cast upon the world. Yet, instead of repining, she dwelt with gratitude on the kindness she received from friends and acquaintances; and when she fully realised the truth of her position, saying, "I seem to hang so loosely on the world, that it is of little importance where I am," she began to arrange her plans less with reference to her own comfort and pleasure than with the view of

being useful to others. The few relatives she could claim on her father's side were in England, and of these several were in obscure circumstances. More especially there was an aunt whom she was aware her father had been in the habit of assisting, but of whom she knew nothing save that she was old and feeble, and subject to fits of extreme melancholy. So little intercourse had been kept up with her, that Mary did not even know the names of her children; nevertheless she felt an anxious desire to visit this old lady and judge from personal investigation what her necessiti were. Accordingly, she took the first opportunity which presented itself of visiting England. It was scarcely possible that a young girl could cross the Atlantic on such an expedition quite alone; but when she heard that a friend was going to Europe who was willing to take charge of her, she made her arrangements for the voyage in less than a fortnight.

Mary Pickard brought letters of introduction, which gained her admission into the best London society; and but for the illness of the friends with whom she travelled, she would probably have seen yet more than she did of the sights and celebrities of England. As it was she visited many places and persons of interest, and even made a short trip to Paris before she fulfilled the chief objects of her visit to Europe. Her letters, conveying the fresh impressions of what she saw, were lively and graphic; but we must hurry on to those

scenes which have made her memory dear to every heart that reverences the heroism of self-denial and pure benevolence.

It was about the end of August 1825, that Mary Pickard found herself at last on the road to visit her poor aunt at the little village of Osmotherly, in Yorkshire. She had been making a tour in Scotland with some American friends, but had parted from them about eighty miles from her aunt's residence. A portion of this distance she travelled by stage-coach, and the remainder by post-chaise, the road running for the most part through a picturesque but lonely country. In writing to that dear friend who was her constant correspondent, Mary described her arrival, and the joy of her aunt on seeing her; and then, after giving a pen-and-ink picture of her relative as "a small, thin old lady, with a pale complexion, and the very brightest black eyes," she proceeds thus,—

"She lives in a comfortable little two-story cottage of four rooms, which far exceeds anything I ever saw for neatness. I find that I could not have come at a better time to do good, or a worse for gaining spirits. My aunt's two daughters are married, and live in this village; one of them, with three children, has a husband at the point of death with a fever; his brother died yesterday of the small-pox, and two of her children have the whooping-cough; added to this, their whole dependence is upon their own exertions, which are, of course, entirely stopped now. One of the

children, a year and a half old, is with the grandmother, but so ill with the cough that she is almost sick with taking care of it. It has fortunately taken a fancy to me at once, and I can relieve her a little. But, worse than all, one of her sons has come home in a very gloomy state of mind, and all her efforts had failed to rouse him to exertion. I hope to be more successful, for he seems willing to listen to me."

Osmotherly is described as the most primitive place imaginable, inhabited almost entirely by uncultivated labouring people. One cannot help fancying that Mary's "aunty" had married beneath her own station in life, and that her children were very little elevated above their village associates; clearly Mary Pickard, accustomed all her life to intellectual intercourse, and fresh from good society, found no companionship, in the true sense of the word, at this Yorkshire village. Even the clergyman of the place, in whom she might have been expected to find a sympathiser and adviser, was an exception and disgrace to his class—a drunkard, who neglected his duties, and every way so ignorant and worthless a man, that it was amazing how, even in that out-of-the-way place, he was retained in orders. Then the relatives whom Mary Pickard found in such a depth of misery were not endeared to her by habit or association; she had not seen her aunt for upwards of twenty years, and the cousins were entirely strangers to her. Surely any commonplace girl would have run away from such

a scene of gloom and suffering—would have accepted some of the agreeable invitations which she had received to visit in congenial circles, and would have thought herself generous had she debarred herself some luxury of attire to make a present to the sick and needy.

Mary thought differently. She felt that she had no close tie which rendered it a fault in her to risk her own health for the good of others; and consequently was of opinion that it was her duty to stay and minister to the afflicted family. Some of her friends had tried to dissuade her from the journey in the first instance, and probably they now urged her to shorten her visit; at any rate, in a letter dated Osmotherly, she wrote, "Though it was said that I could do as much good by sending money as by coming myself, I do not think so; and though I may be thought foolishly scrupulous for subjecting myself to the evils I must meet with here, when I might have avoided them, I am sure I never could have felt satisfied that all was done for my poor aunt as well as it could be unless I had managed it." But we cannot rightly weigh the sacrifices she was making, without remembering that her heart had already begun to pine with home-sickness after America and the friends she had left there.

The description of the state of Osmotherly in the autumn of 1825 more resembles the records of a plague-stricken town than anything else. Fever,

small-pox, whooping-cough, were raging around, and Mary's fellow-occupants of the four-roomed cottage were a sick child, a decrepit old woman worn down with sorrow, and a man, whose intellect, ranging on the border-line of sanity and madness, was more uncertain and more dangerous than a positive lunatic. Early in September, as we have seen, the cousin's brother-in-law died; and a few days afterwards Mary closed the eyes of the sick husband. He left a wife in feeble health, and three children, the youngest but three weeks old—"without a penny to support them." Already was the stranger looked on as chief helper and adviser. Her own means were too limited for her to make large money benefactions, but she helped the widow to the extent of her ability, and almost relieved the mother from the charge of the baby, whom Mary "got to love dearly." When the father was buried, the infant was baptised, Mary standing godmother, but her little charge died in her lap the third night afterwards. It was the first night that the poor widow had slept under her own roof since her bereavement, and out of compassion for her mournful recollections, Mary Pickard had volunteered to remain with her. She did not attempt to rest, but while the mother sought forgetfulness of her sorrows in slumber, Mary watched beside the cradle, intending to keep herself awake by writing letters. But when the terrible cough came on she took the infant in her arms to soothe and assist it, and after one of these occasions it sank away

and died from exhaustion so peacefully, that for a time she thought it had fallen into a gentle slumber.

The suffering helplessness of this child had endeared it to Mary's heart, and when she "could bring herself to give it up," she arranged its little body for its last home, and then resumed her duties of nurse and comforter to its mother and grandmother. "Do not be uneasy about me," she wrote to a friend, "I shall do very well when I get a little sleep;" but, she added, "I cannot write or think; I seem to feel that 'bonnie little bairnie' in my arms, and my nerves are sometimes shaken. The worst of the whole is, that poor unhappy young man, whose low moans are continually sounding in my ears, but I send him away to-morrow for his own sake, as well as ours, and all will go well." We gather from the long letter in which these sentences occur, that it was from no stoical indifference, or constitutional insensibility to suffering, that Mary Pickard persevered in her offices of charity; and, on the other hand, we clearly see that keen as her feelings were, they never over-mastered her reason or judgment. The sending away the poor imbecile youth was a proof of her good sense, and a proceeding which, most probably, the spirit-broken mother would not have had energy enough to carry out. Yet at this very time Mary was herself worn and ill from three nights' want of rest, and her eyes were so "dazzled" that she could scarcely write. Little could she foresee what further claims were to be made on her patience and devotion.

Within three weeks from the baby's death its afflicted mother expired, her illness having passed into the worst form of typhus fever. For seven nights and days Mary never quitted her cousin, and so terrified were the villagers on hearing the nature of the sufferer's disease, that they fled from the cottage, and for many whole nights the self-installed nurse was left to her lonely watch by the bedside of the dying. No selfish fears unnerved her, and she began to reason with herself that she had already been so exposed to infection that no further danger could be run. Then the physician watched her narrowly, he whom she calls "the good doctor," and who seems to have been the only person with whom she could exchange ideas. The dying "Cousin Bessy" was sensible enough to express her thankfulness and affection to the young relative, who only a few weeks before was a stranger to her, and left her children and all her affairs to the sole direction of Mary.

The charge of two orphans was a startling responsibility, and the childlike exclamation of the eldest boy, "Cousin Mary, you will let me live with you, won't you?" knocked at her heart and made her sigh for large means as she had never done before. But it was only for a moment; her perfect faith rose clear and strong, she knew that help would come to her when it was most needed, and never suffered anxiety and distrust to mar her present usefulness. As a friend said of her, she "never worried," but in the emergen-

cies of life she always considered what was right and best to be done—then *did* it, and left the issue in heavenly hands.

Hardly was the mother buried when the eldest boy sickened; he had asked to live with Cousin Mary, but there was a surer than any earthly rest provided for him. Before October ended she closed his eyes, his death making the fourth she had witnessed within eight weeks Of course night and day she had again been the untiring nurse; but, instead of complaining, she could only speak of "the endearing ways of a sick child," and of her intense interest in him because he was an orphan, and wholly dependent on herself.

One would have thought now that death had mown down almost an entire family, that Mary Pickard might rest from her self-imposed labours. But no; the typhus, or spotted fever, had by this time spread among the villagers, and her feeling heart could not suffer them to languish unassisted. She forgot how many of these people had fled from the precincts of her cousin's humble dwelling, and left her without help by the side of the dead and dying; and because her late experience in the disease was so precious, and because she was "the only person in the village who had no fear of infection," she occupied herself from morning till night in attending the sufferers. Ignorant, uncouth they were, and they spoke so broad a Yorkshire dialect that it was with difficulty Mary Pickard understood their words; but the true and grateful side of

human nature soon showed itself among these poor peasants. Their veneration for Mary took almost an extravagant turn, and "the good American lady" was looked on as something approaching an angelic visitor. Not until nearly the end of November, when the epidemic fever appeared to have spent itself, did Mary prepare to recruit her health and spirits by visiting some dear relatives at Penrith, in Cumberland. Before leaving Osmotherly she clothed the sole remaining orphan for the winter, and made a temporary provision for his support; set her poor cousin's affairs in a way for settlement—there being apparently some sort of business to dispose of—and took care that her aunt was not without necessaries and comforts. No wonder that those she had so much benefited were drowned in tears on her departure.

Every kindness and attention that sympathy and affection could prompt was heaped on Mary Pickard by her friends at Penrith. One of the family brought a carriage to meet her at Greta Bridge, and the whole household devoted themselves to render her visit agreeable. That she fully appreciated their endeavours to restore her to health we gather from one of her letters at this time. "Nothing can exceed the kindness of this family to me," she writes; "indeed I am made to feel that I am at home with them, as if I had always belonged to them. After all I have had to suffer, it is almost like the rest of the Sabbath to the weary labourer; and if kindness and petting will cure

one, I shall soon recover all I may have lost during my dreadful siege at Osmotherly. To be sure, I am almost bewildered at the change from constant anxiety and labour to a state of perfect idleness and indulgence, but I will try and make a good use of it; and I feel so entirely convinced that this most amazing preservation of my life must be for some useful end, that I think I never can fall into an insensible or cold state again."

How weak and ill she really was we gather from the fact, that writing was too great an exertion for her; she closed the letter from which we have borrowed abruptly, saying, "It tires me so much that I can scarcely write intelligibly." Nevertheless, within a month from this time she was back at Osmotherly, called thither by a letter from the "good doctor," who apprised her that her poor aunt was apparently dying of typhus fever, and begged, if possible, that she might see her once more. Mary was not insensible to the risk she ran in returning to that infected region, nor indifferent to the comforts and cheerfulness she was leaving to encounter toil and privation. But she looked such trials in the face without being dismayed by them; and her friends at Penrith loved and honoured her too well to dissuade her from the performance of what she considered a duty. Accordingly, the morning after Christmas-day, she left their hospitable house to travel alone in the bleak December, on her mission of charity. After a journey of eight hours

she arrived safely at the humble cottage, and immediately installed herself as sole nurse and chief directress of affairs.

The room in which her aunt lay was the one in which Mary had watched beside her cousin's child and closed his eyes; and now, brought back to the same scene, under such similar circumstances, her pleasant sojourn at Penrith must have seemed to her like the interlude of a dream. All her life she had been in the habit of writing to one of her dearest friends on the eve of the New Year; and she did not allow her present circumstances to deprive N—— of this customary affectionate memento. How light Mary Pickard made of her own exertions may be gathered from the following words: "Here am I now writing you by the light of a rush candle, with my little work-box for a desk, almost afraid to breathe lest I should disturb my aunt's slumbers. We two are the only beings in this little cottage, for I have sent her sons out to sleep, as a precaution against the fever, and put a bed into a corner of the room for myself. Could you see me acting in the fourfold capacity which I adopt in this humble cottage, you would hardly believe me to be the same being, who, a week ago, was installed in all the honours of a privileged visitor amid the luxuries of Cockel House, acting 'lady' solely to the utmost of my ability. It amuses me to find how easily it all sits upon me, and how readily we may adapt ourselves to varieties of situation, and find something to enjoy in



MALY I WALL VAL HIN VLL HLL ALN S SICK LLL

all. Aunty is much better, and I think there is a good chance for her recovery, at least to as good a state of health as she was in before this illness. I feel little evil in the contrast, great as it is to myself, except a slight cold, which the very sudden change of weather, from warm and damp to excessive cold, has brought me."

But, like many another ardent, eager doer of good works, Mary Pickard over-rated and overtried her powers of endurance. The severity of the season amid the discomforts of the cottage — the lower floor of which was only of clay and sand — together with her unremitting exertions, so told upon her frame, that one night she was seized with a sudden and severe cramp, and fell down helpless on the floor. There she lay for a considerable time, until her groans attracted attention; and this seizure reduced her to such a condition, that for a long time the "good little doctor" paid her two professional visits daily. While the doctor's care and medicines, however, helped to restore her bodily health, her mind and spirits were not less benefited by the companionship of the doctor's sister, who, since Mary's first sojourn at Osmotherly, had come to take the management of her brother's house. This young lady is described as gentle and winning, of cultivated mind and elegant manners; and it is easy to understand how naturally the two must have been drawn together.

The same disposition which had caused Mary in

her childhood to seem "always happy" remained to her still, undimmed, unchanged by suffering. She thought little of her own illness, even when confined to her bed; rejoiced that her "aunty" was now able to sit up in her easy chair; enjoyed the conversation of her new acquaintance; and found infinite amusement in the childish traits of the little Jamie, who, though not two years old, seemed to have some understanding of the worth of his cousin. When she had left Osmotherly in November his grief had been passionate and distressing, and when she returned his ecstasy was affecting. He jumped in her lap, and stroked and kissed her face, as if to confirm the evidence of his eyesight, and then burst into tears of joy. He insisted on calling her "uncle;" and he besought "Uncle Mady" not to go away, but "to live with Jamie every day." The parting from this child was a great trial, and had she felt justified in separating him by such a distance from his grandmother and other relatives, she would certainly have taken him with her to America.

On the 30th of January, 1826, Mary Pickard was sufficiently recovered to travel, though still so weak that, in moving about a room, she held by chairs and tables, "like a child just going alone." On that day she again took leave of Osmotherly, when the whole village, young and old, came out to escort her on her way. Many a touching tribute of gratitude and respect she received from those poor people, who, though they did not always understand her words, could read

her actions. Not only had she tended the dying as a nurse, but she had tried to open their hearts and minds; to do away with the superstitions which in many instances clouded the light of religion, and to teach them wholesome rules of life that would help to keep away disease. Of several she took leave separately, and if they never forgot "the good lady," she, too, carried away a kind recollection of them when she returned to her relatives at Penrith, once more to be nursed and petted into convalescence.

Again, her letters overflow with gratitude for the kindness she is receiving, and her description of the hospitalities of Cockel House presents a lively contrast to the sorrow and suffering to which she had just been ministering. "Aunty George, Selina, and I," she says, "are seated in true spinster style round a large fire in the drawing-room up-stairs; Aunty at full length upon the sofa, reading, at one side; Selina on the other, writing; and I, in the front, doing the same at the same table with her. Around us are arranged, in the most convenient places, piano, flowers, tables covered with books, writing-desks, &c.; ottomans, ditto; all sorts of comfortable chairs—easy, rocking, &c.; in the corners, shelves, with collections of shells, minerals, and other odd things, to say nothing of the living ornaments. It is the very picture of comfort; and I could tell you of certain sensual luxuries which make their appearance upon the centre table some three, four, five, or, perhaps, six times a-day, now that

I am prohibited from descending to the dining-room: but that would destroy the intellectual charm which must hang round the image of Aunty George. Mrs M'Adam writes me that she received your letter . . . She has been in a fine taking about this illness of mine, but is cooling a little, now she finds I am not satisfied with less than four meals per day."

Others beside "Mrs. M'Adam" had been painfully anxious about Mary Pickard's illness; and even before she was thoroughly well, she began to receive letters from America, which must have shown her how warmly she was regarded. The news of her heroic exertions had not surprised those who knew her best; but the distance from England and slowness of communication had aggravated and prolonged their fears that she would sink under her exertions. Her friend "Emma" began a letter, "My dearest live Mary," and wrote with natural pathos of the hopes and fears which had swayed all their hearts, and of the joy which had been felt at receiving a letter dated Penrith—unconscious that Mary had afterwards returned to the scene of pestilence. The same writer had in a previous letter repeated an anecdote which shows the sort of estimation in which Mary Pickard was held; and that she was looked on as one of those to whom is permitted the privilege of being a benefactor. "With all their desire for your return," she said, "nobody murmurs; everybody says it is much better for you to stay. And Mrs. Barnard says, when

she expressed her sorrow about it to Dr. Channing, he gave her for the only time in his life almost an angry look."

Mary Pickard returned to America in the summer of 1826, and was received by her Boston friends with every demonstration of affection and delight. Some of the most truly estimable people in that city sought her acquaintance; and though she herself seemed surprised that any one should consider her a heroine, her worth was very generally acknowledged and appreciated. Warm-hearted as she was, and delighting in congenial society, all the allurements of agreeable visiting could not turn her mind from deeds of charity. During the winter of 1826, though in society she seemed "more lively and joyous" than ever, her days were chiefly occupied in visiting the poor, making herself acquainted with their ways and their wants, gently leading them to better habits of life, and, while helping their present need, showing them the true way to help themselves. On the Sabbath she taught classes of poor children in more than one Sunday-school; and yet so managed her time, that she seemed ever ready to meet the claims of friendship. But the most momentous event in a woman's life was now drawing near.

Some dozen years before, when a mere girl, Mary Pickard had been greatly impressed by the character, the intelligence, and the manners of Henry Ware, then a theological student at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and

three or four years her senior. Since then they had been separated by circumstances; and though possibly Mary, on a few occasions, might have heard him preach, they had never met in private again until now. In the interval Henry Ware had become a husband, a father, and a widower, and had won for himself a recognition as a man of large intelligence, and an eloquent minister of increasing influence. A sister of his had been school-fellow to Mary Pickard, and perhaps the acquaintance with her was at this time renewed; or, probably, without such intervention, the chances of Boston society again brought two persons together who were eminently suited to be life-long companions. Henry Ware quickly appreciated the benevolence, the patience, the good sense, and the affectionate nature of Mary Pickard, while she in him found a character she could wholly revere and trust. At the end of January 1827 she promised to be his wife, and the marriage took place on the 11th of June in the same year.

To battle successfully with a prejudice is one of the most difficult, and seldom accomplished, feats in the world; and perhaps of all the false ideas current among people who do not take the trouble to think for themselves, few have been more productive of misery than the unreasoning prejudice which prevails against stepmothers. Really persons often speak as if the very act of an amiable high-toned woman marrying a widower must of necessity change her whole

character; and that she who, in all her former relations of life, had been affectionate and sincere, just and generous, forbearing and self-denying, must suddenly become imperious and manœuvring, and harsh, unjust, and unfeeling to the very objects who have the greatest claim on her womanly sympathy and tenderness. It is to be feared that the children of the first marriage, if past early childhood, or their maternal relatives, too often indulge in an unworthy jealousy, which causes them to look at every action of the new-comer with jaundiced eyes, to resent every exercise of wholesome authority, and to plant between the second wife and her adopted children those seeds of distrust, which, growing up, bear all manner of bitter fruit. It is time the parrot cry of "the cruel step-mother" should die away out of hearing; and some new voice be raised to inquire how often the step-mother's trials have been great; how often, after performing a mother's part, she has met with black ingratitude, and received but taunts in requital for tender nursing, and teaching, and guidance.

Mary Pickard was perfectly aware of the prejudice she had to encounter, but she brought to her new duties a simple faith in God's providence and in the strength of right doing. Her heart was too noble to admit into its meanest corner an emotion of selfish jealousy; and it was a joy inexpressible to her husband to find that she reverenced the memory of his first wife—who had been a very noble woman—and

so far from desiring oblivion of her name, loved that he should cherish the recollection of her worth. Her recent biographer says, "She had no sympathy and little respect for that narrow view which insists that one affection must crowd out another;" and when some surprise at her feeling on this subject was expressed to her, she answered, "She was the nearest and dearest to *him*, how then can I do otherwise than love her and cherish her memory?" The children—a boy and a girl—she took to her heart at once; and so won their perfect love, that in after years any allusion to the fact of her not being "their own mother," would occasion in them a start of regret; and when at last they had the anguish to lose her, the son, then grown to manhood, exclaimed, "Surely God never gave a boy such a mother, or a man such a friend."

In her case the experiment was fairly worked; no ignorant, heartless "friends" instilled suspicion into the young minds of her adopted children, but they met her tenderness with trust and affection, and proved to the world how sweet may be the tie of the so often maligned stepmother. From the first, Henry Ware was conscious of the treasure he was taking to himself, and when he wrote to his sister announcing that he was about again "to build up his family hearth," he said, "Providence has thrown in my way one woman whose character is all that man can ask of a singular and exalted excellence. You know how admirable she

is, and how well suited to fill the vacant place at my side. . . . . I feel, that if the departed know what is transacting here, my own Elizabeth would congratulate me as sincerely as any of my friends. I have sought for the best mother to her children, and the best I have found. I have desired a pattern and blessing for my parish, and I have found one. I have wished some one to bear my load with me, and to help, confirm, and strengthen my principle by her own high and experienced piety, and such I have found. All these things meeting in one person, I might have looked for each alone; but where else are they to be all found in such excellent proportions united?" And he asked for his sister's congratulations with the full certainty that from "no one would they be more sincere and affectionate." Assuredly, no wife was ever received into a family more completely with open arms and hearty rejoicings; the sister—her school companion at Hingham—knew her excellence, and knew that time had only matured her character and developed her virtues.

Even the ladies of Mr. Ware's congregation shared the enthusiasm of his relations, and when the bride returned to her "own home" after a short tour, she found that the ladies of the parish had not allowed workwomen to be employed in the house, but had done everything that was necessary with their own hands. Even the poorest of the parishioners paid her visits of respect, and Mary Ware entered on her wedded life among loving hearts, and without one jarring element

to disturb her peace. It is true, Mr. Ware's means were not large, but Mary had been used to economy; and though from his position they were obliged to receive many visitors, she contrived to make the most frugal entertainment welcome and agreeable. Busy in her parish, busy in her home duties, Mrs. Ware called her responsibility a "blessing," not a burden; but for her there was only permitted a single year of uninterrupted earthly happiness. At the expiration of that period Mr. Ware's health gave way. He had been preaching at some distance from Boston, and on his way home was attacked with fever. Although herself in a precarious state of health, his wife hastened to his side, and remained with him until he was able to be removed. Only a few weeks from this time Mary Ware's eldest child was born, a son who lived but a few years, just long enough to endear himself firmly and fondly to his parents' hearts.

So severe had been the illness of Henry Ware, and so complete was the prostration which followed, that it was impossible for him to resume his active pastoral duties. Months passed on; change of scene, and a "horseback journey," were tried, but so slow and uncertain was his recovery, that in the spring of 1829 he "virtually resigned his pastoral charge, and a colleague-pastor was chosen, while a new professorship was planned for him in the Divinity School at Cambridge." But before entering on these new duties, he was persuaded by generous friends, who

insisted on providing him with the means, to go with his wife to Europe, with the hope that his health might be restored by his obtaining entire mental rest, and the recreation of visiting new scenes.

On the 1st of April, 1829, Mrs. Ware and her husband sailed from Boston, and the next seventeen months were occupied in the tour which was thus undertaken as a search for health. It involved many sacrifices, not the least of them being the necessary separation of the parents from their children. Of the two elder, one was placed at school, and the other established in the family of Mr. Ware's brother, at New York; while one of his sisters took charge of the infant. Perhaps only a mother can fully realise the anguish of Mary Ware at parting from her first-born, not yet a twelvemonth old; but they were too poor to think of adding to their travelling expenses the charge of a nurse, and she was well aware that all her own energy would be required in tending her invalid husband. No murmurs, however, escaped her; she saw the path of duty clear before her, and followed it.

The summer of 1829 was spent in travelling through England, Scotland, and Ireland; and Mary visited Osmotherly and many of the gayer scenes familiar to her four years before. They obtained introductions to Wordsworth and Southey, Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Hemans, and carried away agreeable personal recollections of many persons whose names they had previously learned to honour.

Unhappily, Mr. Ware's health improved but slowly, and the sense of his uselessness and incapacity for exertion—so painful a consciousness to an active mind—weighed down his spirits until his wife could not wholly escape the contagion of his depression. Indeed, in after years she spoke of this period as the most trying of her life. In the autumn they went on to the Continent, and passing through Switzerland into Italy wintered there. At Rome, in March 1830, a daughter was born.

Meanwhile, they had not been idle. As soon as Mr. Ware at all rallied, he occupied himself with his pen, and began his work on "The Christian Character." Long afterwards, in referring to this book, his wife said, "Its pages are to my memory a sort of diary of our progress, associated as they are with the pleasant evenings when, after our autumnal day's journey, having despatched our supper, we settled ourselves at a little table before a cheerful wood-fire in our inn, and he with his writing materials, and I with my work, or writing or reading, could almost imagine ourselves at home. Thus were my evenings spent in alternate writing, reading, and criticism, until I almost felt as if I had written the book myself." They were travelling between Rome and Naples at the opening of the new year; but, faithful to her beloved N——, Mary wrote her "Annual" from the little village of St. Agatha.

About June, Mrs. Ware returned to England with

her husband, and it is mournful to perceive that by this time there were indications that the fine constitution which had borne and braved so many trials was at last giving way under the pressure of anxiety and fatigue. Even in Italy she had suffered greatly; and in writing confidentially to her physician she alluded to the great effort she had made while there to appear, for her husband's sake, well and cheerful, adding, "But the degree of tension to which every faculty was stretched all the time, was just as much as my reason could bear unshaken; and more than it could have borne, I believe, had not my nerves found relief in hours of tearful prostration when Henry was asleep, or so far out of the way as not to detect it."

Preparatory to returning to America, Mr. Ware settled his wife and infant for a little time in lodgings at Waltham, while he made an excursion for his health. The truth was, they could not prudently afford that the mother and child should accompany him; yet at this very time there is evidence that they were assisting the poor aunt at Osmotherly with money; and Mary, in corresponding with her husband, begged him to write to Aunty if he could not visit her, saying, "It will please her; and pay the postage." Ever unselfish, ever thoughtful for others, in small things as well as great, was Mary Ware.

But we must hurry on. Mr. and Mrs. Ware left England at the end of July, and on the passage home he was attacked with an alarming illness, in which his

wife had to act the part of physician as well as nurse. With a young child in her arms, without a servant, among strangers, who, however kind and compassionate, could do little to aid her; and amid all the discomforts of a ship, her exertions might well be called, as they were, "almost superhuman." The crisis passed, and before they arrived in the United States he was nearly as well as when he embarked; but she felt the effects of her trial for months afterwards. In October 1830, they took up their residence in Cambridge, U.S. where Mr. Ware, though still in very feeble health, entered upon the professorship which had been created for him, that of "Pulpit Eloquence and Pastoral Care." It was a position entirely congenial to his feelings, although he clung through life with sentiments of affectionate regard to his old congregation at Boston, whom his ill-health had compelled him to abandon.

The life of Mary Ware, for the next dozen years, was chiefly marked by the fluctuating health of herself and husband, by the death of her eldest child and by the birth of others; she having all the time to contend with straitened circumstances and those sordid cares which naturally result from them. There has been some want of truthful sentiment in much that has been talked and written about the inefficacy of wealth to promote happiness, and about the sweetness of "poverty" with "content." Certainly the possession of great wealth brings with it so heavy a responsi-

bility, that a volatile character would do wisely to shrink from its grave stewardship; but it would be well for young people earnestly to believe that dull poverty has its cruel temptations, and that only the very highest order of minds can resist unscathed the gnawings of daily fretful cares. It should ever be a settled purpose in life, no matter at what sacrifice of labour or inclination, to strive at least for that moderate independence which may leave our minds free to soar above the petty anxieties of life. If sickness comes — as it did to Henry Ware — to thwart well-laid schemes and cripple exertion, we must bow meekly to a higher Will than that of man, and receive poverty as a trial of our patience and principles; it may be that it is a trial, also, of the rich, who may depend upon it, that if they have the hearts to give largely, ways and means of doing good will always present themselves with the feeblest possible search after them.

One's heart vaguely conjectures the amount of good deeds that was lost to the world, because through those long years of suffering Mary Ware was poor. When we see what she did do for others amid all her cares, we can partly guess what a philanthropist under happier circumstances she might have proved. It is true that philanthropy does not consist in giving money; but then Mary gave her time, her thoughts to others, when time and thought were money's worth to her. She visited the sick, she advised the ignorant,

and when she had not money to bestow, she begged of the rich for the poor. What time and thought would she not have given had the home pressure been lighter!

In 1842 it became evident that Mr. Ware must resign his professorship, his health being quite unequal to his duties. We will not dwell upon the breaking up of innumerable social ties, upon the parting from his scholars, to whom he and his wife had been like parents, or the severance from the home of so many years. The eldest son was now of an age to go out in the world; and the rest of the family withdrew to the village of Framingham, being enabled to do so by the generous contributions of friends, whose assistance they could not refuse. Her letters to the absent son and to her many friends at this time were very beautiful; breathing as they did of Christian resignation, and at the same time of that kindred bravery which enabled her to perform her active duties amid all her sorrows.

Henry Ware expired at Framingham on Friday morning, September the 22d, 1843. The whole family had been long prepared for the event, and Mrs. Ware was so anxious that the children should not associate the idea of Death with restraint and gloom, that they should learn to consider their dear father not as lost to them, but only "gone before,"— that, contrary to established usage, she took them the Sunday following, while their father's corpse remained unburied, to their accustomed place of worship. Twice that day the

voices of the mourners were raised in prayer and praise in the presence of fellow-worshippers, many of whom felt tenderly drawn to the widow and the fatherless even by this very innovation on established custom. The body of Henry Ware was brought to Cambridge for interment, Mary Ware and the eldest son accompanying it in the same carriage. "We could not feel willing," she said, "to let strangers do anything in connexion with him which we could do ourselves."

But though to superficial observers Mary Ware appeared strangely calm under her bereavement, those who knew her best were aware of the intensity of that heart-anguish with which she struggled. It was necessary for her children's sake that she should exert herself; the duty of both parents now devolved on her; and with a meek, yet resolute spirit, she endeavoured to fulfil it. Many of her observations on education are well worthy the attention of parents and teachers, showing, as they do, a knowledge of human and of child nature, without some share of which a merely intellectual teacher is little better than a talking automaton. Mary Ware's innate sympathy with her fellow-creatures enabled her to read young hearts, and to distinguish individual character; and her fine moral sense prevented her from making the common blunder of reproving some fault of ignorance or manners in as grave a tone as she would a moral delinquency. Her rule was a rule of religion, of reason,

and of love; and one cannot but feel that, after all, her vocation was probably that of an instructress.

While Mrs. Ware's plans were still unsettled, she received an earnest request from a gentleman at Milton to take up her abode there, and devote two or three hours a-day to the instruction of his children. The proposal seems, in a pecuniary point of view, to have been a very advantageous one; but before she accepted it, Mary Ware weighed all the influences such a plan must have upon her children. Their welfare she considered her first object and duty, her second was to be useful, and "the possibility of living without debt was a *sine quâ non* anywhere." Finally, she accepted this engagement, which, through the few remaining years of her life, she never regretted. Even before her husband's death Mary Ware had suspected in herself the first symptoms of a painful malady; and a year or two afterwards her fears were confirmed. Still the outward tenor of her life was but little altered; she kept school as usual for a long time still, and made scarcely any confidant of her state, except her physician. Not until it was impossible to conceal the truth from them, were her children — seven in all — apprised of her danger.

In the summer of 1848, feeling that her disease was gaining ground, she prepared a paper for her children, containing her last wishes and advice; but after this she rallied again, and few who witnessed her energy of will and action would have believed her true

condition. In the following spring something touched the heart of "little Jamie," now grown a man, and prompted him to write to his early benefactress; he had never done so before, but at last he poured out his feelings of gratitude for all she had done and suffered for him and his parents long years ago, and for her continued remembrance of his grandmother as long as she lived. But the letter arrived just too late for Mary Ware on earth to know how tenderly she was still remembered at Osmotherly.

"On a lovely April day, the windows of her room all open that she might breathe freely, she looked up at one who entered, and said, with a smile, 'What a beautiful day to go *home!*'" Her sufferings were great, but to the last she thought more of others than herself. Many hours of the last days she held in her hand a note which her husband had written to her at a time when absent from her he thought himself dying. It contained these words: "Dear, dear Mary, if I could, I would express all I owe to you. You have been an unspeakable, an indescribable blessing. God reward you a thousand-fold! Farewell *till we meet again.*" The hour was come.

In the soft twilight of another April day, on Good Friday, 1849, their dust was reunited, and the body of Mary laid beside that of her husband in the beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn.

MRS. HUTCHINSON AND LADY FANSHAWE.

We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Merchant of Venice.

——— Is there nothing,
Nothing, my father, in the work of freedom
For woman's hand to do?—*Sydney Yendys.*

THE Tower of London is so replete with terrible associations, that it seems strange to link with them a pleasant memory, by recording that this ancient fortress was the birth-place of Lucy Apsley, subsequently the wife of Colonel John Hutchinson. She was the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower, and was born on the 29th of January, 1620. Her mother was of the family of St. John of Lidiard Tregooze, in Wiltshire, and was Sir Allen's third wife. The Apsleys had been people of consideration for several generations, and had been so much in

the habit of marrying among their neighbours, that it was remarked that there was scarcely a family of any note in Sussex to which they were not in some degree related. It is from the by-ways of history, and from a few artlessly composed biographics, like those of Lucy Hutchinson and Lady Fanshawe, that we obtain our truest impression of the English People two or three centuries ago. Vulgar historians have crowded their pages with the account of foreign wars and home factions—of courtly pageants and kings' coronations, and have too often been silent on those subjects, which, if duly investigated, might have changed the current of many a popular opinion.

The daring doings, or romantic careers of a few individuals caught the attention of the superficial observer, while the quiet, yet most important influence of the country gentry of those days has not been always duly recognised. It was an influence which in the main owed its weight to the moral worth and intelligence, which more than any other that class embraced. We must not measure its intellectual acquirements by any modern standard; but at least it may be conceded that when women of the seventeenth century displayed a thirst for knowledge, they studied in a steadfast, reverential spirit, quite opposite from that which now too often leads to a light desultory reading, that chokes the mind with a confused assemblage of misunderstood facts, and weakens its natural powers rather than strengthens them. The true student derives quite as

much benefit from mental discipline as from information acquired.

It was among the country gentry that the principles of the Reformed Church had taken the deepest root, for they of all classes had the most ample leisure for quiet thought and grave discussion. When people made journeys, they were chiefly on business; some requisite attendance at Court, the settlement of a law-suit, or the necessity of purchasing substantial, long-enduring furniture or raiment, being the ordinary occasions which took the heads of families great distances from home.

Travelling was too tedious and too perilous for there to be much idea of pleasure connected with it. The results of this mode of living developed themselves very legibly in the national character. Religious, conscientious, self-reliant, hospitable, sincere, warm in their affections, simple in their enjoyments, the country gentry of the seventeenth century included noble characters. And many a woman whose name is only remembered by a quaint effigy in some venerable country church, or by the half-defaced inscription which gives the date of the death of "Dame" So-and-so, might have been set forth as the type of the English gentlewoman of that period; in whom a certain solemnity of mien, mingled with innocent cheerfulness; whose learning—such as it was—was devoted to soul improvement and the growth of common sense; who was humble and obedient as wife or daughter, but

discreetly dignified as mother and mistress; who was cleverly thrifty in her housewifely duties, yet lavishly hospitable and generous — the friend of the poor and the tender nurse of the sick. We shall the better understand the little Lucy's career if we call to mind that characters of this sort were certainly set before her for admiration and imitation.

Sir Allen Apsley, being the youngest of seven sons, had pushed his own way in the world; he had filled a situation in the household of Queen Elizabeth; had subsequently procured an employment which took him to Cadiz, and afterwards had an appointment in Ireland. It was for his services in Ireland that he received knighthood from James the First. His third marriage took place when he was eight-and-forty years of age, the bride being only sixteen; but she had been an orphan from infancy, and though carefully educated under the superintendence of relatives, had seen so much sorrow that her character was greatly matured. The circumstance of her having imbibed Calvinistic opinions may have added to the gravity of her deportment. A year or two after this marriage, Sir Allen Apsley was appointed Lieutenant of the Tower, and henceforth resided within its precincts.

Lucy must have been the eighth child of her parents; two or three children were born afterwards, and there were besides a son and daughter by Sir Allen's second wife. Yet of this large family only three sons and two daughters survived their father. The mortality among

children in those days was truly afflicting. Sir Allen is described as a most indulgent husband, affectionate father, and noble master. His ample wealth permitted him to follow the dictates of his heart. Not only did he provide for his own old servants, but from his private purse he pensioned many of the widows and children of Queen Elizabeth's sea-captains, or even these brave men themselves, who, neglected by the Government, had fallen in their old age into want and misery. "He was a father to all his prisoners," writes his daughter, "sweetening with such compassionate kindness their restraint, that the affliction of a prison was not felt in his days." And the Lady Apsley assisted in these charities with her whole heart. "All the time she dwelt in the Tower, if any were sick, she made them broths and restoratives with her own hands, visited them and took care of them, and provided them all necessaries; if any were afflicted she comforted them, so that they felt not the inconvenience of a prison who were in that place." And when Sir Walter Raleigh and a fellow-prisoner desired to make chemical experiments, Lady Apsley, at her own cost, provided everything necessary for the purpose, "partly," we are told, "to comfort and divert the poor prisoners, and partly to gain the knowledge of their experiments, and the medicines to help such poor people as were not able to seek physicians."

Happy are the children of such parents; for no education is comparable to the teaching of example.

But while the little Lucy's heart was opening to all good influences, her intellect was also cultivated in a remarkable manner. A French nurse was provided for her, in order that she might learn to speak French and English together, and we are assured that at four years old she could read English perfectly. At the age of seven no less than eight tutors were engaged in instructing her in "languages, music, dancing, writing, and needlework." She outstripped her brothers in Latin, and consumed her play-hours in reading, and would seem an almost impossible prodigy if she did not confess that she profited very little by the music and dancing, never practising "the lute or harpsichord" but when her masters were present.

Also she detested needlework, an admission which we are inclined to consider leniently, being of opinion that the sort of needlework for which tutors were in those days provided, was not of the useful, homely sort, a knowledge of which—coming half by instinct, and half by childish imitation—is among a true woman's "gifts and graces," but consisted in those elaborate stitchings and embroideries which were mostly invented by the nuns of the middle ages; suiting well enough the lazy leisure of a convent, these curious fabrics demanded far too much of patient toil and precious time for the earnest-hearted and active-minded to rejoice in their manufacture. And though the little Lucy would have been puzzled to explain her reasons for her dislike, we can easily

believe that her fast-growing intellect rebelled against the drudgery of counting threads and other tediousness connected with her task. Like all clever children, she liked to listen to the conversation of her elders, and as "very profitable serious discourse" was frequent at her "father's table" and in her "mother's drawing-room," she picked up, parrot fashion, many sayings which must have been quaint enough in the mouth of a little child. Yet if they contained the germs of truth, they were well remembered, even if the understanding them was reserved for a later day. Very early she seems to have been imbued with earnest religious impressions, which, in her autobiography, she traces to the good instructions of her mother and the excellent sermons she was taken to hear.

Lucy's father died in May 1630, infinitely regretted we may easily believe; and there is no incident of note to be recorded afterwards, until the course of events brought about her introduction to Mr. Hutchinson.

He was the eldest surviving son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, of Owthorpe in Nottinghamshire, and descended, on his mother's side, from the Byrons of Newstead. The Hutchinsons had been esteemed for many generations, as a family with whom it was highly honourable to be allied, although none before Sir Thomas had advanced beyond the degree of an esquire. Famous for their patriotism, their hospi-

tality, and their integrity, they had steadily increased in wealth and in social influence. Sir Thomas, early in life, engaged in the study of divinity, collected one of the most choice private libraries in England, and finally adopted the Puritan opinions. He was several times chosen to represent his county in Parliament, and died in 1643, a sitting member of the Long Parliament.

His son John was born at Nottingham in 1616, and was thus something more than three years the elder of Lucy Apsley. He lost his mother when only three years old, but his excellent father and the Lady Katherine, his step-mother, must have devoted great care to his education. Perhaps even certain school troubles, which he did not escape, helped to form his character. Not only did he enter on the usual studies of a gentleman, but he became a good musician, playing on the viol with considerable skill, and accomplished in the use of arms, thanks to the training of an old Low-country soldier, especially employed for the purpose. If military duties were commonly thus taught, we can the better understand the efficiency of the people of England who, arming in obedience to the Parliament, fought for their own liberties.

Young Hutchinson left the University of Cambridge when about twenty years of age, and soon afterwards visiting Richmond, became acquainted with Lucy Apsley's younger sister, who was placed for a short time in the family of a musical professor for

the sake of improvement in his art. She, we must presume, *had* practised the lute and harpsichord, and shown a love for sweet sounds; and though she could have been little more than twelve years old, she seems to have been left greatly to her own guidance, and to have deported herself in a very womanly manner. Young Mr. Hutchinson having likewise the desire for musical improvement, "tabled" in the same house, and the two became extremely good friends. Her chief delight, however, was talking of her beloved elder sister, then in Wiltshire with her mother, Lady Apsley, and who, she believed, was very soon to be married, and settled in that county. Besides hearing the praises of "Mistress Lucy," Mr. Hutchinson saw some of her books, and these and further questionings of the little girl and of mutual friends, enabled him to judge pretty accurately of her tastes and acquirements.

He began to feel deeply interested in the unseen paragon, and to lament the little prospect there was of their ever meeting. Happily, in consequence of the young lady's reluctance to the match, the treaty of marriage with the Wiltshire esquire was annulled, and Lucy returned to her mother's house, near Richmond, free from any matrimonial engagement. Young Hutchinson lost no time in making and improving her acquaintance, and, already so strongly prepossessed in her favour, there is no wonder that he soon became deeply attached to her. She recognised his congenial qualities, and returned his affection.

It is impossible, indeed, to imagine two young people more completely suited to each other; and as Lady Apsley wished to see her daughter settled in life, there were no objections raised by her to his proposals. The very day, however, on which the friends on both sides met to conclude the marriage, the betrothed bride was seized with small-pox.

For some time her life was in danger; and when the virulence of the disease abated, she was found to be cruelly disfigured. An ordinary lover, whose fancy merely had been caught by the bloom of youth or beauty, might now have wavered in his resolves; but Mr. Hutchinson's affection had a more enduring basis. He insisted on claiming his wife directly she was well enough to leave her chamber, and we are told that when they were married, "The priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her; but," the writer adds, "God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered to be as well as before."

These nuptials took place in July 1638, and for a time the young couple resided with Lady Apsley. We fancy it was some three or four years afterwards that Sir Thomas Hutchinson—who was much engaged in London from his parliamentary duties, and who also sometimes resided at Nottingham—gave up the family mansion of Owthorpe to his eldest son. Meanwhile, Mr. Hutchinson had employed his leisure in theological studies, and in observing the aspect of political

affairs; we cannot doubt that his wife had shared his thoughts, and by her sympathy strengthened his opinions. But though their convictions led them very much to eschew what are called pomps and vanities, it would be a great mistake to fancy them gloomy or austere fanatics. There are abundant evidences that their home was cheerful and happy, and often made gay by generous hospitalities.

No earnest-hearted person, however, could be indifferent to the progress of national events; and the duplicity of Charles the First, his attempted tyranny, and evident leaning to the Papists, enlisted Mr. Hutchinson's feelings on the side of the Parliament, and prepared him to take part in the struggle which was at hand. When the sheriff of Nottingham endeavoured to obtain possession for the King's use of the ammunition belonging to the train bands, Mr. Hutchinson's accidental presence in the town was the means of frustrating the plot for the time; and his prompt decision, and active exertions on the occasion, perhaps first drew general attention to his character. Subsequently, the ammunition was seized before the leading people could interpose; but Mr. Hutchinson was among the first who heard of the disgraceful proceeding, and hurrying into the town again, came into open collision with the King's party. Indeed, he ran some risk of his life from the anger of the excited soldiers; and a few days afterwards the house at Owthorpe was entered by a party of Cavaliers, who

came with the intention of seizing its master, and possessing themselves of arms and plate. Fortunately, Mr. Hutchinson had been apprised of some such intention, and had just had time to remove or conceal his valuables, and to take refuge himself in Leicestershire. There, in a day or two, he was joined by his wife; but hearing that a warrant for his seizure in this county had now been obtained, he had again to fly.

The troop of Cavaliers, whose trumpet sound had hurried Mr. Hutchinson's departure, proved to be commanded by his brother-in-law, Sir Allen Apsley; who, on discovering that his sister was alone, contrived to be quartered in the next house to her; and for the few days he remained in the place, consoled her by his protection. All through the civil war, just now breaking out, Mr. Hutchinson and his wife's brother, although taking active parts on opposite sides, preserved their good feeling and respect for one another, and numerous are the occasions on which they granted passes, and otherwise lightened the misery of the scenes in which they were engaged.

It was while Mr. Hutchinson was concealing himself that the interception of a letter of his to his wife gave occasion for a display of her presence of mind. The open letter was brought her by a Royalist officer, whom she knew slightly as her brother's acquaintance; and who now, complimenting her at her husband's expense, lamented that she should be married

to a man who had joined a faction so disgraceful that he dared not be seen with her. The indignant wife, wiser than to revenge herself by any rejoinder that should injure her husband, observed that he was not a man afraid to show himself where "any honest man durst appear," and bethought her to pass off his younger brother, Mr. George Hutchinson, now visiting her in this temporary Leicestershire home, for him: thus throwing the pursuers off the right track, and giving the fugitive an additional chance of escape. She knew that Prince Rupert's troop had marched out of the town; and seeing this officer alone, had no fear of the brother's capture; so she called him down from an upstairs room, and prepared him by a hint for the part he was to play. The officer was completely deceived, and took his departure with what grace he could; but he very soon returned, accompanied by a friend, and, as it turned out, with a troop of dragoons close at hand. Presently pistols were produced, violence threatened in case of resistance, and Mr. George Hutchinson taken into custody by the name of his brother.

The poor prisoner endeavoured to explain the mistake, but was not believed; and he was taken to Prince Rupert's quarters amid the shouts of the rejoicing soldiers. Two or three of the Byrons, his cousins, were ready to identify him; but though belonging to the King's party, they were for some time disbelieved. Not till the prisoner had been

taken to Derby, and Mrs. Hutchinson had applied to her own cousin, Lord Grandison, was he with some difficulty released. His captors wished him to give them an engagement that he would not take arms with the Parliament, but he refused to make any promise, merely observing that he was accustomed to live peaceably at home, and should do nothing but what his conscience prompted.

Meanwhile Mrs. Hutchinson had found means to communicate with her husband, who, on learning the annoyance to which his brother had been subjected, posted to London to use his influence to procure a release; but while thus occupied, he was joined by George, himself. There they remained until assured that the King's forces were withdrawn from Leicestershire. As soon as they could visit her with security, they returned to Mrs. Hutchinson, who—already the mother of two sons—had given birth to a daughter only a few days after George Hutchinson had been captured. The poor infant was a sufferer from its birth, and died in early childhood.

It was about the month of October 1642, just at the time of the battle of Edge Hill, that Mr. Hutchinson took his wife and children home to Owthorpe. And now it was that they found how many respectable families had been plundered by the King's army, and how general an opinion was beginning to prevail that it was no longer possible for people to remain neuter. The Dissenters, especially, were convinced that there

was no security for life and property except in maintaining the authority of the Parliament. Accordingly consultations were held in order to raise recruits for the Earl of Essex, then commanding the Parliament's forces, and Mr. Hutchinson volunteered contributions of horses and plate. We can see that by degrees he was becoming a man of note, and taking an active part in the county.

Soon after the battle of Edge Hill Sir John Digby, a Royalist, and high sheriff of Nottinghamshire, sent out a summons for all the gentlemen of the county to meet him at Newark; but Mr. Hutchinson and some others, receiving intelligence that the sheriff had an underhand design, disobeyed the summons, and subsequently found that, had they attended, Sir John would have made them prisoners in the King's name. Such plots as these, resembling more the low cunning of Eastern despots than the fit bearing of a constitutional king, must have done much to widen the breach between Charles and the better-informed and more upright among his people. Even the Royalist citizens did not like to have soldiers quartered on them, especially when they suspected their unwelcome guests were intended to make aggressions on their neighbours; and the people of Nottingham, hearing that the Cavaliers were coming to take possession of their town, determined to arm and defend themselves. With all speed about seven hundred men enlisted themselves for the service, and chose Mr. George Hutchinson for

their captain. Sir Thomas was still alive, and though it is doubted if he took any active part himself on the occasion, there is good reason to believe that he approved of the conduct of his sons. In writing of this time Mrs. Hutchinson says, "All the devout people of the town were very vigorous and ready to offer their lives and families," but goes on to add that those who had lived by abuses of the law, "upon the bishops' persecuting courts, and had been the lackeys of projectors and monopolisers, and the like," were opposed to the Parliament, or, in the phraseology of the day, "bitterly malignant."

Intimately as Mrs. Hutchinson's personal history was connected with the public affairs of that terrible time, we can but allude to them briefly as we pass on to the occasions on which she individually acted and suffered. Sir John Digby, finding Nottingham prepared for resistance, did not attack it; but very soon the militia of the county was organised, and John and George Hutchinson were appointed Lieutenant-Colonel and Major in Colonel Pierrepoint's regiment of foot. By this time we can see they had become marked men on the Parliament side; and so violent was party feeling becoming, that in the winter of 1642 Colonel Hutchinson thought it expedient to remove his wife and family from Owthorpe and bring them into the town of Nottingham. Such was the state of the country that they removed by night to escape observation, and with the guard of a troop of horse. Not-

tingham being on the highroad to the north, and a place that might be rendered capable of defence, was considered an important post, and the Parliamentary leaders early took measures to retain it.

Nottingham Castle was built on a rock, and from its situation was capable of strong fortification; but the buildings attached to it had fallen into ruin, and could not, in their present state, afford accommodation either for men or stores. Nevertheless Colonel Hutchinson was prevailed on, by the almost unanimous desire of the committee of Nottingham, to become the governor and defender of this dilapidated fortress, and this, too, at the time when a large body of both horse and foot were commanded by Lord Essex to leave Nottingham, and hasten to the relief of the Parliament's forces at Gainsborough. It was a post of honour, it is true, but also one of great peril and terrible responsibility—exactly an occasion to test the highest qualities of a gentleman and a soldier. Colonel Hutchinson, we may be perfectly sure, was fully alive to the difficulties of his position when he set about encountering them.

It was on the 29th of June, 1643, that Colonel Hutchinson accepted the appointment of Governor of Nottingham Castle, and immediately took steps to repair and fortify it. His first proceeding was to issue a proclamation that "whatsoever honest persons desired to secure themselves or their goods in the Castle, should have reception there if they would repair their quarters;" and so many people were glad to accept

this proposal that, in a very short time, the place was capable of receiving four hundred men. Then he procured forty barrels of powder from London, and such store of provisions as his means would command; and, by pulling down and building up, so arranged his pieces of ordnance, that in case of attack they would do him the best service. But it is melancholy to reflect how his difficulties were increased by the ignorant selfishness of the people of Nottingham.

Military works had been formed about the town on so large a scale, that they would have required three thousand men to defend them properly; and seeing that about fourteen guns were left there almost unprotected, the Governor determined to have them drawn up into the Castle, fearing that otherwise, in case of attack, they would fall into the enemy's hands and be turned against him. Either a great number of the citizens must have been too stupid to follow out Colonel Hutchinson's reasons, or they must have been disaffected to the cause he was supporting, for a mutiny broke out. The result was that the Governor maintained his authority, but he sent fifteen persons who were leaders in the disturbance prisoners to Derby, "whither Major Ireton conveyed them with his troops."

However, after the surmounting of many difficulties and jealousies, we find the Governor with a tolerable garrison, and in some condition to encounter a siege, though as yet almost the entire cost of stores

and ammunition had been borne by himself. Never should it be forgotten by us, whose chief blessings are to be found in the liberties for which they fought, that the soldiers of the Parliament were no mercenaries; that, on the contrary, the generality of the leaders spent their fortunes, as well as their lives, in the cause, and that the privates were for the most part the sons of respectable yeomen or tradesmen, who enlisted from conscientious motives, and whose ordinary pay even was seldom forthcoming. Death or mutilation, and hard fare, rude lodging, and the fatigues of warfare, were too often the recompense they met.

The townspeople of Nottingham, out of humour at having so many of the troops drafted off to Gainsborough, and discontented at the guns, which they had no men to use or defend, being drawn into the Castle, seemed to forget that Colonel Hutchinson had come to their aid at their urgent request, and in leaving his own property at Owthorpe unprotected, had made a sacrifice that proved his patriotism and sincerity. Perhaps he would have felt slights and misunderstandings more keenly, had not his mind been occupied with the performance of important duties, and the arriving at prompt decisions.

The Royalists were as well aware of the importance of Nottingham Castle as were its defenders; and Colonel Hutchinson very soon received a formal and insolent summons to surrender. A firm defiance was the rejoinder. But the Governor, calling together his

soldiers, represented to them their true condition, and gave permission for any of them to withdraw, who doubted their own constancy and powers of endurance. He told them they must be prepared for "hard duty, fierce assaults, poor and sparing diet, perhaps famine, and the want of all comfortable accommodations." That they must not murmur if they saw their houses flaming around them, or refuse, if need be, to fire their own dwellings for the public advantage; in short, that they must hazard their lives in defence of the fortress and the town, against a force which would probably be overwhelming. "All which, for his own part, he was resolved on."

The gloomy picture which the Governor thus painted did not abate the courage or the lealty of the soldiers; they felt that they were called on to support a great and righteous cause; and upon a solemn fast-day towards the end of August they took the national covenant, and at the same entered into a mutual covenant with the Governor to be faithful to each other, and "to hold out the place to the death, without entertaining any parley, or accepting any terms from the enemy." It would seem that these Presbyterian soldiers had some slight misgiving about the religious opinions of their Governor; so large a proportion of the upper classes were opposed to their doctrines, that they fancied Colonel Hutchinson a little too much of a "gentleman" wholly to agree with them, and they

felt it a great satisfaction that he entered into this religious covenant with them.

About this time his father died in London; and instead of Sir Thomas leaving the chief part of his possessions to the Colonel, as had been expected, he made an equal division of his property between his elder sons and the children of the second wife. There was no repining at this circumstance; but it made such a difference in Colonel Hutchinson's prospects, that the assistance which the Parliament now rendered him in the support of his expenses was absolutely necessary. Yet we are told that the sum allowed him by the state did not defray a third part of the income he spent in its service. So generous, indeed, was he to the poor soldiers, many of whom had not received their pay for above half a year, that he incurred a heavy debt, besides being guarantee with other gentlemen for thousands of pounds for supplying the garrison and otherwise carrying on the public service.

Of course, while engaged at Nottingham, he could give little or no attention to his own private interests; and the result was that his enemies imprisoned his tenants and seized his rents; while his estate itself was begged away and promised by the King. It is true the King was not strong enough to seize it; but Colonel Hutchinson was too merciful to extort a second payment from his tenants. Moreover, some stock of his



MRS. HUTCHINSON ATTENDING ON THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

own was plundered, and his house defaced by the Cavalier troops and rendered nearly uninhabitable.

We have seen how little the townspeople of Nottingham were to be depended on; and one night the town was given up by them to the enemy, so silently that the Cavalier soldiers filled the streets before the Castle was alarmed. To add to this disaster, a great number of the garrison had disobeyed the Governor's orders, and left the fortress to visit their friends and relations in the town. In this emergency, with only about eighty men remaining to defend the place, there was occasion for all Colonel Hutchinson's fortitude and skill. He immediately despatched messengers by a private sally-port to Leicester and Derby for assistance; and, meanwhile, manned the towers, and began cannonading the town. But as there was an old church in possession of the Royalists, the steeple of which commanded a certain important platform, which the governor had erected within the walls of the castle, and planted with guns, the part of the garrison engaged there was exposed to great danger.

So unprepared had they been for an attack, that there was no surgeon within the walls; but Mrs. Hutchinson fulfilled to the best of her abilities the duties of one. Hitherto her presence, her sympathy, and cheerful encouragement of her husband in every noble endeavour, had rendered her his peculiar blessing; but now all the wounded and suffering looked to her for comfort and succour. In those days, when

anatomical science, properly so called, was at a very low ebb, ladies often made the simple rules of surgery and medicine their study; and we have seen that in the example and experience of her mother, Lucy Hutchinson had had especial advantages. She must have profited by them to the full; but her knowledge would have been of little avail had she not possessed the tenderness of heart that prompted her to deeds of charity, and the firmness of mind that enabled her, without flinching, to perform them.

Not only did she tend the wounded of the garrison, but, when "standing at her chamber door," she saw three unhappy prisoners "sorely cut," led away to be confined in a miserable dungeon, called the Lion's Den, she prevailed on the marshal to bring them to her, "and bound up and dressed their wounds also." Her compassionate conduct greatly incensed a certain Captain Palmer, a warlike preacher, who thought pity for the wretched prisoners a positive sin; and it gives us a fearful glimpse at the horrors of those times, a terrible idea of the virulence of sectarian and party feeling, to find this man daring to soundly rate the governor's wife for her Samaritan charity.

Indeed, the difficulties by which Colonel Hutchinson was surrounded, consisted far less in the circumstances of his military position than in the petty feuds which were every day gaining ground. Presbyterians and Independents were already disputing with each other, and exhausting, in mutual recriminations. the

energies that might have been powerful against their common opponent. The wealthy among the Royalists spared no efforts to corrupt the people, and factions and cabals innumerable existed. Even the very circumstances which had induced so many soldiers of a superior station to enlist on the side of the Parliament, inclined them very often to argue instead of obey, not a few of the subordinates evidently considering themselves extremely well qualified to command. In fact, the narrative which Mrs. Hutchinson left as a legacy to her family lays bare the conflicting elements with which the leaders of that period had to contend, and makes us understand the scenes of terror and peril through which she herself passed.

The Cavaliers were chased from the town, and Colonel Hutchinson was considered to have done such good service, that the Parliament, by an order dated November 20th, 1643, confirmed his appointment, making him Governor of the town as well as of the Castle of Nottingham. It will be remembered that he had been originally elected only by a local committee. The ratification of his authority, however, increased it but little, for he had still to deal with the same conflicting passions and interests, and to rein them in with a guiding hand. The account of the next year or two is but a slight variation of the old story; and in 1645, soon after the decisive battle of Naseby, we find Colonel Hutchinson elected member for the county of Nottinghamshire, and able now to leave the Castle

in charge of his brother or other deputies, while engaged in his parliamentary duties in London. His courage, discretion, and eminent services, had won for him much respect from Cromwell, Fairfax, and other influential men; and when, amid the changes of fortune so common at that time, Sir Allen Apsley was obliged to surrender the garrison of Barnstable, which he had held for the King, he was permitted to take up his abode in his brother-in-law's house until his composition with the Parliament was completed.

In the autumn of 1648 Colonel Hutchinson came to London to attend Parliament, bringing his whole family with him, "because his house had been so ruined by the war that he could no longer live in it till it was either repaired or newly built." We suspect the state of his finances did not at that time admit of building operations, for he had been greatly impoverished by the expenses of his service, and had on many occasions nobly refused to enrich himself by some of the underhand methods common enough at the time.

This was an eventful period for Mrs. Hutchinson to reside in London, for she must have been all but an ear-witness of those momentous discussions on which the life of a hereditary king was depending. The journey from the Isle of Wight, the trial at Westminster, the execution at Whitehall, are matters of history; and we have only to record that Colonel Hutchinson was one of those members who signed the warrant for the execution of King Charles.

Much against his will, and chiefly by the persuasions of his cousin Ireton, Colonel Hutchinson sat in the Council of State which was now formed; but his health was seriously impaired by the hardships and anxieties he had encountered; and his own personal affairs were so deranged that his ardent desire was to withdraw into private life. It may be, too, that brave, conscientious, high-minded, and accomplished as he was, he did not possess that grasp of thought, that many-sided intellect which was necessary to cope with the startling emergencies of the time. It is true that when the course of events placed the supreme power in Cromwell's hands, the Protector, ever most mindful of the private worth of men he selected for his agents, seemed anxious to enlist the services of Colonel Hutchinson; but, though the ex-Governor of Nottingham declined his offers and invitations, and disapproved of what he considered an usurpation of power, he was prompt to warn Cromwell, through his son-in-law Fleetwood, of a plot which he had discovered against him.

The character of Oliver Cromwell was too colossal for men of his day, dreaming foolish republican dreams for which the world was quite unripe, to measure his mental stature. Generations passed away—his body was disentombed and dishonoured—opprobrium rested mountain-high on his name—"regicide," "hypocrite," and "tyrant," were the epithets children were taught to lisp; and one might have thought that time, with

its swift oblivions, would have lost the truth for ever. But truth is not so destructible. Buried evidences came to light; thoughtful men examined them without passion or prejudice; and the English people are beginning to understand the true character of the great Protector, who lifted his country out of anarchy to order and to the highest pitch of prosperity it had yet known; who made England the noble guardian of the Protestant interest all over the world; and who, possessing the respect and affection of the mighty army which secured his power, knew it to be absolute, yet used this power only to build up the ruined fabric of law and government, and to hold down those factions which were ready to light again the brands of civil war. A living philosopher calls Cromwell "A Christian Hero;" a living historian names him the "Greatest Prince that had ever ruled England." It is time some of our school-books were revised, and the old slanders erased.

Colonel Hutchinson, perhaps, did not live long enough to comprehend the life of Cromwell; and we are not to wonder that in his retirement at Owthorpe he felt and thought only like many other excellent men. So far as he was personally concerned the years of the Commonwealth must have been to him peaceful and happy. He and Mrs. Hutchinson devoted themselves to the education of their children and the improvement of their estate, and rebuilt the mansion at Owthorpe. As the scene of subsequent important events, and as a favourable type of the manorial resi-

dences of the time, we subjoin a description of the house as given by a visitor long afterwards,—

"It was large, handsome, lofty, and convenient, and though but little ornamented, possessed all the grace that size and symmetry could give it. The entrance was by a flight of handsome steps into a large hall, occupying entirely the centre of the house, lighted at the entrance by two large windows, but at the farther end by one much larger, in the expanse of which was carried up a staircase that seemed to be perfectly in the air. On one side of the hall was a long table, on the other a large fireplace; both suited to ancient hospitality. On the right-hand side of this hall were three handsome rooms for the entertainment of guests. The sides of the staircase and gallery were hung with pictures, and both served as an orchestra either to the hall, or to a large room over part of it, which was a ball-room. To the left of the hall were the rooms commonly occupied by the family. All parts were built so substantially, and so well secured, that neither fire nor thieves could penetrate from room to room, nor from one flight of stairs to another if ever so little resisted. The house stood on a little eminence in the vale of Belvoir, at a small distance from the foot of those hills along which the Roman fosse-way from Leicester runs. The south side, which was the front of entrance, looked over a large extent of grass grounds, which were the demesne, and were bounded by hills covered with wood, which Colonel Hutchinson had

planted. On the eastern side the entertaining rooms opened on to a terrace, which encircled a very large bowling-green or level lawn; next to this had been a flower-garden, and next to that a shrubbery, now become a wood through which vistas were cut to let in a view of Langar, the seat of Lord Howe, at two miles, and of Belvoir Castle, at seven miles distance, which, as the afternoon sun sat full upon it, made a glorious object; at the farther end of this small wood was a spot of about ten acres, which appeared to have been a morass, and through which ran a rivulet; this spot Colonel Hutchinson had dug into a great number of canals, and planted the ground between them, leaving room for walks, so that the whole formed at once a wilderness of bowers, reservoirs for fish, and a decoy for wild fowl. To the north, at some hundred yards distance, was a lake of water, which, filling the space between two quarters of woodland, appeared, as viewed from the large window of the hall, like a moderate river, and beyond this the eye rested on the wolds or high wilds which accompany the fosse-way towards Newark."

The staircase and gallery hung with pictures and serving for an orchestra, remind us of Colonel Hutchinson's taste for the arts. Indeed, it is especially mentioned that when in London he was in the habit of seeking out "all the rare artists he could hear of," and studying their works, "insomuch that he became a great virtuoso and patron of ingenuity." He ex-

pended at one time about two thousand pounds in pictures, a sum which was then considered very large for such a purpose. And in his retirement he resumed the recreation of music, "and advanced his children's practice more than their tutors." Mrs. Hutchinson adds that "he spared not any cost for the education of both his sons and daughters in languages, sciences, music, dancing, and all other qualities befitting their father's house," although "he was himself a tutor to them all, besides all those tutors whom he liberally entertained in his house for them."

Lucy Hutchinson always writes of herself with due humility, but there is no doubt she largely participated in these parental cares. It has been said that the Hutchinsons were too liberal and too refined to be received as types of the Puritan character. It may be so, yet their example shows that there was not in their day, any more than in our own, any necessary severance of piety and cheerfulness; that people might make it their aim to lead their lives from scriptural teaching "purely," and yet not despise the arts and refinements, which, while they embellish life, may, properly directed, be made the embodiments of truth, and the means of moral elevation.

In the exercise of a liberal hospitality, in the education of their children, and in the improvement of Owthorpe, the years of the Protectorate were passed; and in the calm enjoyment of this season we will leave Mrs. Hutchinson for a while, and bring up to the same

date the narrative of another Englishwoman, who, like her, was a devoted wife and mother, and, like her, employed the years of widowhood in narrating circumstantially those events connected with the civil wars in which she had been personally concerned. Alike in many essential points of character, it seems probable that had they been thrown together in girlhood they would have become dear friends; but circumstance and education marked out their lives so differently, that the Puritan matron and the Cavalier's wife could rarely in after-life have looked on any public event from the same point of view. Yet though while one suffered, the other either rested in security or was sunned by prosperity, the memoir of each seems in some sort a pendant to the other.

Anne Lady Fanshawe was the eldest daughter of Sir John Harrison, of Balls, in the county of Hertford, and was born in St. Olave's, Hart Street, London, on the 25th March, 1625. She mentions that in this town residence she spent every winter until the death of her mother, which took place when she was in her sixteenth year. Lady Harrison is described as very pious and charitable, and as having devoted the greatest attention to the education of her daughter, who, like Lucy Apsley, was taught "all sorts of fine work with the needle," "French, singing, lute, the virginals, and dancing;" but instead of loving reading in her hours of recreation, she acknowledges herself "wild to that degree," that her dearest enjoyments were riding,

running, and all active pastimes; in short, it is intimated that she was a hoyden until the loss of her beloved mother sobered her character. On this occasion she writes, "As an offering to her memory I flung away those little childnesses that had formerly possessed me, and by my father's command took upon me charge of his house and family, which I so ordered by my excellent mother's example as found acceptance in his sight."

On the breaking out of the civil war, Sir John Harrison took a decided part on the King's side, and after a narrow escape of being made a prisoner by the Parliament party, he joined the Court at Oxford, in 1643, whereupon the Long Parliament sequestered his estate, which he did not recover until the Restoration. Not choosing in such troublous times to be separated from his motherless daughters, Sir John sent for Anne and her younger sister Margaret to join him at Oxford; and the account given of their sojourn there presents a vivid picture of the straits to which the Royalist party were already driven. They who had come, it is declared, "from as good a house as any gentleman in England had," were miserably lodged in the garret of a baker's house in an obscure street; they were ill fed, and not well provided with raiment, having for some unexplained reason brought but a few clothes with them. Perhaps their removal from London took place under circumstances that prevented the conveyance of baggage; and, worst of all, they had no money

with which to supply deficiencies. But then hundreds of other ladies were in much the same circumstances, and possibly rude fare became fashionable, and faded wearing apparel a sort of order of loyalty.

It was at this time that Charles the First offered Sir John Harrison the warrant for a baronet, but the worthy knight had the good sense to decline taking a step in rank when his broken fortunes scarcely enabled him to support the proper state of a gentleman. It was, however, during this time of poverty and anxiety that the marriage of his eldest daughter took place.

Mr. Richard Fanshawe was the fifth son of Sir Henry Fanshawe, and was born at Ware Park, in Hertfordshire, in June 1608; consequently he was above sixteen years the senior of Anne Harrison. Mr. Fanshawe had been so much abroad, that probably they had never met until the time of the Royalist gathering at Oxford: at all events, it was there that the intimacy ripened into that earnest, devoted attachment which, crowned by marriage, was the great blessing of both their lives. Mr. Fanshawe had lost his father when a child, and it gives us an idea of the provision then thought ample for younger sons of the gentry, to read that his inheritance, fifty pounds per annum, and fifteen hundred pounds in money, was thought considerable. To please his mother, he had studied for the law, but, disliking the profession, gave it up. Subsequently he travelled, became secretary to an embassy, acquired several languages, and other-

wise obtained such repute for his abilities, that he was looked on as a rising man when the civil war broke out. But meanwhile he had spent his little patrimony, and when, in May 1644, Richard Fanshawe and Anne Harrison were married, their united wealth amounted to only twenty pounds. The ceremony took place in Wolvercot church, two miles from Oxford; and the bride was married with her deceased mother's wedding-ring,—by that mother's desire, we are told. It was a very quiet wedding, as became their circumstances, none being present but their immediate family and Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, and Sir Geoffrey Palmer.

Previous to the marriage, Mr. Fanshawe was sworn Secretary-of-war to the Prince of Wales, with a promise from Charles the First to be preferred as soon as occasion offered; but, like the bride's promised portion of ten thousand pounds, all his emoluments were in expectation. However, some of the twenty pounds ready money was laid out in the purchase of pens, ink, and paper; and though we have failed to discover precisely how these articles were used so profitably, we will take the wife's assurance that they produced a competent income so long as her husband "had his liberty." They were "his trade," she says, and, doubtless, as secretary his pen was active; but then we are expressly told the pay was "in expectation." He was a voluminous translator from the Spanish

and Portuguese, and it is possible that he turned some labours of that sort to profitable account.

In March 1645, Mr. Fanshawe accompanied the Prince to Bristol, and his wife describes the parting from him with much natural pathos. It was, indeed, a trying occasion, for she had just become the mother of a sickly infant, which died two days after his departure; and it was the first occasion on which they had been separated for a day.

In the month of May Mr. Fanshawe was able to send for his wife, and after a somewhat perilous journey, riding all night to elude the enemy, she reached Bristol in safety. The meeting was a joyful one, and here good lodgings and proper comforts were provided for the young wife. One of her husband's first acts was to give all his money, amounting to a hundred gold pieces, into her charge, saying, "I know thou that keeps my heart so well will keep my fortune, which from this time I will ever put into thy hands as God shall bless me with increase;" and through life she proved worthy of his confidence. But during the early days of her sojourn at Bristol an incident occurred which illustrates both their characters too well to be omitted.

In large societies there will generally be found some people who, seemingly insensible to the higher principles of honour, indulge a restless curiosity at the same time that they plot underhand schemes. A

certain lady of this description, observing Mr. Fanshawe's devotion to his young wife, worked upon her vanity and girlish inexperience so successfully, that she persuaded her it would be a fine thing to be acquainted with the state secrets of the times, and that, in fact, her happiness was imperfect and her husband's confidence in her incomplete, unless he communicated them to her; the evil adviser not concealing that she wished herself to have the benefit of the information. Accordingly, when Mr. Fanshawe returned from the council, his wife commenced her new plan of operations. Seeing that he held some papers, she followed him into his study, saying, she had heard the Prince had received a packet from the Queen, and she supposed that was it in his hand; adding that she should like to know what was in it. "My love," he replied, "I will immediately come to thee; pray thee go, for I am very busy."

When he returned to her presence she renewed her suit, but he turned it off with kind words, and by talking of other things. At supper she grew sulky, and would not eat, and at night accused him of not loving her if he refused to tell her all he knew. Instead of sleeping she wept; and when her husband spoke to her affectionately, and kissed her next morning, she refused to reply. Yet her quick repentance and thorough understanding of her fault make ample amends for it, and show it up in its true light, that of a girlish folly. Her own quaint words describe the

sequel better than any modern version could do. "When he came home to dinner," she writes, "he presently came to me, as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said, 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled;' to which he, taking me in his arms, answered, 'My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that; and when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee; for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed, but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the Prince's affairs; and pray thee with this answer rest satisfied.' So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death I never thought fit to ask him any business but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family."

But we must hurry on, nor pause to detail a hundred characteristic incidents of the times and of herself which are to be found in Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs. Faithfully attached to the royal cause, Mr. Fanshawe never shrank from any service that was proposed to him, and in most of his perilous journeys his wife was his companion. To the Scilly Islands and Jersey they were despatched, barely escaping shipwreck, to be plundered of their entire property; and to France afterwards were they hurried. Then the wife, leaving her husband abroad, came to London for the purpose

of raising money,—the timid girl by this time become a tolerable woman of business, and probably cognisant of many secrets now that she had discretion to keep them. By-and-bye she was joined by her husband, who, however, kept "very private;" and we can see that the difficulties and dangers of the Royalists are thickening round them.

During the King's stay at Hampton Court, Mr. Fanshawe was much about him, and received confidential messages and letters to be delivered to the Queen and the Prince; and three times his wife was admitted to pay her "duty" to the monarch whose terrible end was drawing so near. Stuart-like he dismissed his faithful servants with promises. "I do promise you," said the King, "that if ever I am restored to my dignity, I will bountifully reward you both for your service and suffering." And so they departed to risk life anew, and blind to those coming events which clearer eyes could see already on the horizon.

Another journey to the Continent ensued,—another separation when the wife again returned alone to England to raise money. A reunion in Ireland followed, and Mrs. Fanshawe being in Cork during a temporary absence of her husband when that city declared for Cromwell, her prompt exertions saved not only Mr. Fanshawe's property but his papers, which Cromwell afterwards said would have been "as much worth as the town." Though preparing for the birth of a child, and ill with a broken wrist, she rose in the

middle of a November night, despatched a faithful servant to her husband, packed up all articles of value, and then at three o'clock in the morning by the light of a taper—we fancy she meant a lantern lighted probably by a feeble candle—and accompanied only by a man and a maid she went into the market-place, and, "passing through an unruly tumult with their swords in their hands," made her way to the commander. This officer had been known to her in former times, and accosting him with civility, and before he had received orders to refuse such petitions, she procured a pass from him granting her permission to leave the city with her "family and goods." The family consisted of servants, and at least one child; the goods, of a thousand pounds in gold and silver, clothes, jewels, and—the papers.

The next event of importance was Mr. Fanshawe's mission from Charles the Second to the Court of Spain; and the vessel in which they sailed being in danger of an attack from pirates, the ladies were locked up in their cabins: the captain's aim being to make his ship look like a man-of-war, which he could not do if women were visible. To the active mind of Mrs. Fanshawe, however, it was unendurable to be thus imprisoned while her husband was on deck exposed to danger. Accordingly she prevailed on the cabin-boy to open the door, and then she bribed him into lending her his sailor's cap and tarred coat, with which she disguised herself, and creeping up to the

deck placed herself by her husband's side. A very foolish proceeding, no doubt; though happily no harm came of it. After some parley the Turkish ship tacked about, and then it was that Mr. Fanshawe perceived his wife at his elbow. "Good God!" he exclaimed, snatching her up in his arms, "that love can make this change!" and she adds, though he seemingly chid her, "he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage."

In September 1650, Mr. Fanshawe was created a baronet, and in the winter of that year we find him and his wife at Paris on a mission to the widowed Queen-mother, and soon afterwards it was resolved that Lady Fanshawe should a third time return alone to England to raise money. "For," she pathetically writes, addressing her children, "this long journey cost us all we could procure; yet this I will tell you, praised be God for his peculiar grace herein, that your father nor I never borrowed money nor owed for clothes, nor diet, nor lodging beyond seas in our lives, which was very much considering the straits we were in many times, and the bad custom our countrymen had that way."

Soon after Lady Fanshawe reached England, Sir Richard was summoned to Scotland to meet Charles the Second there. Refusing to take the covenant he joined the York party, and was borne on the rapid stream of events till taken prisoner after the battle of Worcester. Meanwhile his wife had procured lodg-

ings in London, and with a family of little children around her, had passed the time in agonising anxiety. For many months only four letters had reached her: and after the battle of Worcester, three days passed before the "news-book" gave her the intelligence that her husband was a prisoner. Just at this period she had been visiting her relations at Ware Park, but after three days of misery, during which she had "neither ate nor slept," she was returning to London, determining to find out her husband, "wheresoever he was carried," when she met a messenger from him. The letter she now received prepared her for a speedy meeting. Sir Richard told her that he and many other prisoners were being brought to London, and that his captors had promised, as a great favour, that he should halt at Charing Cross and spend a few hours with his wife. By his further directions she hired a room in that neighbourhood, and on the day appointed provided dinner, and in company of her father and certain dear friends, awaited her beloved husband's arrival. Imagination pictures the anxious watch which was kept that September day from the windows of the hired room, till, at about eleven o'clock, the poor soldiers began by hundreds to pour into the town, ragged, barefoot, and wearied.

Sir Richard Fanshawe had been civilly treated; and, considering he was still a prisoner, met his friends with cheerful words, calling his fortune but the chance of war. Then embracing his wife, he

exclaimed, "Cease weeping, no other thing upon earth can move me: remember, we are all at God's disposal."

No doubt the loving wife did dry her tears very speedily, for she was by no means given to melancholy, and had passed through so many dangers, and outlived so many disasters, that hope and trust were strong in her heart. Still, when the few permitted hours of intercourse were passed, the pang of a new parting must have been very severe; for Sir Richard Fanshawe was removed to a strict imprisonment in a little room near the bowling-green in Whitehall, to be debarred from communication with his friends, and under such accusation of being a dangerous malignant, that even death on the scaffold was among the contingencies of his fate. Clearly it was only from the personal favour of the officer who had him in charge, that the interview at Charing Cross was permitted.

Now began a period of terrible anxiety, which lengthened out to ten weeks; at the end of which time, Sir Richard, from the hardships which he had endured, followed so abruptly by close confinement, was found to be in a precarious state of health. But, meanwhile, his wife had not vented her grief in idle tears; action was far more congenial to her nature, and the heart of every true woman must respond to Lady Fanshawe's own simple account of her proceedings. She had left her lodgings in Queen Street;

but Londoners will perceive she still resided more than a mile from Whitehall. They must, however, forget the London of to-day, which never knows darkness or disorder, and call to mind the Metropolis in the middle of the seventeenth century.

As yet not even the miserable oil-lamps of our grandfathers were introduced; and people, who for urgent business or pleasure, left their homes after nightfall, used lanterns and torches; by the help of which they or their horses picked a way through mud and ruts, loose stones and rubbish. The gutters and drainage of the houses were as ill contrived as the paving; so that stepping aside from a puddle, would be very likely to bring the wayfarer's head under a waterspout. While the watch, being a sort of amateur undertaking — for which everybody in general, and nobody in particular, seemed responsible,— the probability of violence and robbery was to be added to all the certain difficulties of nocturnal transit. But Lady Fanshawe, in the rough months of October and November, defied dangers when they led to the consolations she received and afforded. She writes thus: "During the time of his imprisonment, I failed not constantly to go, when the clock struck four in the morning, with a dark lantern in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodgings in Chancery Lane, at my cousin Young's, to Whitehall, in at the entry that went out of King Street into the bowling-green. There I would go under his



LADY FANSHAWE VISITING HER HUSBAND IN PRISON.

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window, and softly call him: he, after the first time excepted, never failed to put out his head at the first call: thus, we talked together; and sometimes I was so wet with the rain, that it went in at my neck and out at my heels. He directed me how I should make my addresses, which I did ever to their general Cromwell, who had a great respect for your father, and would have bought him off to his service upon any terms."

So artlessly, so urgently, did Lady Fanshawe plead, that Cromwell listened to her, at least, with patient good-humour; and when the prisoner's increasing illness became daily a more urgent plea, Cromwell directed Lady Fanshawe to bring him a certificate from a physician that her husband was really ill. She immediately procured one from Dr. Bathurst,—who chanced to be physician to Cromwell and to the Fanshawe family—and delivered it herself at the Council-chamber the same day. With Cromwell for an advocate, she had little to fear; he, indeed, moved that the prisoner should be liberated on heavy bail; and overruling Sir Harry Vane's objection with a jest, carried his point. The bail was arranged among friends; and at the latter end of November Sir Richard was restored to his family, and took up his abode at his cousin Young's, just in time to be tenderly nursed through the crisis of his illness.

The following year we find the Fanshawes leading "a harmless country life, minding only the country sports

and country affairs;" and Sir Richard employing his leisure in translating Camoens. No doubt Cromwell had his eye on them, and soon ascertained that though Sir Richard Fanshawe was an open political foe, he was a Christian and a gentleman; far opposite from those "malignants," who were already plotting treasons and assassinations. It was during this country sojourn that the Fanshawes lost their eldest daughter, an interesting girl of ten years old, and especially endeared to them as the companion of their travels, and the precocious sympathiser in their troubles. She was carried off by small-pox, which, for the century or two which preceded the introduction of inoculation, was the terrible scourge of Europe. Kings and queens, serfs and servants, lords and commoners, old and young, were alike its victims; and one cannot read memoirs of the seventeenth century without being constantly reminded of that terrible disease. To say that it decimated every family would be to speak far within bounds; and even the circumstance of being free from its disfiguration in youth, was so rare as to be considered sufficient alone to constitute beauty.

In the winter of 1654 Sir Richard was commanded by the High Court of Justice to return to London, to remain within five miles of the Metropolis, and to appear before the court once a-month. He had been visiting with his wife among her relations, to distract their minds after the death of the little Ann;

but perhaps Cromwell feared some other purpose in the close association of the Cavaliers. However this might be, the Fanshawes were once more domiciled in Chancery Lane—hiring a house there from Sir George Carey — where Sir Richard was again attacked with an alarming illness. Hardly was he better, when Lady Fanshawe fell ill, and became an invalid too weak to stir out of her room for many months. The next year or two must have been a period of great suffering to them. However, in the month of August 1658 Sir Richard obtained permission to take his wife to Bath, the waters of which place restored them both to health. Cromwell's dear daughter, Lady Claypole, lay dying just at this time; and, perhaps, as he hung over her bed, his heart grew tender towards the sick.

Lady Fanshawe and her husband had returned to Hertfordshire, when they heard of the Protector's death, and immediately a hope sprang up that Sir Richard might escape from the fetters by which he considered himself bound. Quietly as to all appearance Richard Cromwell had assumed his father's title, Oliver's death was the signal for every faction in England to lift its head and reconnoitre its ground. While Sir Richard Fanshawe's bail for 4000*l.* remained uncancelled, he was powerless to leave the country, but his friend, the Earl of Pembroke, came to his rescue, arranged the annulling of his bonds, and under the plea of taking charge of that nobleman's

eldest son on a journey to France, Sir Richard left England without attracting the suspicion of any one who might have opposed him. Of course he was very soon in communication with Lord Clarendon and the exiled king. Charles the Second was then gone on a journey to Spain; but he sent a message to his old adherent instructing him to remain in Paris, where he would meet him the following autumn or winter. Meanwhile Sir Richard was appointed a Master of Request and Latin Secretary.

His first wish now was that his wife and family should join him in Paris, but this was an undertaking not easily accomplished. On Lady Fanshawe applying to her cousin, Nevill, an officer of the High Court of Justice, for a passport, he rudely refused one, saying that her husband "had got his liberty by a trick," but as for her and her children they should on no account stir. This declaration presented to her mind such terrible images of sorrow and separation that for a moment her mind seemed stunned. She made no reply, save to thank her cousin and take leave; but Anne Fanshawe was too resolute a woman to melt away her purposes in tears and lamentations while anything remained to be *done*. In the next room to that in which she had had the audience with her cousin, she paused, and offering a fervent prayer for divine assistance and direction, she set herself calmly to consider what was her best course of action. If she were denied a passport already, what severity might she

not expect if her husband should again take any prominent part with the Royalists! Then all her preparations were made so that she was ready to take advantage of the next tide, and if she could but procure the necessary document, would be far away before the trick which was dimly suggesting itself to her could be discovered! Truly it was a hazardous scheme, requiring ready wit and firm nerves, and was of a character only to be excused by the exigencies of the occasion. Her own words shall tell the tale:—

"At Wallingford House, the office was kept where they gave passes: thither I went in as plain a way and speech as I could devise, leaving my maid at the gate, who was much a finer gentlewoman than myself. With as ill mien and tone as I could express, I told a fellow I found in the office that I desired a pass for Paris to go to my husband. 'Woman, what is your husband and your name?' 'Sir,' said I, with many courtesies, 'he is a young merchant, and my name is Anne Harrison.' 'Well,' said he, 'it will cost you a crown.' Said I, 'That is a great sum for me; but pray put in a man, my maid, and three children.' All which he immediately did, telling me a 'malignant' would give him five pounds for such a pass. I thanked him kindly, and so went immediately to my lodgings." There, with steady hand, she altered the word Harrison to Fanshawe so completely "that none could find out the change." With all speed she now hired a barge to take her down the river from London to Gravesend,

and arriving there, crossed the country to Dover by coach. At Dover, the searchers demanded her pass, which they were to keep as their authority for permitting her to embark. "Madam, you may go when you please," said one of them as soon as he had read it; but another murmured, "I little thought they would give a pass to so great a malignant, especially in so troublous a time as this."

At nine o'clock at night she stepped on board the packet-boat, and arrived at Calais the next morning. After resting there a day or two, she hired "a waggon-coach," the only vehicle she could find, and began her tedious journey to Paris.

There are two or three incidents of this journey which are very suggestive of the state of society, and the difficulties of communication at that period. At Abbeville, the Governor sent his Lieutenant to Lady Fanshawe to let her know that her husband was well "the week before," and that he had promised to take care of her while she was passing through his Department. Accordingly, after a night's rest, she was recommended to accept a guard of the garrison soldiers, and to give them a pistole a piece for their services, robberies on the highway being of daily occurrence. Duly provided with ten well-armed troopers, she set out again on a bright June morning, and had hardly proceeded four leagues when one of her guard exclaimed, "Look out, madam, but fear nothing," and the next moment a troop of horse, full fifty in number,

made its appearance. The guard rode up to them, and after a short parley, the larger party "wheeled about into the woods again." And on Lady Fanshawe asking of her guards an explanation of this strange proceeding, they replied, "Madam, we are all of a company, and quarter in this town. The truth is, our pay is short, and we are forced to keep ourselves this way; but we have this rule, that if we in a party guard any company, the rest never molest them, but let them pass free."

At last Lady Fanshawe reaches Paris, and once more the family are united in safety. But a heavy sorrow was at hand. In October, her only remaining children were attacked with small-pox, which again demanded its tribute, her son Henry, a boy of twelve years old, dying of it. In December, Sir Richard was despatched to Flanders on some mission from the King, and soon afterwards poor Lady Fanshawe had to return privately and alone to London, once again to raise money on their property or expectations, at any rate, for the support of themselves, if not for the service of the King. When one considers the dangers and difficulties of travelling in those days, these journeys seem astonishing. Upon the Restoration, however, some contrast was afforded to the hairbreadth escapes they had encountered, by the manner in which the Fanshawes returned to England.

Although Sir Richard accompanied the King in the royal vessel, a frigate was appointed for the use of his

family, with "great store of provisions." Was it for the sake of providing perquisites that "six dozens of fowls, a dozen of gammons of bacon, six sheep, a tierce of claret, a hogshead of Rhenish wine," and etceteras in proportion, were provided for a voyage from the Hague to Dover?

We will pass over the festivities and rejoicings consequent on the restoration of monarchy in England, though Lady Fanshawe and her husband evidently took part in the gaieties of the Court, and themselves entertained a great deal of company. At the coronation of Charles, Sir Richard rode on his left hand, dressed, Evelyn says, in a "fantastic habit," to represent the Duke of Normandy; and when the treaty of marriage took place with the poor princess who afterwards became his neglected queen, the King sent Sir Richard Fanshawe to Lisbon as a deputy wooer to present his portrait. In fact, Charles considered him one of his most faithful servants, and Lady Fanshawe dilates on the many honorary distinctions they both received at this period. She hints, however, that these favours excited a great deal of jealousy at Court, and that it was to have Sir Richard out of the way that the King's advisers prevailed on him, soon after the royal nuptials, to appoint Sir Richard Fanshawe ambassador to Portugal.

Subsequently he was ambassador to the Court of Madrid, and pages might easily be filled with an account of State ceremonials and magnificence in

which Lady Fanshawe of course participated. Indeed, her Memoirs are well worth consulting by those who desire an insight into the manners and customs of the chief courts of Europe two hundred years ago, for the modern reader is struck with the curious picture of half-barbaric magnificence and the want of many of the common comforts of life which her descriptions present. For a season she was raised by the wheel of fortune to worldly honours and influence; and however nobly she had borne the test of adversity, her education and prejudices led her to set quite a sufficient value on prosperity. For a time then we will leave her to its enjoyment, and return to Mrs. Hutchinson, whom we left in the quiet retirement of Owthorpe.

During the short-lived authority of Richard Cromwell, Colonel Hutchinson was persuaded by the young Protector to be sheriff of the county of Nottingham. Subsequently he was called to Parliament, and though singularly free from personal ambition, seemed, for a time, to be thrust forward into public life. He had held aloof from parties so long, that many factions hoped and tried to enlist him on their side; but his heart was true to its republican dreams, and there seems reason to conclude that, for the few months which followed Oliver Cromwell's death, Colonel Hutchinson entertained brighter hopes than he had long indulged, that a form of government would be established in which the laws should be administered with justice to the public, and without being upheld

by the word of an individual or their being liable to be revoked by the will of an army. But the vision was soon dispelled. Because Colonel Hutchinson did not link himself to any faction, he was suspected by half the parties which were distracting the country. At one time, through the fidelity of a "singing boy," Mrs. Hutchinson discovered a plot which had been laid to seize all the arms at Owthorpe, including a quantity of which the Colonel had taken charge for his relation, Lord Byron. And, on another occasion, taxes having been levied, they were collected by troopers who entered the house. On some remonstrance from the Colonel taking place, words grew so high that bloodshed might have ensued but for a singular accident. Some of the soldiers pressing hard upon Mr. George Hutchinson, who had hastened to his brother on hearing the contention, a door at his back flew open, revealing the great hall already described, with fifty or sixty men in it. These people had come in a body to obtain Colonel Hutchinson's decision about some parish business, but the soldiers fancied them a force under the Colonel's command, and speedily lowered their tone. What a state of society do such incidents as these reveal!

Soon after the visit of the soldiers, Colonel Hutchinson thought proper to conceal himself in his house, while his wife corresponded with Fleetwood on the subject of their visit. A hint is given that, like many other mansions constructed about the same period,

Owthorpe was provided with secret chambers and hiding-places for valuables.

At the Restoration, Colonel Hutchinson's position as one of the regicides was, for a time, perilous. He disdained, however, all subterfuge and false extenuation of his conduct. When Ingoldsby professed his repentance of the King's execution, and pretended that Cromwell had held his hand and forced him to subscribe the sentence, Colonel Hutchinson was advised to adopt the same line of conduct, but he disdained such a dastardly proceeding. All he could be brought to say was, that "if he had erred, it was the inexperience of his age and the defect of his judgment, and not the malice of his heart;" and, after alluding to the sacrifices he had made for his country, to prove that he could not have been actuated by selfish motives, he added, that "as to that particular action of the King, he desired them to believe he had that sense of it that befitted an Englishman, a Christian, and a gentleman." Bravely as he was prepared to meet the consequences of his own actions, he was careful for the safety of others; and, when called on to attest the signatures of his associates, took care only to identify the names of those who were dead.

This was the most terrible period of Mrs. Hutchinson's eventful life. Her devotion to her husband did not permit her to look with his own calmness on his possible fate; and if we cannot justify the step she took, fortunate as it was in its consequences, no feel-

ing heart can refuse the deepest pity for the agony of mind which urged it. The idea possessed her that he intended to yield himself, without a struggle, a public sacrifice; and in her passion of grief she declared that she "would not live to see him a prisoner." Urged by her entreaties, he at last promised that he would not give himself up without her knowledge; and though about this time they learned that his name was not among the seven who were fixed on to expiate the act of regicide, she would by no means hear of his surrendering himself. She still distrusted the Government, and, though appearing in person was the only means to secure his estate, she still influenced him to keep in concealment. But this was not all. She wrote a letter in her husband's name to the Speaker of the House of Commons, urging all that might be said in his favour, and begging that he might consider himself at liberty on his parole. She intended to show this letter to Colonel Hutchinson, and obtain his sanction to its delivery; but, before she could do so, a friend apprised her that the House was then sitting, and was in a mood particularly favourable to the reception of such a petition. "Whereupon," she says, "she wrote her husband's name to the letter, and ventured to send it in, being used sometimes to write the letters he dictated, and her character not much differing from his."

She had not been deceived in the temper of the House. So favourably was the letter received, that

Colonel Hutchinson was voted free, without offering any pledges, though for punishment he was discharged from that present parliament, and from all offices, military or civil, in the state for ever. But upon his petition of thanks, his estate was voted free from all fines and confiscations. His wife confesses, with touching humility, that though "she thought she had never deserved so well of him as in the endeavours and labours she exercised to bring him off," yet "she never displeased him more in her life, and had much ado to persuade him to be contented with his deliverance." As "a mercy of God, he acknowledged it with thankfulness;" yet his heart was distracted by a consciousness of the sufferings of others. But though he had passed the ordeal of the Commons, and his pardon, after a time, was formally ratified, Clarendon and the court party were by no means appeased; and before he died, Colonel Hutchinson had abundant opportunity of showing his fortitude as a political martyr.

One of the lesser annoyances to which he was subjected, was an order by which he was obliged to give up all the pictures he had bought belonging to Charles I.'s collection. This he did without receiving any equivalent for the money he had paid for them, which amounted to upwards of a thousand pounds. Then, although there was no general prohibition against private individuals retaining arms, Owthorpe was again invaded by soldiers, and plundered of every description of weapon, even to Colonel Hutchinson's

"wearing swords." In fact, he was an object of suspicion to the Government, which only waited for a tolerable excuse to entrap him; and as he took very little trouble to conceal the bias of his sympathies, permitting even a Nonconformist divine to preach at Owthorpe, opportunity was not long wanting.

On the evening of Sunday, the 11th of October, 1663, Colonel Hutchinson had as usual read and "expounded" the Scriptures to his household, when a number of soldiers presented themselves, with an order to search his house and seize his person. Of course, he made no resistance, but they spent two hours in ransacking the house—finding nothing more suspicious than four "birding-guns," which belonged to his sons. By this time it was growing late, and, Mrs. Hutchinson writes, was "as bitter a stormy, pitchy dark, black rainy night as any that year:" moreover, Colonel Hutchinson was in such ill health, that he had not been on horseback for six months, and even his coach-horses were not at hand. Under these circumstances he besought his captors to keep guard over him in his own house until the morning. To this proposal they would not consent, but they mounted him on a horse which belonged to his eldest son—who, however, insisted on accompanying his father—and conveyed him to Newark, where he arrived about four o'clock in the morning, and was lodged in a miserable room of an inn, with two soldiers to keep guard over him. The next day Mrs. Hutchinson was terrified by

the return of the soldiers, who searched the house in a yet more insolent manner, and on this occasion took away even the four fowling-pieces.

It would be difficult to say precisely of what it was that Colonel Hutchinson was accused. The Duke of Buckingham was his great enemy, and in a letter of instructions to the Marquis of Newcastle, written on the occasion, the Duke said, "That though he could not make it out as yet, he hoped he should bring Mr. Hutchinson into the plot." That word "hoped" shows fearfully the spirit which actuated the writer. In truth, there was some talk at this time of an uprising in the north of England to restore the old Parliament, and, as the phrase went, "gospel liberty;" but not a particle of evidence has ever been produced to show that Colonel Hutchinson was implicated in such a scheme. After some negotiation, and being permitted, on his parole, to return for a few days to Owthorpe, he was at last ordered to the Tower; and, accompanied by his wife and his eldest son and daughter, he set off for London on the 31st October.

Mrs. Hutchinson acknowledges herself to have been "exceedingly sad," but her husband gently chid her for her grief, and told her "it would blemish his innocence for her to appear afflicted." For ten months he was detained a close prisoner in the Tower, subjected to perpetual indignities, and many positive hardships. Often, indeed, must Mrs. Hutchinson have called to mind past scenes, the happy days of her

childhood, and her father's compassionate treatment of his prisoners; for the present lieutenant was a man of the most opposite character, one who practised extortion and cruelty on them to a pitiable degree. It was only through the powerful influence of her brother, Sir Allen Apsley, and not until after some weeks' delay, that Mrs. Hutchinson was permitted to visit her husband, and then the lieutenant imposed vexatious conditions on her, with the view of extorting money. She complained bitterly of not being allowed to take lodgings in the Tower, for "being in a sharp winter season," she says, she was put "to great toil and inconvenience, besides excessive charge," for providing for her husband in his confinement, and for herself and her children at a distance.

One would have thought that ordinary precautions in such a place as the Tower would have secured the prisoner; but the tyrannical lieutenant debarred Colonel Hutchinson of air and exercise, confining him to a dismal little chamber, which is shown to this day as that in which Edward V. and his young brother are said to have been murdered, and the adjoining apartment famous as the scene of another traditional tragedy — the drowning of Clarence in the butt of Malmsey. The leads, where alone he was permitted to breathe fresh air, being so lofty and bleak, that in his impaired state of health he dared not expose himself on them. At night, Colonel Hutchinson had three doors, one leading to the other, barred upon him, and a sen-

tinel placed at the outside. All this time no distinct accusation was made against him; and though he was taken to Whitehall and interrogated with different people, no particle of evidence that could convict him of treason was ever elicited. Meanwhile Mrs. Hutchinson's devotion to her husband was exemplary. She cheered his captivity by her presence whenever his gaolers permitted it; and when they forbade her visits, she and her son exercised their ingenuity in finding means to communicate with him. She lightened her husband's sorrows by sharing them with the most cheerful patience and resignation; while she was ever the ready amanuensis and quick woman of business to carry out his suggestions. He, however, soon saw that his persecutors were not to be influenced by proofs of innocence, and his asseverations gave place to a dignified reserve.

About nine o'clock one night in the summer of 1664, just after his wife had left him, Colonel Hutchinson was suddenly informed that he must leave the Tower by the next morning's tide, he being ordered to Sandown Castle on the coast of Kent. He did not however depart till the next evening, so that he had an opportunity of communicating with his family. He was now associated with another prisoner, a low person of indifferent character, whose profane discourse was particularly distasteful to the earnest and devout Puritan. That night they slept at Gravesend, the

whole party, including the guards, being entertained at Colonel Hutchinson's expense.

When they arrived at Sandown Castle, they found it a miserable, ruined place, wholly unfit for human habitation. Colonel Hutchinson had to send to an inn for beds for himself, his man, and the disagreeable fellow-prisoner, who seems to have been mainly supported by his bounty. And until the windows of the place could be repaired, the inmates were exposed to all the changes of the weather. Nothing, however, could make the Castle a healthy abode; and Colonel Hutchinson, never robust, and now suffering from his lengthened confinement in the Tower, was soon seized with ague of a dangerous character. So damp is the place represented to have been, that the Colonel's hat-cases and trunks were in a single day covered with mould.

Meanwhile Mrs. Hutchinson used all her influence to procure permission to join her husband in the miserable prison to which he was condemned; but failing in her endeavours, she, with her eldest son and daughter, took lodgings at Deal, whence, with "horrible toil and inconvenience," they walked to the Castle every day. The Colonel spent the greater part of his time in reading the Bible, and discoursing on scriptural subjects; but he found a relaxation to his mind in collecting shells. It will be remembered that in happier days he was remarkable for his love of art, and Mrs. Hutchinson, in speaking of his amusement at

Sandown, mentions that he took as much delight in sorting the shells which she and her daughter gathered for him, as he used to take in the richest engraved gems. Lucy Hutchinson, who in the seasons of emergency and peril, was prompt to decide and ready to act, had all a woman's patience and gentleness now. And if sometimes her heart throbbed with anguish and indignation at witnessing her husband's undeserved sufferings, his example and words of resignation brought back her mind to its calmer and holier tone. On one occasion, a terror seized her that he had been placed on the sea-coast in readiness to be transported to Tangier. "Prithee," said he, "trust God with me, if He carry me away, He will bring me back again."

Through the untiring exertions of Sir Allen Apsley, permission was obtained for Colonel Hutchinson, in company of a guard, to walk on the sea-shore for the benefit of his health; and despairing of being allowed to take up her abode in the miserable castle, Mrs. Hutchinson, after a time, hired a house in the neighbourhood, and, as the autumn drew on, made preparations to remove her whole family thither; for this purpose, and to procure a few comforts and necessaries for her husband, it was indispensable that she should go herself to Owthorpe.

But when the time of her departure drew near, her heart almost failed her; and even Colonel Hutchinson, who had hitherto made light to her of this temporary separation, exclaimed, "Now I myself begin to be loth

to part with thee." He insisted that their eldest son should accompany her, while his daughter and brother remained at Deal. So hopeful of life and liberty, however, did he appear, that he gave her written instructions concerning the planting of trees and improving the gardens at Owthorpe.

On the 3d of September, Colonel Hutchinson, after his walk by the sea-side, was seized with a shivering fit, and took to his bed. He rose for a few hours the following morning, but, after the next day, never left his chamber. When well enough, he still studied the Scriptures, and one day, when he had been looking over some annotations on the Epistle to the Romans which Mrs. Hutchinson had written out for him, he observed, "I have discovered much more of the mystery of truth in that Epistle, and when my wife returns I will make her set it down:" and he added, "When her children are near, I will have her in my chamber with me, and they shall not pluck her out of my arms; and then, in the winter nights, she shall collect several observations I have made of this Epistle since I came into prison." Alas! never on earth were they to meet again.

On Saturday the 10th, Colonel Hutchinson was so much worse that a physician was sent for from Canterbury. Before he reached Sandown, he told the messenger who accompanied him, that his journey would be fruitless, for the damp chamber had killed the Colonel.

Nevertheless he prescribed alleviating medicines, though he prepared Mr. George Hutchinson for his brother's death. During the night of Saturday, the nurse who sat up with the dying man heard him in fervent prayer; and on his brother communicating to him the opinion of the physician, he replied composedly, "The will of the Lord be done. I am ready for it." He confirmed the will he had made while in the Tower, and on being asked his wish about his interment, he desired it might be at Owthorpe, but said that his wife might order the manner of it as she liked. He left a message to her in these words:—

"Let her, as she is above other women, show herself on this occasion a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary women." Then he desired his eldest daughter, who was the only one of his children by his bedside, to tell the others that it was his last wish that they should always be guided by their mother's counsels. His last words were, "Alas! how will she be surprised." He expired on the evening of Sunday, the 11th September, 1664, being eleven months to the day and hour from the time he was made a prisoner, and forced from his home.

That Mrs. Hutchinson fulfilled her husband's desire, and proved herself "above the pitch of ordinary women," we have no doubt; but one could wish—for the world's sake—that she had had a little more egotism, just enough to have left a record of her own life during the years which succeeded her husband's death.

The idea of such a thing, perhaps, did not even occur to her. Among her papers was found the account of her own childhood, from which we have gathered the foregoing description; but it ended abruptly with the sign of leaves having purposely been torn out of the book in which it was written. The "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, By his Widow Lucy," were compiled to do him honour, and to present the example of their father's high worth to his children. This labour of love, so carefully finished, so minutely executed, concludes with the particulars of his death and burial. His interment took place at Owthorpe, and the poetical inscription on his monument is presumed to have been from the pen of his widow. Beneath are inscribed the names of the eight children who survived him, and the place of his death, followed by these words, "After eleven months' harsh and strict imprisonment, without crime or accusation."

It is amazing to reflect that the Memoirs of Mrs. Hutchinson were permitted to remain in MS. for nearly a century and a half. When at length they were given to the light, under the supervision of a collateral branch of the family, he was unable to name the time of Lucy Hutchinson's death, or afford other than meagre details of her widowhood and of her children. Owthorpe was sold soon after Colonel Hutchinson's death, by the joint consent of the widow and eldest son; and from an exhortation of Mrs. Hutchinson's to a married daughter, preserved among her

papers, in which she begs that her advice may not be despised, "though she sees her in adversity," it is to be feared that the family were reduced to poverty. Probably, the debts incurred in the service of the state consumed the larger share of Colonel Hutchinson's property. One of his grandsons is said to have been lost at sea while commanding a ship-of-war given by Queen Anne to Peter the Great. And another emigrated to America, where his descendants still pride themselves on their illustrious ancestry. But there is a relationship of the soul, that is oftentimes more true and near than any other, for heroism writes itself in different characters in different ages; and Lucy Hutchinson, the Puritan Matron of the seventeenth century, is one of the noblest of that long line of heroic Englishwomen whose virtues suffice to make them kindred. It is for hearts that sympathise with her faith and her fortitude, her patience and her piety, to make themselves worthy of this spirit ancestry.

While Colonel Hutchinson lay dying in the ruined Castle of Sandown, while his widow mourned his loss in the first anguish of her bereavement, Sir Richard Fanshawe and his family were keeping up almost regal state at the Court of Madrid. In that city Lady Fanshawe's youngest son—the only one who survived her—was born, and there probably the happiest period of her life was passed. Yet beneath the glittering surface-magnificence, there were many hidden cares. So irregularly was Sir Richard's official salary

paid, that he had, as of old, to sacrifice his personal property for present uses; while he seems to have been suspicious that enemies were undermining his interest with the King. However this might be, in the spring of 1666 he was recalled, Lord Sandwich being appointed to supersede him. Many pages of Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs are occupied with the account of farewell visits she made, and farewell compliments which she received, on this occasion; but hardly had Sir Richard introduced his successor at the Spanish Court, and made arrangements for his own departure, when he was seized with ague and fever, which after a few days' illness carried him off. He died on the 26th June, 1666, having just completed his fifty-eighth year.

The situation of Lady Fanshawe at the time of this sudden calamity was very pitiable. In a foreign country, with a family of children and a troop of nearly sixty servants and dependants to provide for, she was almost without money, and obliged to sell plate and valuables for the means of returning to England. It is a beautiful trait of her loyalty, that for the honour of "the King, their master," she concealed the true reason of her necessities. The Queen Regent of Spain seems to have been sincerely attached to Lady Fanshawe, and offered, if she would become a Roman Catholic and remain at Madrid, to settle a liberal pension on her and provide for her children. Lady Fanshawe was too sincere a Protestant for this

offer to be any temptation to apostasy, and she returned to England, bringing with her the body of her beloved husband. "Never," she writes, "did any ambassador's family come into Spain so gloriously, or went out so sad." At Paris, on her way home, she had an audience of the Queen-mother, Henrietta, and then set out for Calais, where she was provided with a French vessel of war. She arrived with her mournful burthen at the Tower stairs on the 2nd of November, and on the 26th of that month, the mortal remains of Sir Richard Fanshawe were interred in Allhallows' Church in Hertford; but in May 1671, they were removed to a vault in St. Mary Chapel, in Ware Church.

From the royal family of England and the Court, Lady Fanshawe received kind words of sympathy, but her pecuniary claims were so long unsettled, that she experienced many annoyances and inconveniences. Her health and spirits never rallied from the time of her bereavement, although she survived her husband above thirteen years. She wrote her Memoirs in the year 1676, and died January the 20th, 1680, in the fifty-fifth year of her age. In her will she desired that she might be privately buried close to her husband, she having purchased the vault in Ware Church. Her only son had succeebeb his father in the title; but he was a sickly child, and dying unmarried in early manhood, the baronetcy became extinct. Little is known of the four daughters who survived, save

that three of them at least were living in the early part of Queen Anne's reign.

The contrasts between the characters of Mrs. Hutchinson and Lady Fanshawe are apparent to the most superficial reader. The one, learned, self-reliant, severe in her piety; the other, accomplished, gay, and graceful, the Court lady uncontaminated by the Court atmosphere. But both were true wives, wedded to men whose high honour strengthened and drew out their own virtues. Both were Christian Women in their faith and in their lives, although they worshipped under different forms. And each has left so curious a record of the scenes through which she passed, that Historians must always consider their Memoirs as among the valuable records of England's greatest struggle.

MARGARET FULLER, MARCHESA OSSOLI.

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me.
I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,
And you will have another friend in heaven.
Then start not at the creaking of the door
Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness!

H. W. Longfellow.

Sarah Margaret Fuller was the eldest child of Timothy and Margaret Crane Fuller, and was born in Cambridge Port, Massachusetts, on the the 23d of May, 1810. Mrs. Fuller was a gentle, affectionate woman, one of those tendril characters that love to lean for guidance and support on sterner natures; and certainly in her husband were found all the firmness and self-reliance she could desire. There was much in the condition of society in the United States, more especially in New England, forty or fifty years ago, to develope such a character as that of Timothy Fuller. Descended from those brave old Puritans who in the seventeenth century left country, home, and friends,

to take up their dwelling in an unpromising wilderness, with savage foes for their nearest neighbours, only that they might worship God with a freedom denied to them in the old world, the New Englanders are to this day tinctured by the associations of their forefathers and the traditions which have come down to them. There is a sterling moral rectitude about them, as if they were still watched and judged by the Pilgrim Fathers. This sense of duty must necessarily at different times take different shapes, and we must briefly glance at the condition of America at the beginning of the present century before we can fairly estimate the character of Margaret Fuller's father.

The Declaration of Independence was then only like a tale of yesterday; the experiment in government which the Americans were making was so new that few European politicians had faith in it, their distrust being heightened by their ignorance, for the most part, of the true circumstances of the country, and of the character of a people who had, at least, had time to educate a generation in a new spirit of nationality. But for many years the struggle of the infant giant was great, and Duty showed itself most distinctly in vigorous efforts for material prosperity. The perfectly balanced mind is the one in a thousand, and when the general interests of a community lie in the same direction, without even the opposing influence of individual objectors, virtues are apt to be pushed to an extreme and change their character. Thus was it

with Margaret's father; a good citizen, a kind neighbour, an honest lawyer, a well-read and intelligent companion, he still had little higher aims in life than to be a well-to-do member of the community, and to bring up his family in respectability. His wife submitted implicitly to his domestic rule, and he would have been astonished had any one considered him other than a good father.

On Woman in every station of life so commonly devolves the care of children, that it can never be out of place for her to reflect on the subject of their guidance. Half the people who talk of being fond of children, and who pet and indulge them according to the caprice of the moment, do so entirely for their own gratification; either because it is much less trouble than to maintain a wise yet calm and beneficent rule, or because they like the quick return for what they call kindness in the shape of present mirth and gladness. Then there is another class of teachers and guardians, well-intentioned and conscientious, but without any true knowledge of human nature, who lay down a code of fixed rules and endeavour to shape every character by them. Really, between the two a great many children suffer severely; and every now and then some great soul, which has gone through a terrible ordeal of early sorrow and misapprehension, declares its experiences, and holds them up as a mirror in which gentler and weaker natures still see some of their own sufferings reflected. It is true that this

fiery trial sometimes exercises a purifying influence; but we may be very sure that for want of sympathetic aid in the difficulties of its childhood, many a gentle character has had its finest instincts warped aside.

Margaret Fuller was endowed by nature with great sensibility and that very high order of intellect, which includes large imaginative powers. Of course a morbid imagination, unrestrained by the reasoning faculties, will lead its possessor into that silly vein of thought which, for want of a more precise term, we are apt to call "romantic," using the word as a stigma. But those very matter-of-fact people who glory in their own deficiency, who measure everything in the world by the practical purpose to which it may be applied, who cannot see the use of poetry or romance, of speculative philosophy or abstract beauty, are more to be pitied than the dumb and the blind. Except for the minds whose wings have been strong enough to bear them into the world of the Ideal, mankind would be at this moment little exalted above the condition of the brutes. From her earliest years, Margaret Fuller evinced those qualities which a sympathetic observer would have reverenced; but her father did not understand either her sensibility or the strugglings of her imagination. He had a great ambition, however, to make her an intellectual paragon. He began her education at the earliest possible period, and at six years old she was sufficiently advanced in her "book knowledge" to commence Latin.

Her father instructed her himself, and as he was much engaged in business during the day, she was often kept up late at night to recite the lessons she had learned in readiness for him. Being a severe disciplinarian, he rebuked and punished any inaccuracy or inattention, so that the poor sensitive child was kept awake and alert from fear of his displeasure. People were often astonished to find the little girl with flushed cheeks and bright eyes, wide awake at the time when she ought to have been hours in bed and dreaming of nothing more exciting than a flaxen-haired doll with a pair of blue shoes. They did not understand that something nearly approaching disease of the brain had been induced by the unwise training to which she had been subjected. When at last she was sent to bed, horrible visions disturbed her so that she shrieked and moaned in her sleep, and often woke to find her pillow drenched in tears. Sometimes she dreamed that horses were trampling over her, or realised some of the ghastly pictures which had been presented to her mind by the study of the Latin authors; at others, that she was following to the grave her beloved mother, as she had followed the corpse of her little sister. But when she attempted to explain her agitation by describing what she had suffered, she was sharply rebuked, and bid to "leave off thinking of such nonsense or she would be crazy."

It is pitiable to reflect on the sufferings of the little girl, for want of the sympathy which would have kept

her mind calm, and prevented that harsh discipline which was ruining her health. Years afterwards, in her mature age, Margaret keenly remembered her childish sufferings, and wrote of them thus, "Far remote in time, in thought, from that period, I look back on these glooms and terrors wherein I was enveloped, and perceive that I had no natural childhood."

The only loophole through which Margaret's imagination seems in those earliest years to have had anything like legitimate play, was in the little world of the garden. There she escaped from the horrible utilitarianism which was the presiding spirit of the house; and though she was too young to reason on the subject, or lay bare the springs which moved her fancy, she felt that as the flowers gently nodded and swayed in the breeze, and sent forth their odours like messages of love, and gladdened her eyes with their graceful forms and radiant colours, their spiritual teaching exalted her mind, and made even all the lessons of reality stronger and truer.

When Margaret was about eight years old, she became acquainted with Shakspere, and the fact that a child of such tender years could take delight in the subtle philosophy and grand poetry of his pages is a sufficient proof of the precocity of her intellect. Very soon afterwards she read Cervantes and Molière, and had already the true student's gift of extracting and making her own the best thoughts of the books she read. There is the butterfly-reader, who turns leaf

after leaf solely for amusement, and is always calling out for a new book; and there is the bee seeking to hive honey. Margaret belonged to the latter class, and when hardly yet in her teens recognised the great principle that "the only Object in Life is to Grow." Self-culture became the one aim of her existence; not for the poor ambition of winning fame, or wealth, or position, but as fulfilling what she considered a human being's first duty—the developement of the individual powers, the *growing* wiser, better, nobler every day, and the learning to look upon this life only as a preparation for another world. But moral progress is not to be made in a straight, undeviating manner; no human being can pass through life without sometimes stumbling and falling; and the truest progress is often like that of the advancing tide, a seeming ebb, and then a strong wave forwards. In like manner, the repentance of a fault committed in Margaret's childhood seems to us to have advanced her whole character.

After some years of home instruction, Margaret had been sent to school. She was not altogether happy there, for though from force of character she was in many respects a leader and a favourite, and though most of her companions liked and loved her, they also quizzed her somewhat unmercifully. Probably there was much in her manner so different from ordinary school-girls that the temptation to raillery was irresistible. Certainly the occasion which most deeply stung her was one she had brought on herself. Among the

school recreations private theatricals had been permitted, and in them Margaret's talents had greatly shone. At these performances the girls had all rouged their cheeks, but Margaret astonished her companions by continuing the use of the carmine. When first they stared and laughed at this folly, she only answered that she did it "because she thought it made her look pretty," but by-and-bye she ceased to notice their jests although she continued her habit. Her indifference to their laughter somewhat irritated the girls, and they concocted a plot, for the carrying out of which they obtained the full consent of their governess.

Margaret was generally the last to obey the summons of the dinner-bell, and one beautiful summer day she had been so lost in reverie gazing at the fine prospect from the balcony of her window, that she had only two or three minutes left in which to change her dress; so hurried was she that she quite forgot to tint her cheeks as usual. She was the last to enter the dining-hall, and until she had taken her seat and raised her eyes in answer to a question, she did not observe the appearance of her companions. She gazed first at the one opposite, and saw that she looked ridiculous from having a round bright spot of red paint on each cheek. Then her eyes wandered to the next, the next, and so on, until in a minute the truth flashed upon her that the whole school had united thus to rebuke and shame her. Even the teachers, although they endeavoured to look grave, evidently enjoyed the trick.

A dull, unsensitive girl would not have cared very much for this quaint demonstration of ridicule, and a lover of fun at any price would perhaps have entered into the joke, and that way been still the conqueror. But Margaret through life was an earnest person, and the last in the world to be cured of a fault by ridicule. It was not that she cared much for the preservation of her rouge-pot—as indeed her neglect of it on this very occasion proved—but it stung her strong affections to the quick to find, that among all her school-fellows there was not one who loved her well enough to refrain from offering this open painted rebuke. Nevertheless she assumed a manner of composure, forced herself to eat, and made commonplace remarks to those near her; but the girls, disappointed at her not noticing their trick, ran off as soon as dinner was over laughing openly at her. Left alone, Margaret hastened to her chamber, and locking the door gave way to such a passion of grief, that it led to strong convulsions. She was found in a state that alarmed the whole household, when her teachers, becoming uneasy about her, had broken open the door. It is true that years before, in her early childhood, she had suffered from fits of a similar description, but it was believed that she had entirely outgrown them, and probably nothing less intense than her present mental distress could have brought on such an attack. After some hours of suffering, and great anxiety on the part of those about her, exhausted nature relieved itself and she fell into a deep slumber.

She awoke outwardly calm, but a fiery wrath was still raging at her heart. Her school-fellows, who really loved her, and could not comprehend how their foolish jest had very nearly killed her, were deeply sorry for the distress they had occasioned, but she made no reply to all their expressions of penitence; all she could remember was, that there had not been a single one to take her part, or to refuse to take part against her. Even their past words of affection, their caresses, and little kindnesses, rose to her mind as so many proofs of their falsehood and hypocrisy.

In a few days the school resumed its usual routine, save that Margaret's gay spirits were quite flown; and all her wildness and eccentricity at an end. Her dress was neat, her manners were subdued, and apparently her mind was entirely occupied by her studies. The terrible spirit of revenge, however, had taken possession of her, and she gratified it in a subtle and shocking manner. She had resumed companionship with her school-fellows, and she took the opportunity of betraying their little girlish confidences, and without perpetrating positive falsehoods she made mischief, and set them so completely one against the other, that envy, jealousy, and discord, reigned throughout the school. Months were passed in this miserable condition, but at last the truth became obvious; a few frank conferences among the elder girls had revealed to them that it was one foe who had worked the mischief. One evening after prayers, the principal of the school commanded the

girls to remain in their places, and then in a grave, sad voice, she summoned Margaret forth, to answer the charges to be made against her.

A terrible scene ensued. Years afterwards, when Margaret Fuller had grown to be a most noble woman, whom no lure could have tempted to a falsehood, she chose herself to relate this episode of her early life, veiling it in the semblance of fiction; but her friends knew that the Mariana of her tale was the real Margaret. Hence we are justified in accepting her own revelation; and she says that when the truth first burst on her—the full conception of the wickedness of which she had been guilty, the shock was so dreadful that she fell down upon the floor, and having dashed her head against the hearth was taken up senseless. When she awoke to consciousness, despair seized her, the main-spring of life seemed broken; she could neither hope to be forgiven nor ever forgive herself, for the baseness, and cruelty, and falsehood, which blackened her soul. For days and nights she lay upon her bed, or lounged on a chair, without speaking, and when food was offered to her, she only turned away her head. Her school-companions, even those she had most aggrieved, came to her with tears and sobs, and assured her that they forgave and loved her still, and though she suffered them to take her hand she made no reply.

At last one of the teachers, wise with the sweet wisdom of love and pity, smote the rock, and the waters of life and hope flowed freely once more. One evening,

this lady came into the room bringing the poor girl a composing draught. Margaret, as usual, turned away her head, and made no reply to the entreaties of her visitor. The lady burst into tears and exclaimed, "Oh, my child! do not despair; do not think that one great fault can mar a whole life. Let me trust you; let me tell you the griefs of my sad life. I will tell you what I never expected to impart to any one."

Margaret listened, and her kind friend told her a story "of pain, of shame, borne not for herself, but for one near and dear as herself;" the moral of it was, that it is added sin for the lowest and most degraded to despair of God's mercy, that there is a future of hope for all on earth, and that a noble future may trample down an erring past. The speaker was naturally dignified and reserved, Margaret knew what it must have cost her to teach this lesson of love—she saw its truth and moral beauty—her gratitude, her sensibility were touched, and she stretched out her hand for the draught. Now that hope and self-respect were once more fanned to life in her heart, Margaret recovered, though slowly, and as if from the jaws of death. When her strength was a little restored, she sent for all her companions, and thus spoke to them, "I deserved to die, but a generous trust has called me back to life. I will be worthy of it, nor ever betray the trust or resent injury more. Can you forgive the past?"

"And they not only forgave," wrote Margaret, "but with love and earnest tears clasped in their

arms the returning sister. They vied with one another in offices of humble love to the humbled one; and let it be recorded, as an instance of the pure honour of which young hearts are capable, that these facts, known to some forty persons, never so far as I know transpired beyond those walls."

So rose up Margaret Fuller from the terrible trial of her self-condemnation and agonised contrition, again noble and trustworthy; never more for resentment or falsehood to tarnish her soul. Surely there was great nobility of character displayed in Margaret making this revelation of her early fault; but she was one who would not have shrunk from torture, if by it a great moral purpose was to be achieved. The teacher who had befriended her in the hour of her dark despair with such wisdom and tenderness, won her warmest affection; and after she left school Margaret corresponded with her. Years afterwards, Margaret, in writing to this beloved friend, alluded to the dark event of her girlhood as having had the most powerful effect on her character. "I tremble at whatever looks like dissimulation," she said; "the remembrance of that evening subdues every proud, passionate impulse. . . . Can I ever forget that to your treatment in that crisis of youth I owe the true life—the love of Truth and Honour?" It will give some idea of her acquirements and of her daily life at the age of fifteen, if we extract part of a letter addressed to the same lady in July 1825:—

"You keep me to my promise of giving you some

sketch of my pursuits. I rise a little before five, walk an hour, and then practise on the piano till seven, when we breakfast. Next I read French—Sismondi's 'Literature of the South of Europe'—till eight, then two or three lectures in Brown's 'Philosophy.' About half-past nine I go to Mr. Perkins' school and study Greek till twelve, when the school being dismissed, I recite, go home and practise again till dinner at two. Sometimes, if the conversation is very agreeable, I lounge for half-an-hour over the dessert, though rarely so lavish of time. Then, when I can, I read two hours in Italian, but I am often interrupted. At six I walk, or take a drive. Before going to bed I play or sing for half-an-hour or so, to make all sleepy." After alluding to her journal and some other employments, she adds, "Thus you see I am learning Greek, and making acquaintance with metaphysics and French and Italian literature."

Her industry was indeed prodigious, and of a character by no means to be recommended to any one of less force of character, or less calmly and resolutely determined to make every object in life subservient to self-culture. Self or soul-culture, not simply mental-culture, we mean; for Margaret, as we shall see, on many occasions of her life, was ready to sacrifice her merely intellectual progress at the call of duty.

At so early an age that she might be said to be standing only on the threshold of womanhood, Margaret Fuller was remarkable for the number and variety of

her friends. It was not that they courted and caressed and drew her among them, but she was already a centre round which they circled. They comprised the old and the young, the gay and the sombre, the witty, the studious, and even the slightly dull; but one who knew her well, in describing her friendships, adds that there was one quality in which her associates must not be deficient—"All in order to be Margaret's friends, must be capable of seeking something—capable of some aspiration for the better." Persons of this description were drawn towards her by a strong sympathetic attraction, while she had a quick instinctive knowledge of character, and was rarely if ever deceived in the judgments she formed. That is to say, she perceived where the germ of good lay, worked upon that, made it *grow* until it overshadowed faults and frailties. Already she was an eloquent and brilliant conversationalist, and her powers being always devoted to the illustration of noble themes, people left her presence with their minds invigorated, their good resolves strengthened, and their highest thoughts made fresh and clear; while mean desires, hypocrisies, and mere worldly ambition, shrank away dwarfed, degraded, to the dark corners of the heart, out of sight of the "mind's eye." There is no better test of the company we have been in, or of the book we have studied, than the tone of feeling which prevails when—

> "The lights are fled, the garlands dead,"

or when the book is lifted to its shelf again.

To those who would like to make a picture to themselves of Margaret at this age, it may be interesting to know that she was "a blooming girl, of florid complexion and vigorous health, with a tendency to robustness." She had no pretensions to beauty, "Yet," her friend writes, "she was not plain. She escaped the reproach of positive plainness by her blond and abundant hair, by her excellent teeth, by her sparkling, dancing, busy eyes, which, though usually half shut from near-sightedness, shot piercing glances at those with whom she conversed; and, most of all, by the very peculiar and graceful carriage of her head and neck, which all who knew her will remember as the most characteristic trait in her personal appearance." It may be added, that her fine artistic taste made her delight in elegant and well-chosen attire; but she never gave her time and attention to the frivolities of fashion, and she sometimes expressed a sarcastic contempt for women who wasted their lives in shopping and idle visiting.

When Margaret Fuller was about one or two-and-twenty, she commenced the study of the German language, and so rapid was her progress that in a few months she was able to enjoy the masterpieces of its rich, inexhaustible literature. This acquirement was an important epoch in her mental progress; her mind—amply nourished as it already was—sprang forward at a bound, newly strengthened by the treasures of thought she now received. For many years it had been her ardent desire to visit Europe, and it must have

been soon after this period that the wish shaped itself to a resolute determination. Even now when intercourse between the two countries is so much more frequent and rapid, and when London news has scarcely grown stale when it echoes in Boston and New York, cultivated Americans always yearn to visit their "fatherland," to pay homage at those shrines of antiquity in which they have an inheritance no less than ourselves; and twenty years ago, when voyagers between America and England were comparatively few, when mutual ignorance of each other was greater, and consequently curiosity was more strongly piqued, Margaret's eager longing was a very natural one. So earnest a seeker after knowledge wished to see and judge of many things for herself.

There was, however, an impediment in the way; her father was not rich, and an European tour was a costly undertaking. Margaret determined to earn the money that would be required to carry out her dearly-cherished scheme; she agreed for two or three years to devote many hours a-day to the education of the younger members of the family, and the money thus saved to her father was to be reserved for her travelling expenses. Certainly to many girls such an arrangement as this would seem so agreeable and natural, that it could not be thought to involve any sacrifice. But a great sacrifice of inclination it was to Margaret; for notwithstanding the wide range of her acquirements, she considered life all too short for the studies she had planned, and she longed,

like many a poor governess, to be learning instead of devoting her time to elementary teaching. Nevertheless she fulfilled the duties she had undertaken faithfully and cheerfully; but of the manner in which they pressed on her, and of the fact that with all her studious habits she did not neglect the feminine offices of domestic life, may be judged by the following sentences, written by her in March 1834:—

"Four pupils are a serious and fatiguing charge for one of my somewhat ardent and impatient disposition. Five days in the week I have given daily lessons in three languages, in geography and history, besides many other exercises on alternate days. This has consumed often eight, always five hours of my day. There has been also a great deal of needle-work to do, which is now nearly finished, so that I shall not be obliged to pass my time about it when everything looks beautiful, as it did last summer. We have had very poor servants, and for some time past only one. My mother has been often ill. My grandmother, who passed the winter with us, has been ill. Thus you may imagine, as I am the only grown-up daughter, that my time has been considerably taxed."

One would think so, indeed. Yet during the winter that was then closing, Margaret Fuller had studied for her own edification the history and geography of Modern Europe; the elements of Architecture; the works of Alfieri; the historical and critical works of Goethe and Schiller; and the outlines of American

history. There is no wonder that nearly the next thing we hear of the poor, over-wrought student, is that she was attacked with an alarming illness. For nine days and nights the fever and dreadful pain in the head continued, and after the crisis was passed she was left weak and shattered. It was during the height of this illness, and when it was thought that she might not recover, that her father said to her, "My dear, I have been thinking of you in the night, and I cannot remember that you have any *faults.* You have defects, of course, as all mortals have, but I do not know that you have a single fault." These words from her strict and apparently unsympathising father, affected Margaret to tears, and dwelt in her memory through life as a sweet and consoling recollection. Yet more touched was she by the fervency of his thanksgiving prayer on the Sunday when she was somewhat recovered; and to his wife he exclaimed, "I have no room for a painful thought, now that our daughter is restored." Notwithstanding his occasional coldness of manner, Margaret had the happiness to believe that she was very dear to her father; though she did not then know that soon the memory of every affectionate word would be doubly precious.

On the 2d of October, 1835, Margaret lost her father, after an illness of only two days. The shock was terrible to the whole family, the suddenness of the bereavement making their affliction the more poignant. Margaret was stunned for a time, and then began tor-

menting herself with the recollection of instances in which she had fallen short of her duty. But no one else would have accused her of such derelictions. In her deep grief her prayer to God was, that she might be able to set self aside and make duty her first object. She was the eldest child, and many cares immediately devolved upon her. Mr. Fuller had died without a will, and had left less property than was expected; his affairs were complicated, and when at last they were arranged, there was found to be only a provision that would maintain his widow and educate the younger children,—that was all. Margaret soon realised the truth that she must make exertions to support herself, and add a little if she could to the family means. But the European tour, to accomplish which she had toiled so assiduously—was it to be given up? The time appointed for it was now at hand, the friends who were to have been her companions were making their preparations, and her mother and other fond relations besought her to fulfil her dearly-cherished plan. Her mind was distracted between her contending feelings.

"Oh, dear E——," she wrote to her brother, "you know not how I fear and tremble to come to a decision. My temporal all seems hanging on it, and the prospect is most alluring. A few thousand dollars would make all so easy, so safe. As it is I cannot tell what is coming to us, for the estate will not be settled when I go." And to the friend whom she was to have

accompanied, she said, "If I am not to go with you, I shall be obliged to tear my heart, by a violent effort, from its present objects and natural desires. But I shall feel the necessity, and will do it if the life-blood follows through the rent."

Finally, Margaret Fuller, with true heroism, relinquished the plan which for years had been her dearest earthly hope. On due reflection she did not consider herself justified in the expenditure of the sum required, which must be subtracted from her father's estate, although she had fairly earned it. She could not conceal the pang this decision cost her, although she bore it bravely, and continued to devote a portion of her time, as heretofore, to the improvement of the younger members of the family. Yet her sense of responsibility, her anxious cares, and the necessary authority of the teacher, never interfered with her sisterly tenderness; and on one occasion she shed tears because her young brother seemed indifferent to her sisterly sympathy, and unwilling to repose in her his boyish confidences. Her tears astonished him, but afterwards he declared his "heart opened to her as to no earthly friend."

Meanwhile, her friends knew that she was anxious to perform the very prosaic duty of earning money, and in 1836 it was suggested to her that she should employ her talents in writing for a periodical. Her answer was worthy of herself. It is to be remembered that she was applied to as one who could lead and

teach, and she felt the importance of the trust that would be reposed in her too deeply to permit interference with it. "I would gladly," she wrote, "sell some part of my mind for lucre to get the command of time; but I will not sell my soul: that is, I am perfectly willing to take the trouble of writing for money to pay the seamstress; but I am not willing to have what I write mutilated, or what I ought to say dictated to suit the public taste:" and then she proceeded to describe the sort of writing which she considered desirable to form a counterpoise to the material and utilitarian tendencies of her day and place. We do not know if it was just yet that she began writing for the press, but at any rate another occupation was opening for her, involving as great a responsibility.

She took leave of the country-house where the family had dwelt,—and which was now associated in her mind with sickness, and suffering, and death,—and went to Boston to fulfil an engagement she had made to teach Latin and French in a school. She also formed classes of young ladies for the study of French, German, and Italian. Thus did she commence her noble career of exertion, obtaining personal independence, while she was the means of instructing and elevating young minds. It was soon discovered that Margaret Fuller was no ordinary teacher. She threw all the energy of her character into her task, and brought to bear on it the full resources of her intellect.

The results were illness to herself from over-exertion, but surprising progress on the part of her pupils. Not that we would value the mere knowledge that they acquired as of a hundredth part the worth of the mental culture and expansion which Margaret's instruction promoted. Her own tone was so high, that aspirations after the true, the pure, and the noble, and rebuke of the false, the mean, and the sordid, were inwoven with every lesson she gave.

A rumour of Margaret Fuller's talents and success was spreading, and the following spring she received a very advantageous offer to become principal teacher in the Green Street School at Providence. It was proposed that she should devote four hours a-day to the instruction of the elder girls, and such confidence was felt in her plans that it was left entirely to herself to arrange the course of instruction. She was offered a thousand dollars—about two hundred pounds—per annum for her services; and feeling that this remuneration would enable her to be of some little assistance to her family, she accepted the engagement.

About sixty scholars were more or less under her care, and though some were so "deplorably ignorant," that her heart sank at the thought of their benighted powers, she was on the whole pleased with her reception by her new acquaintances. She rejoiced that there was "nothing of the vulgar feeling towards teachers, too often to be observed in schools," among them; that her pupils reverenced her taste and opinion

on all occasions, were docile and anxious to please, but though in awe of her displeasure, were delighted to be allowed to associate with her on friendly terms. The truth was, they loved and reverenced her, for the mental arrogance which in general society was her besetting fault seemed less out of place in her position of teacher; while the noble candour with which she herself acknowledged injustice, must have been a lesson of example never to be forgotten. At the end of the term, after making suitable addresses to her younger pupils, she summoned the elder girls, and speaking to them with earnestness and affection, thanked them for their good opinion of her government, but specified three instances in which she found she had been unjust. She assured them of her true friendship, proved by her "never having cajoled or caressed them into good;" reminded them that she had never palliated their faults, but likewise declared that she had never appealed to conscience in vain; that every word of praise she had uttered had been fairly earned, but that she had never set before them any but the loftiest aims, making "every other end subordinate to that of spiritual growth." So touching indeed was her farewell, that for some time after she ceased speaking, no one stirred; and teacher and pupils parted with tears.

Margaret Fuller has been accused of egotism and self-consciousness; and while her warmest admirers cannot deny the charge, they admit it with a protest

against the stranger confounding those qualities as they appeared in her with cold-hearted, selfish pedantry. The truth was, that life was to her so sacred, so earnest, and her character was so transparently sincere, that she could not but talk of the thoughts and opinions which were teeming in her mind. But if she talked much she talked well, for the wisest and best were always willing to listen to her, and when she deserved a rebuke, she took it with excellent temper. Her warmth of heart, her strong sympathy with every human struggle, attracted all sorts of people to her, and she became the general confidante of old and young. Haughty and intolerant of narrow-minded people as she sometimes seemed, no one was afraid of her; for so widely diffused was the human kindness of her nature, that, as one of her biographers says, "The Concord stage-coachman distinguished her by his respect, and the chambermaid was pretty sure to confide to her on the second day her homely romance." And there is a story related, that one of her friends writing to her with a more formal address than she admired, she signed herself in reply, by way of ironical rebuke, "Yours affectionately, Miss Fuller." It may be conceded that it would have been more graceful, more "pretty behaved," more according to the maxims of society, had Margaret veiled her consciousness that she was intellectually distinguished; but her self-proclamation was always more in the tone of rejoicing that she had overcome

this or that barrier, than the shrill trumpeting of self-laudation. There could not be an offensive vanity in one who had the honesty to write thus, "Since I have had leisure to look at myself, I find that, so far from being an original genius, I have not yet learned to think to any depth, and that the utmost I have done in life has been to form my character to a certain consistency, cultivate my tastes, and learn to tell the truth with a little better grace than I did at first."

In the year 1839, Margaret Fuller, in conjunction with her mother and family, took a house at Jamaica Plain, five miles from Boston. Other removals took place, but for the next five years Boston or its immediate neighbourhood was Margaret's home. High as were her aspirations—noble as was her determination not to "sell her soul," she had the right pride and true good sense which made personal independence one of her great objects. She looked on debt "with a dread worthy of some respectable Dutch burgomaster;" she could converse, and teach, and write, and thus were open to her three noble means of elevating others at the same time that they brought her a money recompense. She took private classes of pupils at her own house; she published translations from the German; she made a tour to Lake Superior and to Michigan, and wrote a narrative of it, entitled "Summer on the Lakes;" and from 1840 to 1842, she was editress of a quarterly journal, "The Dial," which attracted attention from the philosophic minds of England as well

as of America. The conduct of this periodical was a labour of love to Margaret; it brought little or no remuneration to her; but it was established to advocate those spiritual views of existence which were the very life of her mind. Emerson and other earnest thinkers and writers assisted in the undertaking; but the work was in advance of the popular tone and taste, it did not pay and was at length discontinued. Another scheme, however, more original in its plan, was eminently successful.

In the autumn of 1839, it was suggested that a class of ladies should be formed for the purposes of conversation under Margaret's direction. It was to include married and single, the young and those of mature age, who were to meet once a-week. Few besides herself, perhaps, had any but a vague idea of the manner in which these meetings were to be conducted; but Margaret had full confidence that if the class assembled with sincerity of purpose, great good must result; while the vast range of her conversational powers was so well understood, that every one had faith in her ability to sustain the part that was laid down for her. Her expressions in her prospectus of the scheme are so apt, that it would be a pity to abridge them, though the entire letter would occupy some pages.

"If my office," she said, "were only to suggest topics which would lead to conversation of a better order than is usual at social meetings, and to turn

back the current, when digressing into personalities or commonplaces, so that what is valuable in the experience of each might be brought to bear upon all; I should think the object not unworthy of the effort. But my ambition goes much farther. It is to pass in review the departments of thought and knowledge, and endeavour to place them in due relation to one another in our minds. To systematise thought, and give a precision and clearness, in which our sex are so deficient, chiefly, I think, because they have so few inducements to test and classify what they receive. To ascertain what pursuits are best suited to us, in our time and state of society, and how we may make best use of our means for building up the life of thought upon the life of action."

The first meeting of the class took place in November 1839. Twenty-five ladies assembled, and the circle comprised some of the most intelligent and agreeable women in Boston. With the exception of a short vacation at Christmas, the class met throughout the winter months every week, usually we believe on Saturday at noon; the conversation lasting two hours. Margaret opened the discourse, and at first many of the ladies were timid, and hesitated to follow their brilliant leader; but she had the art of encouraging them, and drawing out their best faculties, and in a little time the needless reserve was overcome.

Those who were present at these conversations say, that no description of them can convey an ade-

quate idea of their charm, or of the happy influence they exercised. It seemed as if Margaret Fuller's eloquence, her clearness of thought, and accuracy of expression, were infectious, for, warmed by her enthusiasm, members of the class, who had been considered very indifferent conversers, astonished their companions by their newly acquired powers. Literature and the fine arts, religious and civil institutions of nations, the characters of great men, external nature—such were the subjects of discussion which were enriched by Margaret's extensive reading and her striking and original powers of illustration. Yet there was no pedantry in her manner. A very competent witness declares that whatever was said by others, "Margaret knew how to seize the good meaning of it with hospitality, and to make the speaker feel glad and not sorry that she had spoken."

The truth was, that Margaret Fuller was completely in her element in these assemblies; and she felt the quick reward for her exertions in the kindling eyes and loosened tongues of her associates. She had sufficient faith in the power of good to believe that her own sex, once elevated into an atmosphere of noble thought, could not easily fall back upon the small talk and scandal of idle gossip. It is curious to remark, that Margaret's enthusiasm on these occasions gave such dignity to her appearance, and such fine expression to her countenance, that her companions, especially the younger members of the class,

went away impressed with "her beautiful looks," and would on no account allow people to call her plain. Also they remarked on the sumptuousness of her dress, though the fact really was, that it was simply the well-chosen attire of a gentlewoman,—nothing extravagant or extraordinary. It was the grace of nobleness and earnestness that made her look regal.

So interesting was the account of these conversations, that certain gentlemen in Boston became desirous of sharing the ladies' privilege of attending them, and the following winter an evening class was established, at which gentlemen were admitted. Margaret, with good taste, endeavoured to throw the conversation into channels in which the usual masculine classical education would be most available, so that she and other ladies might derive instruction. But even on such a subject as Grecian art and mythology she proved the best informed. In speaking of these mixed meetings, an excellent observer said, "In particular points I know some excel her; in particular departments I sympathise more with some other persons; but take her as a whole, she has the most to bestow on others by conversation of any person I have ever known. I cannot conceive of any species of vanity living in her presence. She distances all who talk with her."

On the whole, however, the mixed evening classes, which were renewed for three or four seasons, were less successful than the ladies' morning ones. It is

evident that at the latter assemblies there was less restraint. It is sad to add that Margaret's health suffered from her manifold exertions, and a very common result of a conversation class-meeting was a terrible attack of nervous headache.

In 1844, circumstances induced Margaret Fuller to remove to New York. She had overtaxed her strength, and it was evident that an entire change of scene and some change of occupation were necessary to restore her health, and, in her own words, "keep up the spring of her spirits." Mr. Greeley, one of the proprietors of the "New York Tribune," proposed that she should become a regular contributor to that publication, and it was part of the arrangement that she should reside in his family. His wife had visited at Boston and there become intimate with Margaret, and the plan proved agreeable to all parties. Mr. Greeley's picturesque old house was beautifully situated on the East River, and being about two miles from New York, combined the quiet of a country residence with the convenience of a city neighbourhood.

Mr. Greeley admired the talents of his expected guest, and had heard much of the influence she always exerted on those with whom she was brought into habits of intimacy; but with a wilfulness that was not unnatural, he determined to keep his judgment clear, and to resist the fascination she so commonly exercised. For some months he was successful in this

endeavour. He was much occupied in business, they only met at meals, and it so happened that there were a good many subjects on which they strongly differed. Besides her habit of self-assertion had generally a repellent effect on strangers; and the woman who had once had the hardihood to declare that she knew every one worth knowing in America, and had not found a mind equal to her own, would naturally be judged by a severe standard. We believe, however, that in the latter years of her life no such arrogant phrase was ever uttered by Margaret; the longer she lived, and the more she *grew*, the more accurate became her self-knowledge. Perhaps even her residence at Mr. Greeley's, and the introduction to a new circle of acquaintances, might have moderated that egotism of manner which, among her Boston adorers and pupils, received no check; certain it is, and by his own confession, that as time wore on, her host "found himself drawn almost irresistibly into the general current." On closer acquaintance, he found that her faults and weaknesses were all superficial, and he learned to know her as the most fearless champion of truth and human progress, and as one of the most unselfish and magnanimous of human beings. She attached herself to children with demonstrative affection, and could alternately bend herself to be their playmate, or amuse them with rhyming, or by telling stories in simple, and yet striking language. It was remarked that she always treated servants with thoughtful consideration, and that sym-

pathetic kindness which never failed to draw forth their best qualities.

During Margaret Fuller's residence in Mr. Greeley's family, at a time it must be remembered when her health had been seriously shattered, and when there were daily claims on her pen such as might well have served to exempt her from other labours, her attention being drawn to the condition of the female prisoners in the Penitentiary, she devoted both time and energy to visiting those unhappy women, and using her moral influence for their regeneration. The Penitentiary was nearly opposite Mr. Greeley's residence on the other side of the river, and she could pass over to it in a boat in a few minutes: her name was a sufficient passport to its wards, and to the confidence of the philanthropic ladies who, in a great measure, directed the affairs of the establishment; and among the many noble traits which are recorded of her character, we know not that loftier or more thoroughly womanly ones are anywhere exemplified than in the exertions she made to raise and sustain unhappy outcasts from further fall.

It was suggested to Margaret Fuller that she should address the wretched women of another prison, when they were assembled in their chapel, and this she did on Christmas day. "There was," writes one who was present, "a most touching tenderness, blended with dignity in her air and tone, as seated in the desk she looked round upon her fallen

sisters, and began her discourse." It commenced with a kindly salutation appropriate to the season, and then appealing to the best feelings of the listeners, and by her own emotion showing the depth of her sympathy, she pointed to the hopes which were held out for the most degraded, if truly repentant; acknowledged the difficulties which beset their path, but showed the beauty and happiness of virtue in such simple, earnest language, that her audience, hardened as they were supposed to be, were visibly moved "Many of you," she said, "have much to contend with. Some may be so faulty, by temperament or habit, that they can never on this earth lead a wholly fair and harmonious life, however much they strive. Yet do what you can. If in one act—for one day—you can do right, let that live like a point of light in your memory; for if you have done well once, you can again. If you fall, do not lie grovelling, but rise upon your feet once more, and struggle bravely on. And if aroused conscience makes you suffer keenly, have patience to bear it. God will not let you suffer more than you need to fit you for His grace. At the very moment of your utmost pain, persist to seek his aid, and it will be given abundantly."

Margaret Fuller remained under Mr. Greeley's roof for upwards of a year, cementing his friendship, and writing diligently for the "Tribune." Many of her admirers must regret some of her critical writings at this time, because, clever as they were, a later verdict

will certainly reverse more than one of her judgments; that she should have been blind to the subtle, yet glowing genius of her own country's two greatest poets, is a lamentable phenomenon of her penetrating intellect. We do not, however, desire to dwell on her literary pursuits, except as they are necessarily interwoven with those traits of heart and mind which made up her noble character. In 1846 an opportunity presented itself for Margaret to join some much-valued friends, and enjoy with them the long-desired tour in Europe. There was now no reason she should refuse the proposal that was made to her, and accordingly the party sailed from Boston on the 1st of August that year. In the "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller," compiled by several of her most eminent friends, and which prove a fine exposition of her character, the account of her travels is almost entirely made up from her own letters, and on these, of course, we must draw as the fountain-head of information.

Arriving in Liverpool in the middle of August, Margaret and her friends proceeded north before visiting London. They saw Edinburgh, and while making a tour of the Scottish lakes, Margaret met with an adventure that would have appalled most persons. That no serious consequences to life or health resulted from it is mainly to be attributed to the fact that her calm strength of soul, and perfect presence of mind, never deserted her. She had determined on making the ascent of Ben Lomond, but the fineness of the

weather had drawn so many tourists to the spot that all the horses were engaged, so that Margaret and her companion must either forego their purpose or achieve the ascent—four miles—on foot. They decided on the latter course; and, ignorant that a guide was indispensable for safety, they set off.

The ascent was fatiguing, but, in the broad daylight, their undertaking seemed noway hazardous,—and, indeed, they arrived at the peak without any disaster. Charmed and excited by the grandeur of the scene, they did not observe where the narrow pathway by which they had ascended lost itself among the heather. Margaret's companion thought that missing it was not of much consequence, as they might descend the brow of the mountain; but she remembered that the ground was full of springs, which had been bridged over in the pathway, and saw at once the danger of their position. Accordingly her friend, Mr. S., went alone to seek the track, while she stood still, being already so wearied that she was unwilling to waste her strength. Soon he called out that he had found the path, but Margaret, though following, as she thought, the direction of his voice, overshot the mark, and saw him no more. In a few minutes she became alarmed, and shouted as loud as she could; and, as it afterwards proved, he called to her repeatedly, but, in their vain endeavour to find each other, they became more and more separated. It was evident to Margaret that she must attempt the

descent alone; and as twilight was, by this time, fast deepening, she had not a moment to lose. She soon found the correctness of her apprehension about the springs, for sometimes she sank up to her knees in bog, and had to retrace her steps and attempt some new course. Indeed it was evident that her position was extremely dangerous. The watercourses were so numerous, that a single false step in the dark might be her destruction. With the last rays of light she had perceived, in the distance, the inn of Rowardennan, whence they had started, and as there seemed to lie between her and it little more than a high heathery hill, she attempted to cross in that direction. By dint of clinging to the root of a tree, and letting herself down by the heather, she reached the bottom of the hill, which she afterwards found was called "The Tongue," from being hemmed in on three sides by water. Here she found herself impeded by springs, and bog, and rapid streams, and in her attempt to ascend the hill again sank down utterly exhausted. By the time she recovered a little, the night had set in, and though presently the stars came out, looking "very cheery and companionable," it would have been the extreme of rashness for her to have attempted to proceed.

"For the first few minutes," she wrote, "after I perceived I had got to my night's lodging, such as it was, the circumstance looked appalling. I was very lightly clad, my feet and dress were very wet, I had

only a little shawl to throw round me, and the cold autumn wind had already come, and the night-mist was to fall on me, all fevered and exhausted as I was. I thought I should not live through the night, or if I did, I must be an invalid henceforward. I could not even keep myself warm by walking, for, now it was dark, it would be too dangerous to stir. My only chance, however, lay in motion, and my only help in myself; and so convinced was I of this, that I did keep in motion the whole of that long night, imprisoned as I was on such a little perch of that great mountain."

About two hours after night-fall, the mist gathered in fantastic wreaths until it entirely wrapped the mountain, and notwithstanding the peril of the hour, Margaret called to mind the rhapsodies of Ossian, and felt her imagination kindle at the realisation of his weird descriptions, which she beheld. She could not see the moon, but she knew when it rose, because its white light illuminated the mist with a silvery lustre; and she hailed the appearance with gladness, because she knew that it must now be two o'clock in the morning, and that the worst horrors of the night were passed. Still she paced her little "perch," calling out every now and then at the highest pitch of her voice, with the dim hope that aid might be near; but when she listened for a response, no sound broke the silence, save the rush of a waterfall, the sough of the wind, or the startling among the heather of the grouse

she had disturbed. And yet no less than twenty men with their dogs were out in search of her.

When day broke, although the mist was still thick, she ventured to ascend the hill, crossing the torrent, and quenching her thirst from the sparkling waterfall; and then she scrambled on, fortunately as it happened, in the direction where some of the shepherds were seeking her. About seven o'clock in the morning, she met her deliverers. "The moment they came," she wrote, "all my feverish strength departed, and they carried me home, where my arrival relieved my friends of distress far greater than I had undergone; for I had had my grand solitude, my Ossianic visions, and the pleasure of sustaining myself; while they had had only doubt, amounting to anguish, and a fruitless search through the night." Happily, she sustained no more serious injury than a slight indisposition which passed away in a few days.

After the Scottish tour Margaret Fuller spent a few weeks in London, and though the autumn season was an unfavourable time, she had the good fortune to find many of the people she most desired to know in town. Friendly *conversazioni* were made up for her at several houses, and at one of them we had the privilege of meeting her. So much had been said of her egotism and intellectual arrogance, that, despite a very true admiration of her talents, we were not free from a shade of prepossession against her. Be it said, in extenuation, that the fine heroism of her character

was not then world-famous. The party was a small one, consisting only of some sixteen or twenty persons, and it needed no introduction to show at a glance who was the cynosure of the evening. As we entered, a lady of medium height and size, and of graceful figure, was leaning back in an easy chair, and alternately listening with interest, or talking with animation, to the group around her. Her light hair was dressed simply and becomingly, and her cheek was faded to the paleness of delicate health. The outline of her head was fine, and her blue eyes, when one was sufficiently within their focus to catch their expression, beamed with a look of candour and integrity; although she had a peculiar habit of occasionally raising and letting fall the eyelids. She wore a dress of lilac silk, enriched by a good deal of black lace drapery. There was nothing in the slightest degree *outré*, or masculine, in her appearance. Sometimes, as she spoke, she leaned forwards, or sideways on the arm of the chair, but there was nothing remarkable in her gesticulation, though it is to be owned that the tones of her voice proclaimed at once the Yankee. Why not? The Americans say we clip and mince our words, while each country thinks its standard of pronunciation the correct one.

In a little while we were seated next Margaret Fuller, and very soon all our preconceived notions of her self-willed egotism melted away like snow-drifts in the sunshine. We confess to having felt the mag-

netism of which her friends say so much. Perhaps Margaret was in an especially gentle mood that night; perhaps the geniality of her host—himself a poet—pervaded the social atmosphere; however this might be, the conversation was noways gladiatorial, but though brilliant, sympathetic. Margaret talked more than any one else, it is true, but then it was tacitly conceded that she talked the best of any one in the room. She respected an honest difference of opinion, if it casually arose, and even threw now and then an argument into her opponent's scale, but answering it as she did so; arguing for the sake of truth, and not for victory. She was tender in her manner to very young people, and seemed full of kindly courtesy to all. Little did we suspect, when we clasped her hand at parting, that an accident would prevent another meeting, and that in the next four years of her life would crowd more woe and joy and stirring alternations of events than sometimes occur in the long course of a threescore and ten years of existence.

From London Margaret proceeded to Paris, and then on to Italy—the land of romance, and the nursing-mother of the arts. Here she rested, drinking in delight at every avenue of her mind. The climate, the flowers, the galleries of art, the literature, the language, the people, all were sources of interest, transcending in depth all she had imagined. But most the political aspect of the country touched her heart; she became, as it were, nationalised, and an

ardent desire for Italian independence grew to be a ruling passion. She could not leave the country yet, and as her travelling companions desired to see more of Germany and Switzerland than they had hitherto done, they left her in Rome among new friends whom she had already made. One of these friends was destined to exert the most important influence on her life, and we must relate how the acquaintance commenced.

On the evening of Holy Thursday, in the spring of 1847, Margaret went to St. Peter's to hear vespers. Dearly loving to wander alone among the different chapels, she had arranged to meet her friends at a certain spot agreed on, but some mistake occurred, and when she returned to the place appointed, they were not there. She was in some perplexity, and as her near-sightedness occasioned the use of a glass, she attracted some attention while making her eager search for her friends. Soon a young Italian of gentlemanly appearance came up to her, and, perceiving that she had lost her party, begged that he might be permitted to assist her in seeking her friends. When it became evident that they must have departed, he went into the piazza to endeavour to procure her a carriage, but by this time the crowd had all dispersed, and every vehicle had been engaged. There was no alternative but for Margaret to walk home, and the distance being considerable, her new acquaintance asked leave to conduct her. They parted at her door. She found

her friends already at home, and related to them her adventure.

The stranger was the Marchese Ossoli, a young Roman belonging to an ancient but somewhat impoverished family. He had felt interested in the American lady, and soon found means to improve the acquaintance. His relations belonged to the ultra-conservative party in Italian politics, but he was already inclined to liberal views, and Margaret's enthusiasm on the subject fanned his patriotism to a flame. She became to him a high and holy influence, and he grew to love her devotedly. He offered her his hand and was refused. Margaret left Rome for Venice and Milan, and one might have thought the acquaintance was at an end. But to Rome, "the city of her soul," she returned in the autumn, and became the wife of Giovanni Angelo Ossoli in December 1847.

The marriage was private, and was concealed for nearly two years. The Marquis Ossoli's three brothers were in the service of the state, and the avowal of his marriage with a Protestant, who had written and spoken as openly as she had done in favour of Italian independence, would not only have estranged him from his family, but might have led to the confiscation of his small remaining property, and to his exile. This necessity of secresy was to Margaret a constant gnawing regret, that took from time to time almost the shape of remorse, for her nature was open and candid in the extreme, and she longed beyond anything

for the hour when she might proclaim her true name and position to the world. But as time passed on, public events made the acknowledgment of the marriage more and more hazardous.

In the summer of 1848 Margaret withdrew from Rome, and her baby was born at Rieti on the 5th of September that year. The preceding three months had been passed nearly in solitude, for Ossoli belonged to the civic guard, and he could not obtain leave of absence without attracting attention. Sometimes, by travelling all night, he contrived to pass a few hours of the Sunday with her,—but these were rare occasions, though her affections lived on the hope and the memory of them. She was surrounded by strangers, false, mean, and unscrupulous, and she was too poor to satisfy their avarice; yet, though she felt her trials keenly, she endured them bravely, and kept up her husband's courage by her own fortitude.

Marriage certainly softened her character. There were friends who marked the change long before there was a suspicion that she was a wife; and when her womanhood was crowned by maternity, all the tenderness and deep instincts of her sex revealed themselves. Years before, when arguing with those who would deny to women intellectual resources on the silly plea of their being unfitted thereby for domestic duties, she had replied to the effect, that home affections would teach them these things. Thus sweetly had she been taught, for there could not in the world be a more devoted

mother than she proved to her little Angelo. Yet was her position in his infancy a very agonising one. From mismanagement she was unable to afford him nourishment, and it was necessary to provide him with a nurse. They were poor, and if Margaret could be in Rome among books, and picture-galleries, and where news gathered as in a focus, it was believed that she might earn money by writing. To leave her baby was such anguish that the thought of it half crazed her. Ossoli wrote to her thus :—

"Our affairs must be managed with the utmost caution imaginable, since my thought would be to keep the baby out of Rome for the sake of greater secresy, if only we can find a good nurse who will take care of him like a mother." In Margaret's reply she wrote as in a passion of emotion : "He is always so charming, how can I ever, ever leave him! I wake in the night—I look at him; I think—oh, it is impossible! He is so beautiful and good, I could die for him!" And when her husband's plan seemed at last a necessity, she said, "In seeking rooms, do not pledge me to remain in Rome, for it seems to me often I cannot stay long without seeing the boy. He is so dear, and life seems so uncertain. It is necessary that I should be in Rome a month, at least, to write, and also to be near you. But I must be free to return here, if I feel too anxious and suffering for him."

A nurse was found, one highly recommended, and whose conduct and management at first satisfied the

mother. Margaret yielded, and in November Ossoli came for her, and they returned to Rome together. But in December she passed a week with her child, making two perilous journeys to do so, for "snows had fallen on the mountains, and the streams were much swollen by the rains." She had found her darling so well that she was the more reconciled to leaving him again; and yet the heartache was almost as severe as ever. "How many nights I have passed," she wrote, "entirely in contriving possible means by which, through resolution and effort on my part, that one sacrifice could be avoided! But it was impossible. I could not take the nurse from her family; I could not remove Angelo without immense difficulty and risk. It is singular how everything has worked to give me more and more sorrow. Could I but have remained in peace, cherishing the messenger dove, I should have asked no more, but should have felt overpaid for all the pains and bafflings of my sad and broken life."

Bitter was, and always is, the penalty for such a secret. When at last the truth was revealed, Margaret acknowledged the misery of concealment. "Nature keeps so many secrets," she said, "that I had supposed the moral writers exaggerated the dangers and plagues of keeping them; but they cannot exaggerate." Many months more, however, of such endurance was still before her. In March 1849, she again visited Rieti, and clasped her treasure, "healthy and plump,"

in her arms. Young as he was, she fancied that he knew her, and this idea made a third separation a still sadder trial. Yet in April she returned to Rome, and was there shut up while the city was in a state of siege. Egress was impossible, but a physician had promised to give her frequent intelligence of her child, and every day she went through the summer heat of Italy to wait in the crowd for a letter concerning him. She was often disappointed, but, for the mere chance of a line, she endured not only fatigue, but terrible sights of carnage and warfare. She met the dead and the dying; she saw the gore-besprinkled walls, and she knew that her husband was constantly in the post of danger; she saved, as a relic, a piece of a bomb that had burst by his side. Even in her home she could hear the roar of the cannon and the rattle of the musketry which were laying their victims low.

Margaret was not one to remain useless and inactive at such a time. Besides that she was identified heart and soul with the struggles of the Italian people for independence, her tenderness as a woman was appealed to, and she accepted the office of *regolatrice* of a hospital for the wounded. Her appointment was formally made out by the Roman Commission, and her duties involved the superintendence of the nurses, and, in fact, the chief direction of affairs. The greater part of her time was spent amid these scenes of suffering—often whole nights as well as days she remained at her post—and though she writes of this time with a humi-

lity that is pathetic, those who were by her side bear witness to the steadfastness of her exertions. She says, "The sight of these beautiful young men, mown down in their stately prime, became too much for me. I forgot the great ideas to sympathise with the poor mothers, who had nursed their precious forms only to see them all lopped and gashed." But her "forgetfulness" of great ideas did not show itself; she could be at once the tender nurse and the sibyl-like consoler of the patriots. She wrote to a friend, "You say truly, I shall come home humbler. God grant it may be entirely humble! In future, while more than ever deeply penetrated with principles, and the need of the martyr spirit to sustain them, I will ever own that there are few worthy, and that I am one of the least." Yet in act was she a true heroine, not shrinking from the most harrowing scenes, so that the poor patients often raised themselves on their elbows to have the last look at her as she left the hospital, expressing their regard for her with all the enthusiasm of their nation.

She read, and talked, and walked, with the convalescents. "One with his sling, another with his crutch," she said,—it was in the garden of the Pope's palace they were walking,—"while the gardener plays off all his waterworks for the defenders of the country, and gathers flowers for me, their friend." When the French took possession of Rome, it was an agony to Margaret to leave the poor helpless wounded in the hospitals. Many of them were cripples for life, with-

out the means of existence, and it racked her heart to think of them. "Could I have sold my hair, or blood from my arm, to provide for them, I would have done it," she exclaimed, in the anguish of her impotence to aid them further.

The position of herself and her husband, however, was sufficiently critical. Ossoli had taken so prominent a part on the liberal side, that it was desirable he should leave Rome, and, moreover, Margaret's anxiety about her child would not allow her to prolong her absence from it one unnecessary hour. This anxiety was much increased by a threat which had reached her that unless money was sent to the nurse she would abandon the child. The difficulty of sending money from a beleaguered city had been great, but as the mother believed it had been surmounted. In this extremity Madame Ossoli wrote to the Envoy of the United States, and mainly through his influence she and her husband were enabled to quit Rome. Terrible was the trial which awaited them. On reaching Rieti, Margaret found that her child was literally nearly starved to death. "For lack of a few scudi," his nurse, "lovely and innocent as she appeared," had thus cruelly betrayed her charge. For the first time in Margaret's history, we find her heart in the possession of the dark passions of humanity. This cruel wrong seemed to awaken in her a hatred and revenge against the unfeeling woman, which must rage awhile before forgiveness could subdue them. Her darling

was at the point of death—"too weak to smile, or lift his little wasted hand;" and for more than four weeks the parents watched him night and day, before "his first returning smile" reassured them. All griefs seemed light in comparison with this great trial through which she had passed.

A short season of joy and peace was now approaching. Angelo grew strong again, and it was resolved that under no temptation should there be any further separations. If they could have commanded even a little money, how happy they would have been! But there began to grow up the consciousness that beautiful Italy could be no permanent home for them. The aspect of political affairs precluded all hope of Ossoli recovering his property, and Margaret's means of earning money depended on her residence in America. She had already spent much time on a work descriptive of Italy, and of the events in which she might be said to have taken a part. Her opportunities of information were peculiar, for while her intimate acquaintance and correspondence with the Italian patriots had rendered her cognisant of the springs which moved their party, she had learned through her husband the arguments and opinions of the conservative faction. It is hardly too much to believe that had this book been destined to see the light, it would have proved one of the most valuable accessions to modern literature. But it was not possible that such a book could be published except in England or America.

The autumn and winter of 1849 were passed by Margaret and her husband in Florence, where they enjoyed rest and the pleasure of chosen society; we dare not add the enjoyment of security, as there is reason to believe that they were under the surveillance of the police. Never had Margaret's aspirations been higher and truer than at this period; never her soul more free from dross. Her husband must have been of a fine and noble nature, or her spirit could not have kept on its upward course so bravely; for no woman can resist the evil influence of a narrow-minded, mean, or worldly temper in her life-long companion. Margaret was the wiser and better for her extended views of human life; her enthusiasms were no way chilled—only they were more defined; and while the strong life of the intellect shone to her as brightly clear as ever, it was softened by the beautiful glow of satisfied affections and maternal tenderness. "Now I never feel lonely;" she wrote at this time, "for even if my little boy dies our souls will remain eternally united." And again, she said, "I feel so refreshed in his young life, and Ossoli diffuses such a power and sweetness over every day, that I cannot endure yet to think of our future. . . . It is very sad we have no money; we could be so quietly happy awhile. I rejoice in all Ossoli did; but the results in this our earthly state are disastrous, especially as my strength is now so impaired."

It soon became necessary, however, to think of the

future and plan for it too; and it was decided that in the spring of 1850, Madame Ossoli, with her husband and child, should return to America. Her marriage had been now some months acknowledged, and she had received affectionate assurances that those most dear to her would be warmly received by her friends.

Not without hesitation and some half-suppressed regret, their passage was engaged in a merchant-vessel, the Elizabeth, that was to sail from Leghorn. They were aware of the fatigue and inconvenience of a sixty or seventy days' voyage in a small vessel, without proper accommodation for passengers, and many friends represented to them the insecurity of such a ship in comparison with packet-ships or steamers; but their funds were so low that it was almost out of their power to incur the heavy expense of a journey to France, and a voyage thence by packet. Margaret was endeavouring to weigh truly what was the right decision to make, when the news of the loss of the fine English steamer, the Adelaide, and of a noble American packet, turned the scale, and persuaded her that the cheap passage by the Elizabeth promised as much safety as any other. Yet they embarked not without misgivings. Ossoli had a superstitious fear of the sea, and Margaret dreaded that illness would seize those she loved on the wide ocean when they were far removed from medical advice. Her prayer was that it might not be her lot to lose her child at sea, "either by unsolaced illness, or amid the howling waves;" or

if so, that Ossoli, Angelo, and she "might go together, and that the anguish might be brief."

The Elizabeth sailed on the 17th of May, and the vessel was so trim, the weather so propitious, and Captain Hasty "was so fine a model of the New-England seaman," and his wife was so kind and courteous, and their few other companions were so agreeable, that the dark shadows which had oppressed Margaret and her husband were lifted. Soft summer breezes wafted them along the Mediterranean; and Angelo, the pet of every one, might be seen seated upon the deck, playing with his toys, or fondling the white goat which had been provided as his foster-parent; or very often in the arms of the Captain, as he moved about giving orders. But in a few days Captain Hasty was seized with fever; no one understood his symptoms, and though too ill to leave his sofa, he was visited by the little "Nino," who came for his good-day kiss. Soon the Captain's illness grew more alarming; now there was no mistaking it—his disease was small-pox of the most malignant form. He met his fate with Christian resignation, and breathed his last on the morning of June 3rd. At midnight, the Elizabeth anchored off Gibraltar, but the authorities would not permit any one to land; yet as the news of Captain Hasty's death spread through the port, the ships dropped their flags half-mast, and at sunset, on the 4th, the crew of the Elizabeth consigned

"the body of their late chief, wrapped in the flag of his nation, to its rest in deep water."

The ill-fated Elizabeth was detained at Gibraltar a week by adverse winds, and only the second day after she sailed the little Angelo sickened of the dreadful malady which had already claimed one victim. His afflicted parents were ignorant how to treat the disease, but, as it proved, they acted wisely, treating him with cooling drinks and wet applications to the skin. The fever abated, and Angelo recovered. With grateful hearts they are again his play-fellows; and now the kind steward, who has a little son at home just the same age, carries him about the ship, and Margaret and Ossoli smile once more at their boy's baby-attempt to imitate the cry of the sailors as they haul the ropes. Margaret "gives the last touches to her book on Italy; or with words of hope and love comforts the heart-broken widow." And beneath clear skies, and aided by gentle winds, the broad Atlantic is crossed.

On Thursday, July 15th, at noon, the Elizabeth was near the coast of America, between Cape May and Barnegat. The weather was thick, but the officer in command hoped, by the help of a pilot, to land his passengers next day at New York. Margaret hushed her Nino to rest for the last time, as she thought, on shipboard. At night, the fresh breeze increased to a hurricane; still the assurances of the commander

lulled their fears; the ship was strong and new, and it was believed that she was riding in deep water. But in reality she was drifting on to destruction. About four o'clock on the morning of July the 16th, she struck on Fire Island beach. Prompt measures were adopted, but the Elizabeth had a heavy cargo of Italian marble in her hold, which had broken through the bottom of the ship. All hope of saving the vessel was quickly at an end. The cabin skylight was dashed in pieces, and the spray rushing down, put out the lights, while the concussion had wrenched the door from its fastenings, so that the sea swept through.

At the moment of the first shock, one scream, but only one, was heard from Margaret's state-room. The death-peril was clearly recognised from the first, but they were noble souls on board the Elizabeth, and neither cowardly wailing nor dastard selfishness disgraced them. The startled child, terrified at the uproar, and shivering with the wet, cried piteously, but the mother commanded herself sufficiently to hush him on her bosom, and sing him to sleep!

The pen falters! they who would track through every known detail Margaret Ossoli's "twelve hours' communion face to face with death," must seek the mournful record on the pathetic pages of those memoirs her loving friends have compiled. The wreck took place so near the shore, that a few resolute men, with a good boat, might have saved the hapless crew; but

instead of brave seamen, miserable wreckers swarmed along the coast, and no real effort at rescue was made. By the incredible exertions of Davies the mate, and by means of a rope and a plank, Mrs. Hasty was saved; but it is doubtful if Margaret knew that the widow reached the shore with life. Margaret refused to be separated from husband or child; the crew—noble fellows all—did their utmost to persuade her to try the plank, and had it been possible, would have constructed a raft. The vessel was breaking up fast, but between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, four seamen still remained, besides the passengers. Earthly hope was ebbing minute by minute, and "the steward, by whom Nino was so much beloved, had just taken the little fellow in his arms, with the pledge that he would save him or die, when a sea struck the forecastle, and the foremast fell, carrying with it the deck and all upon it."

The steward, faithful to his charge, and Angelo, were washed upon the beach, both dead, but warm, twenty minutes after. Margaret sank at once. She was last seen seated calm and still, "clad in her white night-dress, with her hair fallen loose upon her shoulders." Ossoli caught for a moment by the rigging, but the next wave engulphed him. Thus perished parents and child. Margaret's prayer was granted.

The sailors buried the little Angelo tenderly and reverently in a hollow among the sand-heaps, but Margaret's mother, sister, and brothers, made a pil-



THE DEATH OF MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

grimage to his grave, and removed his tiny body to New-England ground. The waves refused to yield up the remains of Margaret and her husband; but Death has no power over the records of her mind.

Yet, alas! with the senseless white marble went down to the deep waters the manuscript of the work on Italy, into which Margaret Fuller Ossoli had thrown the ripest products of her genius!*

* Since the earlier Editions of this work were published, the Author has visited Rome, and become acquainted with several friends of the Marchesa Ossoli and her husband—friends who knew them intimately during those sorrowful days of struggle and penury which are described in these pages. From the lips of those who knew the facts, she heard that Ossoli so bent that hereditary pride, which his early training must have gone far to cherish, that he obtained employment in a sculptor's studio, with a view of eking out their small means. But he appears to have mistaken his vocation, for he was not successful as an art-workman.

LADY SALE, THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Collected all the valiant, all the young,
Female and male, stripling and suckling babe
By mother (then most fond) not left behind.
But many were o'ertaken; many dropt
Faint by the road; thirst, hunger, terror, seized
Separate their prey.—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.—CAMPBELL.

A GLANCE at the map of Asia will show the relative positions of the British Empire in India and the kingdom of Cabul. It seems to be almost the normal condition of semi-civilised tribes to be distracted by petty jealousies and internal feuds; and so long as the dissensions of the Afghans had appeared to be unimportant except to themselves, they would probably have been left to the undisturbed adjustment of their own differences. But about the year 1838 circumstances came to light which induced the British

Government to interfere, and to assist in replacing the Shah Shujah-Ool-Mulk on the throne of Cabul. Dost Mahommed, the then ruler, was thought to be favourable to the Russian interest, and even willing to assist in any schemes of aggression on British India which the Czar might propose; while Shah Shujah promised the most faithful alliance with the English, if restored to his authority. Moreover, the Shah assured the English that his return was eagerly desired by a large proportion of his subjects, and that so soon as a competent force crossed the frontiers, it would be welcomed and joined by numerous adherents.

The Afghans, as a people, are divided into several tribes, each having its chief, but all acknowledging some sort of subjection to the King of Cabul. Mahomedans by religion, they yet habitually break the purest law of their prophet—Truth—and are, with few exceptions, treacherous in the extreme. Naturally quick-witted, they are yet grossly ignorant, and, like all ignorant people, suspicious even of their best friends. Dost Mahommed was a princely type of his nation. In moral qualities he was a true Afghan, but he had a lion courage, an iron will, and abilities above the average. Shah Shujah was a far better man; his intercourse with Europeans during his exile had let in some rays of light on the darkness of his Oriental mind, and he was naturally humane, as he had proved under trying circumstances in early life. He also had

courage and abilities; but it is easy to understand that the congenial qualities of Dost Mahommed rendered him the popular ruler.

Whether Shah Shujah had once possessed, but in absence had lost, the confidence of his people; whether he wilfully deceived the English, or whether a love of pomp and power blinded his own judgment, it is difficult to say: but certain it is, that when the British troops entered Afghanistan, ostensibly to assist the Shah to recover his throne, instead of meeting with the adherents they had been led to expect, there were ominous signs that they were looked on as intruders. At first their force was too considerable, and their power too apparent, for any decided show of resistance to be made; but the difficulties they soon experienced in procuring food and forage taught them that their friends were few.

It is not our object to give even the barest outline of the war in Afghanistan, although our record of a Soldier's Wife obliges the brief mention of those events which led up to the circumstances in which she acted and endured. The first considerable success of the British troops was their taking the strong fortress of Ghuznee, which stood in the highroad to the capital city, Cabul. Besides that this conquest placed a famous stronghold in their possession, and disheartened the rebels—as the Afghans were called,—the British seized, as booty, a quantity of horses and other beasts of burden; and so many camels and horses had

already perished miserably on the march, that the reinforcement was of incalculable value. A brother of Dost Mahommed was taken prisoner, and a great many of his followers, willing to belong to the winning party, came over to the Shah's side, so that the monarch we were attempting to restore was at last able to boast of not having deceived his allies. Ghuznee yielded to the English on the 23d of July, 1839; and a few days afterwards, two regiments being left to hold the fort, the main body continued their march towards Cabul. In due time they arrived at the capital, not without opposition, but still in a manner that bore the appearance of a triumph. Dost Mahommed was a fugitive, and Shujah-Ool-Mulk sat on the throne of his ancestors; but obviously it was necessary that his power should still be supported by the presence of his allies.

The country, however, seemed so comparatively quiet that, in the autumn of 1840, what was called the army of the Indus broke up, a portion of it returning to the Bengal provinces. The troops left to occupy Afghanistan took possession of the principal strongholds, a considerable body being stationed at Cabul. In the November of this year Dost Mahommed surrendered himself a prisoner, receiving, when he did so, kind and courteous treatment. He was restored to his family, and sent with a sufficient escort to the place of residence provided for him within the Company's territory. But though the deposed monarch was now

apparently powerless, his son, Akbar Khan, was at liberty, plotting revenge, and subsequently it was by his hand that Sir William Macnaghten fell, Sir William being the very officer to whom Dost Mahommed had personally surrendered.

In 1841 a considerable force was still stationed at Cabul under the command of General Elphinstone. Cantonments had been erected for the British, it being considered a point of etiquette and courtesy to leave the strong citadel of the Bala Hissar for the accommodation of the restored monarch, Shah Shujah, and his immediate followers. Doubtless it was thought politic, as well as courteous, to treat the Shah with the respect due to royalty, for the conquerors did not avow what was the truth, that he was held on the throne by British bayonets ; but, humanly speaking, the "disasters in Afghanistan" would never have occurred, had the British forces found shelter in the impregnable fortress which protected the Shah.

Cabul lies in a mountainous district, many thousand feet above the level of the sea ; the cantonments were situated on a marshy flat, commanded on nearly every side by hills, while the Bala Hissar, a mile and a half distant, was a place capable of holding a small army, and was erected on so steep a height that it was considered impossible for cavalry to mount the acclivity if at all opposed. However, so little distrust and apprehension did the British evince, that their stores, both

ammunition and provisions, were actually placed outside the fortifications, and protected only by a comparatively trifling defence.

It must be owned, that for some time after the investment of Cabul by the English, appearances bespoke a tolerably friendly feeling between themselves and the natives. In the first place, the British paid for their provisions, and, consequently, the supply of several thousand mouths on such terms was profitable to the purveyors of grain and cattle. Secondly, the Ghilzie chiefs, the leaders of the most ferocious of the Afghan tribes, had agreed that, in requital of a stipend of 8000*l.* per annum, they would protect the passes between the different military stations, so that detachments of the army, or convoys of any description, should travel without molestation. This was a highly important arrangement, for in the mountainous country around Cabul the roads constantly threaded narrow passes and gorges, where a handful of lawless men, firing down from the heights, might carry destruction to thousands. It was a black mail, which it would have been prudent cheerfully to pay; but though the authorities had the experience that it really had proved a means of protection, they committed the mistake, in 1841, of attempting to reduce the annual allowance by one-half. The Ghilzies, with the unreasoning passion of semi-savages, not only indignantly refused such a compromise, but from the moment the proposal was made became the bitter

foes of the intruders. In proportion as they felt they had fulfilled their part of the contract, was their blind rage at finding their services undervalued.

Meanwhile only a few leading, far-seeing minds, seemed to distrust the outward aspect of affairs. The British troops made acquaintance with the natives, the officers paying and receiving visits from many of the chiefs. To pass away the time the English had recourse to some of their national sports, horse-racing and cricket more especially. The Afghans soon acquired a taste for racing—many of the native gentry entering their horses, and Shah Shujah himself giving a magnificent sword to be run for; but it was when the winter season set in, that the nearest approach to cordiality was made. Although in as low a latitude as the north of Africa, the elevation of the country about Cabul renders the winter extremely severe; but the Afghans, knowing their invaders had come from India, believed that they had never seen frost or snow until now. The protestations of the English were unavailing; their assurances that they were perfectly familiar with such wintry phenomena were looked upon as vain boasting, until it occurred to them to construct skates, and by their skilful use not only enjoy healthy exercise, but convince their new friends that they belonged to a northern climate.

The result was conclusive. The Afghans, who had never before beheld skating, were lost in admiration of the graceful movements of the officers as they

dashed across the ice, cutting out quaint figures upon it. "Now," they exclaimed, "we see that you are not like the infidel Hindoos that follow you; you are men born and bred like ourselves, where the seasons vary, and in their changes give vigour both to body and mind. We wish that you had come among us as friends, and not as enemies, for you are fine fellows one by one, though as a body we hate you." In the summer time, the construction of a sailing-boat and manœuvring it on their lake astonished them yet more; for the natives had nothing of the kind, and never having seen the sea, and scarcely having heard of a ship, they were amazed beyond measure when told that the English constructed vessels capable of holding hundreds of men.

This friendly intercourse, however, was rapidly drawing to an end. In October 1841, Sir Robert Sale's brigade, consisting of the 13th Light Infantry and the 35th Native Infantry, left Cabul to march to the provinces. How he fought his way, and how at last he took possession of Jellalabad and fortified the town, form a prominent chapter in the history of the Afghan war; but we must linger with his devoted wife, whom he left in the cantonments at Cabul, with the expectation that she would follow him in two or three days.

At this time Florentia, Lady Sale, had been for above thirty years a soldier's wife. She was the daughter of George Wynch, Esq., and granddaughter of Alexander Wynch, formerly Governor of Madras,

and was on her mother's side related to Archbishop Secker. She had excellent talents, and was educated in London with all the care that fond parents could bestow upon an only daughter. On the 16th May, 1809, she married Sir Robert Sale, then holding a commission in the regiment he subsequently so often led to victory. She accompanied him to India, and during her long residence there, was not only his cheerful associate and chief solace amid all the vicissitudes of a military career, but she herself educated her five daughters. At Cabul, her position as the wife of an officer high in command would alone have entitled her to every outward mark of respect; but her known good sense, fortitude, presence of mind, and experience of military affairs, attached to her much personal consideration. Mrs. Sturt, Lady Sale's married daughter, was with her in the cantonments. Captain Sturt, of the Engineers, whose short career was full of the most brilliant promise, remained after the middle of October with his wife and mother-in-law at Cabul.

Intelligence of the opposition which Sir Robert Sale met in his attempted march to the provinces, was enough to convince the garrison remaining at Cabul of the true feeling of the Afghans towards them; and Lady Sale had the distress of hearing that her husband was severely wounded, without the possibility of her hastening to his side. Weeks passed on, nearly every day producing some event which showed that the British force were in the predicament

of being caught in a trap. The difficulty of procuring provisions became greater and greater, and conflicts of more or less importance were constantly taking place; while the military chiefs were infinitely embarrassed by the system which prevailed of all orders coming through certain appointed political agents. These agents appear in more than one instance to have been cajoled by the artifices of the Afghan leaders, in whose sincerity they placed an undue confidence.

It is only in sorrow, however, that we can speak of these mistakes, for they were fearfully expiated; and after all it cannot be really shame for an upright, honourable man to believe assurances that are solemnly made. Early in the morning of November 2nd, a general outbreak took place in the town of Cabul, and it was on this occasion that Sir Alexander Burnes, whose house was outside the cantonments, was massacred by a party of Afghan miscreants. By his side fell his brother, and the brave Lieutenant Broadfoot, while his guard of faithful Sepoys were also overcome. Even women and children on the premises were cruelly murdered. On this occasion Captain Sturt was sent by General Elphinstone with a message to the Shah, but scarcely had he entered the precincts of the palace when he was stabbed in three places by a well-dressed young Afghan, who escaped into a neighbouring building, the owner of which protected him by shutting the gates. Fortunately there was a military friend at hand, who placed the wounded officer in a palanquin,

and sent him back to cantonments with a strong guard, and by a circuitous road.

Meanwhile, the same friend came on to break the sad news to Mrs. Sturt and her mother; and Lady Sale, without waiting for her palanquin, immediately set off on foot for Captain Sturt's house, where she suspected the guard would take him, and where she knew there would be nothing in readiness for him, as he and his wife had lately been her guests. She was just in time to cause the bearers to turn round, and bring on their burthen to her house.

To help her daughter to nurse the sufferer was but a natural episode in the life of the soldier's wife; but it is pleasant to mark how at this time self-possession and decision blended with the most tender care and affection. Captain Sturt's wounds were in the side, the shoulder, and the face, and of so severe a character that it was nearly midnight before he could utter a word. So far as threats went, Shah Shujah played the King and faithful ally on this occasion. He declared that if the rebellion were not quelled by the next day, he would set fire to the city; and that if the Afghan who stabbed Captain Sturt were not given up to justice, he would hang the man who had sheltered him. It is right to add, that on the outbreak the Shah did send out troops from the citadel to oppose the murderous rebels; but from some fatal oversight they were not supported as they ought to have been by the English, and were obliged to give way after

suffering terrible loss. It is a lamentable fact that the straggling cantonments required so many men to defend them, that on several occasions soldiers could not be spared for services which were well-nigh imperative.

Hardly was Captain Sturt sufficiently recovered, not for active service, but from his sick bed to give his advice and opinion on the condition of affairs, when more outbreaks and further loss of life showed that the country was in a state of open rebellion. The commissariat fort outside the cantonments had to be abandoned, a severe winter was setting in, and starvation stared the British garrison in the face. Long afterwards, when the sufferings of the army in Afghanistan formed a story of the past, and when every detail could be fairly and accurately weighed, the Duke of Wellington said that, had Lady Sale been the commander, the disasters would never have happened.

Her opinion, and that of some others, was, that the best plan was for the English to quit cantonments, and fight their way, if necessary, to the Bala Hissar. Once safe within that fortress, so comparatively small a number of men would have been needed to defend it, that they could have spared detachments of soldiers to go out on foraging parties and compel the sale of food and fuel. There was even a certain village whose inhabitants intimated, that if a night force of sufficient strength to give an appearance of compulsion to their yielding were sent, supplies should be forthcoming;

but the state of warfare was now so open, that even the few friendly tribes who, for the sake of enormous profit, occasionally sold provisions to the English, did so for the most part stealthily, so fearful were they of the wrath of the rebels.

But no such energetic measures were adopted. Ladies and junior officers might have an opinion, but the authority to decide and to do rested in other hands. Valuable time was wasted in negotiations with treacherous foes, whose aim Lady Sale for a long time saw was to starve the intruders out of their shelter. Famine, indeed, began to press on them with all its horrors. Their force consisted of between four and five thousand fighting men, and about twelve thousand camp-followers; and often coarse and insufficient food for this mass of human beings was so nearly exhausted that they were put on half and quarter rations, and compelled to satisfy their hunger with diet that, under other circumstances would have been considered loathsome.

But especially does it make one's heart ache to read of the sufferings of the wretched cattle. Human beings had, at least, reason to guide them; faith in a higher power than man's, the consciousness of duty, the dignity of fortitude, and the consolations of mutual sympathy, to support them; they had hope, too, and a quick wit that sometimes brought relief at an unexpected moment. The poor mute horses, on the other hand, without food for three, four, or five days at a

time, gnawing in their desperate hunger at the tent-pegs or the wheels of the gun-carriages,—and, delicate and cleanly as are their natural instincts, swallowing greedily the filthiest offal, present the most distressing picture we can imagine of brute suffering. Vain now was the touch of the master's caressing hand; it could neither establish sympathy nor give consolation for this intolerable anguish, while the gaunt, starving eye still looked up with its frightful expression to question the master man.

Certain of the Afghans had broken so many of their pledges, that Sir William Macnaghten thought himself justified in listening to proposals which were secretly made to him by Akbar Khan; and, accordingly, with a guard so trifling that it was a matter of form rather than a protection, he, on the morning of the 23d of December, sallied forth to hold a conference with that chief. There is abundant evidence that the whole proceeding on Akbar's part was a mere trick to try how far the English were true to their promises, irrespective of the faith with which the Afghans kept theirs. Hardly was Sir William seated when he was suddenly and forcibly disarmed. It is thought that it was Akbar's first intention to take him prisoner, and then extort a heavy ransom from the English; but Sir William made a desperate resistance, Akbar's passion rose to fever height, and he took a pistol from his girdle and shot the British Envoy, who was afterwards hacked to pieces by Akbar's followers.

The news of this barbarous murder spread horror and consternation at Cabul, and yet no measures were taken to avenge it, and even Akbar's future promises were trusted! On Lady Sale devolved the painful office of breaking to Lady Macnaghten the intelligence of her husband's death. Well might Lady Sale note in her Journal on the 25th, that it was "a dismal Christmas-day."

Still were the miserable horses and camels dying of starvation, their shrivelled bodies forming food for the hungry multitude, and still did the sufferings of the poor soldiers seem without hope of mitigation; fuel was so scarce, that the men were not allowed fires even to dry their wet and frozen clothes, and the poor Sepoys, especially, almost sank under their sufferings. In all the ranks the soldiers, warmly attached as they were to some of the junior officers, were losing faith in their commander. Through these terrible hardships Lady Sale was calm and self-possessed, enduring privations without repining, cheering those about her by her hopeful words, keeping her Journal with regularity, and rejoicing that her husband, safe at Jellalabad, was supporting there the honour of the British name, and no way sharing the disgrace which seemed hovering over the heads of the authorities at Cabul.

By stratagems and bribery, more often than by regular channels, Sir Robert and Lady Sale contrived at intervals to correspond. So interesting were Lady Sale's letters considered, that Sir Robert sent extracts

from them to Government and to the Commander-in-chief, and in due time they made their way into newspapers. It seemed generally allowed that no other communications gave so true an account of the position of affairs at Cabul. The circumstances of the garrison were, indeed, growing day by day more desperate; to remain where they were was to submit to certain destruction, and after tedious parleys, a treaty was entered into with Akbar Khan and other chiefs, by which it was agreed that the British—except the sick, who were to be left in safety in the city of Cabul—were to march for the provinces by the way of Jellalabad unmolested. The British were to yield up a considerable amount of treasure and ammunition, in return for which they were to be supplied with necessaries for the transit.

There can be little doubt that Akbar's scheme was to induce Sir Robert Sale, under similar promises, to quit Jellalabad, but Sir Robert's brigade was by no means reduced to such an extremity as was the garrison at Cabul, and he would not risk the lives of his men by marching so small a force through a hostile country, or, as he thought, disgrace the British arms by an ignominious retreat. His plan was to hold out at Jellalabad until he received a reinforcement from head-quarters. On the other hand, there were people who averred that it was part of the treaty that Sir Robert should evacuate Jellalabad, and that, had the Afghans beheld the two bodies of troops, separately

but at the same time, marching out of the country, they would, in their gladness to be rid of them, have suffered them to depart unmolested.

As for the unhappy Shah Shujah, the most the British Envoy had been able to stipulate for him was, that he should be free to remain in the country as a private individual with a guaranteed stipend; or, if he wished it, be allowed to dwell in Hindostan under British protection, taking thither his family and property, only giving up such effects as had formerly belonged to Dost Mahommed.

As the time drew near for the departure of the half-starved garrison from Cabul, dark forebodings oppressed many a brave heart. No one had any real confidence in the promises of the chiefs, and up to the 4th and 5th of January, individuals received warnings from friendly Afghans, telling them the "Feringhees" were betrayed. Lady Sale and Mrs. Sturt were especially recommended to disguise themselves by wearing sheepskin pelisses over their habits, and turbans, and to ride among the troopers.

On Thursday, the 6th of January, 1842, commenced the fatal retreat from Cabul. The day was clear and frosty, the snow nearly a foot deep on the ground, and the thermometer many degrees below freezing-point. The force consisted of about four thousand five hundred fighting men, twelve thousand camp-followers, besides soldiers' families and servants, and officers' wives and children. Every

description of property that was not an absolute necessary for the march, was abandoned; and, indeed, tents and stores were so few, that even if unmolested during the five or six days which would be occupied in the march to Jellalabad, the greatest hardships must be expected. Nevertheless, a vast number of camels and horses were required for baggage. To facilitate the exit of such a force, a breach had been made in the wall, and by eight o'clock in the morning, a great part of the baggage was outside the cantonments. At half-past nine, Lady Sale and Mrs. Sturt mounted their horses, and riding up to Captain Hay, mixed themselves, by his permission, with his troopers. Most of the other ladies were placed in advance under an escort, some on horseback, or rather on Afghan ponies, and some with their children in kujavas, or camel-panniers. There was more than one newly made mother, with an infant but a few days old in her arms.

A sum of money, amounting to a hundred and forty-five thousand pounds, had been guaranteed to Akbar Khan and the other chiefs, who had promised, in consideration of this payment, to protect the English as far as Peshawur; but in looking over the particulars of the negotiation, we observe that only half a lakh of rupees—about five thousand pounds—out of this money was apportioned to the Ghilzie chiefs. Possibly, the fact that the strong passions of avarice and hatred were contending in the hearts of the

Afghans, may account for many circumstances that would otherwise appear inexplicable.

Long before the cantonments were wholly vacated by the troops, an Afghan rabble had rushed in for purposes of plunder, and even at first starting sad confusion prevailed. Then there was a narrow, but deep river to be crossed by a single bridge at the commencement of the journey, and half-a-mile further on was a second stream, over which General Elphinstone had insisted that a temporary bridge should be thrown—a great mistake on his part, as we shall see. This Cabul river was perfectly fordable, and Captain Sturt represented that the men would be wet-footed from the snow before they could reach it. Lady Sale and her daughter preferred riding through the water to trusting themselves on the rattling bridge of planks laid upon gun-carriages, and had there been no choice for any one, the force would soon have passed over. But all the timid, and ignorant, and selfish—and thousands of these were to be found amongst the camp-followers—persisted in waiting their turn, or pushing on for the bridge. The delay they thus occasioned was disastrous. The first mile from Cabul was not accomplished under two hours and a half; the news that the Feringhees were on their march spread far and near, all the hostile tribes had time to rally their force, and even as the last of the British troops were leaving cantonments, they were fired on.

No one can wonder that discipline was soon lost. Every one pushed on as fast as possible to the front, and very soon the whole army,—troops, baggage, and camp-followers,—became an inextricable mass of confusion. Their condition was pitiable in the extreme. Harassed from over-exertion, hopeless at heart, half famished, and with their wet garments freezing upon them, even in the first hours of that fatal retreat, there were many who sank down in the snow to rise no more. By four o'clock P.M., the leading portion of the force had only advanced six miles, and then they halted for the night. No food was procurable—the scanty stores were either lost, or not come up, or not to be found in the confusion. There was no chance of refreshment for Lady Sale any more than for others, and she had not eaten since her hurried breakfast at Cabul,—a meal which had been cooked by means of the remnant of a mahogany dining-table degraded into fire-wood!

The men scraped away the snow as best they could, and lay down on the ground; and it is worth while to record the means by which one little party suffered infinitely less than the rest. About twenty riflemen, faithful to Captain Mackenzie amid all the disorder around, had still held together by his side; and when night approached, having cleared away the snow, they arranged themselves in a circle, their Captain among them, with their feet to the centre, packed as close as possible, with all the warm clothing

they could muster spread equally over the whole. By this union, the animal warmth was preserved to such an extent, that at least not one of them was frost-bitten. A small tent was pitched for Lady Sale and her daughter, but the pegs were insufficient, and the wind blew under the sides so bitterly, that to save herself from stiffening with cold, Lady Sale drew up her feet into a straw chair, and covering herself as well as she could with her fur pelisse, passed the long hours of that miserable night. Within this little tent were crowded, with scarcely space to move, Captain Sturt and his wife, Lieut. Mein, and Mrs. Sturt's ayah, or nurse. Few, however, were fortunate enough to have any shelter whatever, and at daylight several men were found frozen to death.

At half-past seven in the morning, the advance guard proceeded on its way, but at one o'clock was commanded to halt, although only five more miles were accomplished. Increased misery and disorder prevailed. This day a party of Afghans attacked and seized three guns, which, however, were recaptured, but only to be spiked, as it was impossible to carry them on. Still General Elphinstone appeared to believe the assurances of the chiefs who advised delay, promising to supply provisions and clear the passes; instead of urging on the force at all hazard through the Khoord Cabul Pass, now so near at hand, and which once threaded, they would be in a milder climate, and in comparative security. Again the men

bivouacked in the snow, and again the little tent was pitched for Lady Sale and her daughter, but this second night nine persons were crowded into it. At sunrise numberless frozen corpses strewed the ground, and the Sepoys were found burning their caps and accoutrements for the sake of obtaining a momentary warmth. What few stores were procurable were served out, but they were not sufficient to afford a meal to any one ; and wine and brandy were resorted to wherever they were attainable. Lady Sale mentions that cups full of sherry were given to little children without the wine producing any intoxicating effect. Perhaps the stimulant, hurtful as it would have been at another time, kept the life in them now.

On the morning of the 8th, the wearied and perishing troops commenced their march through the dangerous defiles of the Khoord Cabul Pass. The heights were bristling with the enemy, but some of the Afghan chiefs who were, or pretended to be, friendly, rode with the advance guard of the British to protect them, and certainly shared their risk. Lady Sale and two or three other ladies also kept up with the advance, and when they perceived that the Afghans were firing down on them from the heights, knowing that the pass must be traversed, with wise bravery they set spurs to their poor jaded steeds, and galloped forward, so that for a time they might be said to lead the van. Lady Sale was wounded in the wrist, and three bullets passed through her pelisse. Mrs. Sturt

escaped unhurt, but her pony was wounded in the ear and neck.

But the most deadly attack of the enemy was on the main body of the army; and here such carnage ensued, that it is computed three thousand men fell on that day. Some of the camels which bore the ladies and children were shot; one lady was fortunate enough to find a horse when rudely dislodged from the kujava, and her little boy was placed, behind a soldier, but the man was killed, and the child carried off by the Afghans. A little girl was also stolen in the confusion; and a poor lady with her baby in her arms, after being robbed of her chief covering—her shawl—by an Afghan, waded through the snow a long distance, picking her way among the dead and the dying, before she reached friends.

Captain Sturt was near his wife and mother-in-law, and when they had all passed through the hottest fire, he observed, in the agonies of death, a horse, which he recognised as belonging to Major Thain. Alarmed for his friend he rode back to the scene of danger; in doing so his own horse was shot under him, and in attempting to extricate himself from the fallen animal, he received a frightful wound, which stretched him by its side. Now was displayed one of those noble acts of devotion which relieve the horrors of war, and of which Captain Sturt's own generous intention had proved him so deserving. He would have been hacked to pieces by the merciless foe, had not

Lieut. Mein ran back to his assistance, and at the peril of his life protected his fallen friend, imploring help from every passer-by. Another brave man, Serjeant Deane, came to his aid, and, procuring a quilt, they carried the wounded officer between them. After a while, they set him on a pony, and holding him one on each side, brought him on with incredible difficulty.

It was soon discovered that Captain Sturt's wound was mortal, but this brave, high-hearted officer had still some hours of anguish to endure before the release of death came to him. We can believe that his bodily agony must have merged in mental distress at leaving his afflicted wife amid such scenes of horror. He was laid down on a bank, with Mrs. Sturt and Lady Sale beside him. It began snowing heavily, some coarse blankets were procured from the baggage and thrown over them, and Dr. Bryce—who was killed two days afterwards—dressed the wound of the dying man, and extracted the ball from Lady Sale's wrist.

Meanwhile, the half of a tent had been pitched, but there was no one to scrape the snow from the ground inside it. Nevertheless, it was looked on as a place of refuge, and thither poor Captain Sturt was carried and laid upon some bedding, which, in consequence of Mrs. Sturt's ayah riding on it, had fortunately been saved. His sufferings from thirst were dreadful; there was only a small vessel that contained a few spoonfuls in which to fetch water, and the generous Lieut. Mein devoted himself to going back-

wards and forwards to the stream at a little distance to procure water. So deep was the snow, that Lady Sale and Mrs. Sturt had to be carried through it into the tent, where, with the dying officer in the midst, nearly thirty persons were packed almost without room to turn. But even this miserable shelter was not retained without difficulty. Some of the camp-followers and the more disorderly of the soldiers, desperate from their sufferings, attempted to force their way in, and all night were heard the groans of the poor wretches who were dying outside.

Thus passed the miserable hours. In the morning poor Captain Sturt was lifted into a kujava, which Mrs. Trevor, the mother of seven children, and whose husband had been murdered by the Afghans, gave up to him. The rough motion of the camel increased his sufferings, and probably hastened his death; but he was conscious to the last that his wife and Lady Sale were with him; and they had the mournful satisfaction of giving him Christian burial. He was the only man who received it of the thousands who fell in that dreadful week.

There really is ground for believing that Akbar Khan was wholly unable to restrain the ferocious bands of men, who appeared determined on the destruction of every European in the country. At any rate he acted now as if touched by compassion, for he made a proposal that the ladies and the married officers should place themselves under his protection,

he promising them honourable treatment and a safe conduct to Peshawur. It has been thought that from the first Akbar intended to treat them as prisoners and demand a ransom; but it is very possible that it was the course of events which induced him afterwards to adopt this policy. Lady Sale and Mrs. Sturt, with the last sigh of the husband and son still sounding in their ears, were too much afflicted to offer any opinion as to the chief's proposal; they consented to any measure of which the other ladies and General Elphinstone approved, and the result was, that on Sunday the 9th, the ladies, the married officers, Capt. Troup, who was wounded, and Lieutenant Mein, set off, escorted by some Afghan chiefs, to a fort about two miles distant, which was now the head-quarters of Akbar Khan, and where they gave themselves up to his protection. Lieutenant Mein having been severely wounded in October, was not yet on active service, and he went as the protector of Lady Sale and Mrs. Sturt.

When they arrived at this fort, three rooms were cleared out for them, "dark and dirty, and having no outlets, except a small door to each." So crowded were they, that the room, about fourteen feet by ten, in which Lady Sale and her daughter were placed, was also occupied by three or four other ladies, two gentlemen, and nine or ten children. They possessed nothing whatever but the clothes in which they had left Cabul, and some days were yet to pass before they

could have the refreshment of washing their faces. Perished as they were by cold and hunger, they were thankful when at midnight "some mutton-bones and greasy rice" were brought to them. Here we may mention how it was that amid the universal loss of baggage, Lady Sale had contrived to save her Journal. After everything was packed the night before leaving Cabul, she had sat up to write, and then placed her papers in a bag, which the next morning she fastened round her waist. Thus, without once breaking the thread of her narrative, she was able to keep a record of the terrible events in which she bore a part.

But whatever the sufferings of the party under Akbar Khan's protection, it was happy for them that they escaped the protracted agonies of the troops and camp-followers who still attempted to thread their way through the mountain-pass. Precipices on each side of the path afforded vantage-ground, whence the Afghans perpetually poured down a deadly fire; or, varying their tactics, they rushed down narrow gorges with the intricacies of which they were well acquainted, and disputed the way whenever a small or disabled body of men appeared detached from the rest. Every day, every hour, the wretched soldiers became more enfeebled; the pangs of thirst were added to those of cold and hunger, and some of them, ignorantly attempting to assuage their distress by swallowing the snow, found their agony ten-fold increased. They did not know that extreme cold has the same effect as extreme

heat, and that the certain consequence of eating snow is an inflammatory action, the symptoms of which resemble the most intolerable thirst; not a few of the camp-followers became idiotic in their misery, and even cannibals.

The road was strewn with the dead and dying, and the very air became infected by the bodies of the slain and the carcasses of horses and camels. The thousands who had left Cabul were in a few days reduced to hundreds; and at Gundamuck, on the 13th of January, the day week from their departure from cantonments, a miserable remnant, numbering about forty officers and mustering only twenty muskets, made a last resolute stand against an overwhelming force of the enemy. The die was cast, they knew they had but to sell their lives as dearly as they could; but the struggle was so unequal that the fight became a massacre.

Previously about a dozen officers, better mounted than the rest, had parted company from the main body, but only six of them succeeded in struggling on to Futteabad, the others had dropped from fatigue and been destroyed. Of these six, two were suddenly slaughtered by Afghans, who rushed out on them while they were eating bread with which the peasantry had supplied them. The remaining four rode on for their lives, but were overtaken by their foes only four miles from Jellalabad. Here three out of the four were slain; but Dr. Brydon, severely wounded,

faint and almost dropping from his horse, escaped and reached the garrison of Jellalabad, to tell his countrymen the story of the terrible retreat.

Predictions are sometimes discovered after the events supposed to be foretold have happened; but it is seriously asserted that the Afghan chiefs had declared they would slaughter all the Europeans, "save one man who should be left to relate the tale." Except the few soldiers who had yielded themselves prisoners, Dr. Brydon was the sole survivor of the Cabul force. His reception at Jellalabad may be imagined; he was seen approaching from a distance, his disabled condition miserably apparent, and troops were sent out to his assistance; but the horror which was felt on listening to his recital defies description, and the distress of Sir Robert Sale, on learning the loss of his son-in-law and the position of his wife and daughter, would have unnerved a less heroic nature.

We must return now to the captives, for captives they soon found themselves to be, though Akbar Khan persisted in calling them guests; but it would occupy a volume to detail the privations and anxieties they endured. On the 11th of January, Akbar contrived by a trick to get General Elphinstone into his power, inviting him to a conference, and then refusing to let him depart. It was clearly the object of the chief to detain the individuals now in his custody as hostages, both for a money redemption and for their countrymen quitting Afghanistan. It is only justice, however, to

say, that though his captives suffered severely, Akbar was not intentionally cruel to them; he had no understanding of their discomforts. Lady Sale, months afterwards, had the candour to write:—

"It is true that we have not common comforts; but what we denominate as such are unknown to Afghan females: they always sleep on the floor, sit on the floor, &c.—hardships to us. . . . It is true, we have been taken about the country; exposed to heat, cold, rain, &c.; but so were their own women. It was, and is, very disagreeable; but still we are *de facto* prisoners; notwithstanding, Akbar persists in calling us honoured guests; and as captives I say we are well treated. He has given us common coarse chintz, and coarse longcloth, too, wherewith to clothe ourselves—I must not use the word dress; and making up these articles has given us occupation, increased by having to work with raw cotton, which we have to twist into thread for ourselves. We suffered more from uncleanness than anything else."

Wearily, indeed, must the months have passed on. The prisoners were carried about the country at the pleasure of the chiefs, having to put up with all sorts of accommodation, and their number being augmented by the arrival of a few more wounded officers and soldiers. Still after a time we find their spirits sufficiently rallied for them to receive visits from the Afghan ladies and return them with due ceremony, while those of the party who were skilled in landscape-

drawing found amusement in sketching the beautiful scenery through which they often passed, and thus possessed themselves of interesting and valuable memorials. The greatest boons, however, to Lady Sale were on those occasions when Akbar permitted her to receive letters from her husband and friends. He also often forwarded her letters to Sir Robert in safety, and allowed her to receive clothes and other necessaries from him. It must be understood, however, that Akbar was not always the companion of their journeys; he was the leading spirit of the rebellion, and was fighting or diplomatising all over the country, while he left the captives in charge of other chiefs.

In one of her migrations her chest of drawers was seized by her captors with great glee. She comically remarks, "I left some rubbish in them, and some small bottles that were useless to me. I hope the Afghans will try their contents as medicine, and find them efficacious; one bottle contained nitric acid, another a strong solution of lunar caustic."

In April poor General Elphinstone died a captive. He was old, and had long been an invalid; months before the disastrous retreat he had wished to resign the command, as if conscious that his responsibilities were too great for his faculties. Who can say what a different history of the war in Afghanistan would have been written had a man of vigorous years and of larger military capacity commanded at Cabul? But though the General had been unequal to cope with

the difficulties of his position, as a private individual he was regretted, even by those who had suffered the most severely from his incapacity; and the disasters of his troops had so weighed on his spirits, that there is little doubt mental distress accelerated his death.

On the 24th of July Mrs. Sturt's little girl was born to cheer its widowed mother, and to be a new source of interest to Lady Sale. Another event, which however disagreeable, relieved by the excitement it produced anything like monotony, was the earthquake, the first shock of which threw down houses and walls. But by-and-bye such visitations came to be regarded without much fear, and at last were jotted down in the Journal thus; "Earthquakes as usual," or, "Turned out of bed by a smart shock of an earthquake. Three continuous ones at breakfast time."

Meanwhile Sir Robert Sale was holding out bravely at Jellalabad. Not till the middle of April did he receive a reinforcement from General Pollock, "after the garrison, by its own prowess, had dispersed the investing foe;" and though hearty were the congratulations on both sides, and loud the cheers, some wit gave the hint, and as the new-comers marched in, the band struck up the appropriate Scotch air "Oh, but ye've been lang o' coming!" There was but one opinion among the military authorities, and this was that for the sake of future peace, and the maintenance of British authority in India, the Afghans must be chastised for their treachery: but the position of the

ladies and officers still in the power of the chiefs, embarrassed the English greatly. They well knew that Akbar Khan was equal to any enormity, and if they provoked him, would be but too likely to take a deadly revenge on his enemies.

Throughout this trying period, Lady Sale supported the honour of a soldier's wife. Even when she had reason to believe that the lives of the captives were in peril from the treachery or vindictiveness of the chiefs, she kept up the spirits of weaker natures by her own constancy; and even when suffering from illness brought on by the hardships she had endured, could write thus, "Now is the time to strike the blow, but I much dread dilly-dallying, just because a handful of us are in Akbar's power. What are *our* lives when compared with the honour of our country? Not that I am at all inclined to have my throat cut; on the contrary, I hope that I shall live to see the British flag once more triumphant in Afghanistan; and then I have no objection to the Ameer Dost Mahommed Khan being reinstated; only let us first show them that we can conquer them, and humble their treacherous chiefs in the dust."

This was written in May, and Lady Sale had already heard of the murder of Shah Shujah, which had taken place some weeks before. On the 6th of August, General Sale's brigade left Jellalabad *en route* to Cabul; by this time the British force was becoming all powerful in the country, and Lady Sale

and her fellow-prisoners were constantly moved about, —no doubt, to be out of the way of a rescue by their countrymen. In the early part of September they found themselves under the charge of Saleh Mahommed Khan, a chief who had once been allied to Shah Shujah, but had subsequently gone over to Akbar. Saleh Mahommed professed great interest in his captives, who soon had reason to believe that he was a man to be bought over to their cause with money. At the same time some of their guard seemed disaffected to the Afghan interest, so that there dawned on the minds of the prisoners the idea of a rebellion of the whole party against the authority of Akbar Khan.

Accordingly, a conference was held between Saleh Mahommed Khan, the Syud Morteza Khan, and certain of the English officers, the result of which was an arrangement for the liberation of the English captives. The officers signed a paper, by which they promised to pay Saleh Mahommed twenty thousand rupees, and to insure him a thousand rupees a-month for life; in consideration of which payment he was to escort the party to Cabul, now again in possession of the British, or deliver them to their own people, should a detachment be sent for them. The next day, he hoisted against Akbar the standard of defiance,—a white flag with a crimson edge and green fringe.

Of course the captives were too well pleased with this arrangement, to be likely to yield willingly to

any force Akbar might send to reclaim them. So far as Lady Sale was concerned, she wrote to her husband, informing him of their resolution to hold out till they received assistance, "even," she added, "should we be reduced to the extremity of eating the rats and mice, of which we have a great stock." However, on the 15th of September, intelligence was received that a force was coming to their assistance, and it was decided that the next day the party should set out to meet it.

Now was afforded another opportunity for that spirited conduct which had so often distinguished Lady Sale. Saleh Mahommed was extremely anxious to form an advance-guard of European troops. No doubt the crafty chief desired Akbar to believe that he had been forced to give up his charge, and thought that the report of British troops being in his company would have the effect of making him think so. Accordingly, having procured a few muskets, he wished some of the privates who were among the prisoners to take the weapons and make a show of being on service. There was hesitation, and the poor fellows had suffered so much, that we must not wonder at their weighing well what the consequences might be if they were recaptured by Akbar bearing arms against him; but Lady Sale took in all the circumstances of the case with one rapid thought, and turning to Captain Lawrence, she exclaimed, "You had give me a musket, and I will lead the party.



MEETING OF SIR ROBERT AND LADY SALE.

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Even at this time Lady Sale was suffering from the "gaol fever," which had attacked nearly all the captives, and she could with difficulty sit her horse.

They marched on for some days with two or three narrow escapes of recapture. On the 17th, they were reinforced by meeting Sir Richmond Shakespear, with his five hundred Kuzzilbash horsemen; and on the 20th, the long-separated husband and wife again met. Sir Robert Sale, on hearing that his wife and widowed daughter were approaching, was so overcome with emotion, that the brave soldier, who never before had been seen unnerved, could not conceal his feelings. The news that the captives were about to be restored spread throughout the army, and a shout of rejoicing arose, such as those who heard it will never forget. Every one became eager to sally forth and meet the liberated prisoners, and, with a chosen band, Sir Robert Sale left the camp at Urghundee, and proceeded to a place called Jubeaiz, "whence from the summit of a little pass the captives were first seen, wending their way, peaceably, and with apparent confidence, down the face of an opposite slope."

The two parties advanced, and as so many long-sundered friends met, the artillery pealed forth a salute, and made the hills echo back its thunder. Lady Sale, almost speechless from emotion, threw herself into her husband's arms, while the poor widowed daughter clung round her father's neck and wept. Lady Sale herself did not find the relief of

tears until the soldiers of the 13th, many of whom she recognised individually, pressed forward to offer their congratulations; their homely, honest welcome loosened the fountain, and at last she also wept freely.

Lady Sale had the satisfaction of seeing the British flag again triumphant; but, sad to say, it was thought necessary to requite the treachery of the Afghans, and to convince them of the power of the English,—and thus prevent future massacres and cruelties,—by razing the cities of Cabul, Ghuznee, and Jellalabad, to the ground, and by burning numbers of villages and orchards. Fearful, indeed, is the responsibility of those on whose will depends Peace or War.

It was very characteristic of Lady Sale, that she was astonished people should consider her a heroine. Her courage she begged leave to call prudence; and though her letters had been the most valuable records of passing events, and though her opinion and advice had often been sought on momentous occasions, her ambition, she said, was "to knit socks for her grandchildren," rather than to mix herself up with public affairs.

Her countrymen, however, took a different view of the question. Sir Robert Sale, with his "illustrious garrison," had won immortal honours, and thus, in mentioning his services, Sir Robert Peel alluded in the House of Commons to Lady Sale,—"But I never should excuse myself, if in mentioning the name of

Sir Robert Sale I did not record my admiration of the character of a woman who has shed lustre on her sex,—Lady Sale, his wife. The name of Sir Robert and Lady Sale will be familiar words with the people of this country. I hold in my hand a memorandum of events which occurred in the neighbourhood of Cabul, from the 7th of November, written by Lady Sale, and a document more truly indicative of a high, a generous, a gallant spirit, I never read."

In consideration of the sufferings and noble conduct of Lady Sale, Her Majesty settled a pension on her of 500*l*. per annum. And in 1844, the United Service Institution did itself honour by electing Lady Sale an honorary member. We presume no other lady was ever so distinguished.

After a brief sojourn in England, Lady Sale returned with her husband to India,—a true soldier's wife to the last. Sir Robert Sale fell at Moodkee, on the 18th December, 1845, meeting death, as he had always desired to do, on the battle-field.

Lady Sale remained in India, where she had many family ties, for six or seven years. Although she resided chiefly in the healthier districts among the hills, the vicissitudes of her life had so much impaired her constitution, that in the beginning of 1853 she was recommended to try the effects of a change of climate. Accordingly she embarked for the Cape of Good Hope; but not for her was any earthly renovation. Florentia, Lady Sale, expired at Cape Town,

on the 6th of July, 1853, leaving a name which will always be inseparable from the history of British India. Seldom, when reading of that gorgeous empire, do we reflect on the cost—not of gold, that is light weight in the balance—but of human heart-agonies, by which it is, and has been, held. War is horrible, no words can tell how horrible; but there are seasons at which it is a relentless necessity. Honour, then, be to the true and brave soldiers, who hold our own for us—so that our looms may creak, and our forges glow cheerily in security at home, and our merchant-ships perpetually and in every path-way ruffle the ocean. And honour and love are surely due to the Soldier's Wife—of whatever degree—so that she prove worthy!

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